

May 27, 1964

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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6 color pages

**TV STARS
AT HOME**



For gardeners

**HOW TO SAVE
SICK PLANTS**



**SOUP....
as a meal**

FIRESIDE SEPARATES
See page 2

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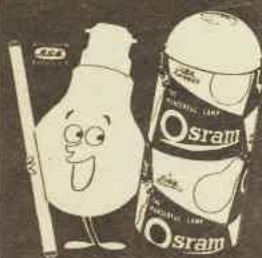
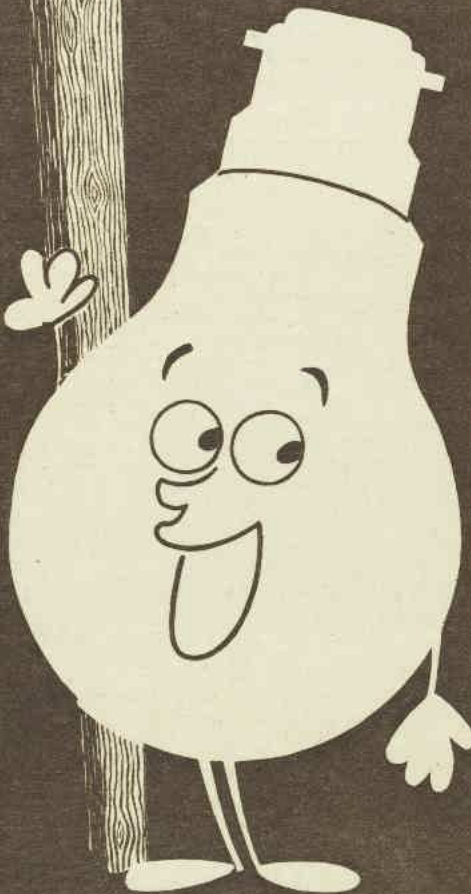
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MAY 27, 1964

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Australian TV personalities have very similar tastes in furnishings, says television writer Nan Musgrove, who visited some of the stars for our big TV feature (pages 7-14).

"AND none of them have show-piece living-rooms that look like unlivable-in shop windows," she told us. "Instead they have spacious homy rooms that are very welcoming."

"Comfort, color, and furniture groupings to make conversation easy and intimate seem to be the keynote of the rooms. And all have evidence of interests outside TV."

"The Dyer living-room is full of mounted fish, fishing trophies, and shark jaws; at the Limbs' there are records and books everywhere, ranging from poetry to eight-year-old Debbie's schoolbooks; at the Jupps' there is a huge music library at one end of the room . . ."

"And, believe it or not, every room has a giant-sized TV set. It is used for entertainment, and some flagellating education when the stars watch their own shows — which none of them seem completely to enjoy."

Overseas for the first time, young singing star Bryan Davies is in London, settling into the first home of his own (see story and pictures, page 8).

He told Betty Best, of our London staff: "I've been kept busy with the Paramor outfit all the time I've been here. But on a short spell I had free I went up to Scotland with friends and stayed at Kilearnhead, right on the loch. It was great!"

"If I get a spare day in London itself I just love to walk and look at everything. And I see a lot of films in the evenings. I haven't had a chance to get to a theatre yet, although I long to see some good plays. "There seems so much to do."

THIS week we introduce a new name to our readers: Ronald Scott Thorn, author of our new serial, "Second Opinion" (see pages 28 and 29).

Ronald Scott Thorn is an English playwright and novelist and a physician specialising in medico-legal and insurance medicine, too.

This was a big help with the plot of his suspense story (and it's a most unusual one), which involves a huge accident insurance policy, and . . . But read on!

OUR COVER...



The long-skirted At Home ensemble is very feminine and very pretty — and you can make our chic "cover girl" separates (sketched above) from one easy-to-follow Butterick Pattern.

● 2917. The floor-length skirt has an optional slit to the knee; the pared-down little top (sleeveless or with three-quarter sleeves) may be tucked in neatly or worn outside the skirt as an overblouse.

Butterick Pattern 2917 is available in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

Address pattern orders to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE6.) Please state clearly pattern number and size required. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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NEVER BEFORE BRUSH-ON EYEBROW MAKE-UP for more natural, more shapely eyebrows... with special sable brush, 12/6

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more natural,
more shapely
eyebrows.



COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

1. Blonde Brush-On Eyebrows.
 2. Brown Brush-On Eyebrows.
 3. Gray Brush-On Eyebrows.
- OR another Brush-On shade to tone with hair colour (Black, Brownish-Black, Auburn).

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

4. Brown Brush-On Eyebrows.
 5. Brownish-Black Pencil.
 6. Black Fine Line Pencil.
- OR another Brush-On shade to tone with your hair colour (Gray, Auburn, Brown).

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

7. Auburn Brush-On Eyebrows.
 8. Gray Fine Line Pencil.
 9. Brown Brush-On Eyebrows.
- OR another Brush-On shade to tone with your hair (Black, Brownish-Black, Gray, Blonde).

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

10. Brown Brush-On Eyebrows.
 11. Brownish-Black Pencil.
 12. Brownish-Black Brush-On.
- OR another Brush-On shade to tone with your hair colour (Auburn, Gray, Black, Blonde).

HOW TO APPLY BRUSH-ON EYEBROWS: It is as simple as this. Shake or stir bottle. Dip only tip of brush, replace cap. Using concave cap top as a palette, twist brush to spread make-up throughout bristles — remove excess. Now apply sparingly using light, short strokes — follow natural eyebrow contour. Remember, for best results, apply sparingly!

EYESHADOW

NEW colours...
in Eye Shadow
Wand... Powder
Eye Shadow, too.



COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

1. Irid. Blue Eye Shadow.
2. Soft Blue Eye Shadow.
3. Star Sapphire Irid. Powder.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

4. Lilac Mist Eye Shadow.
5. Irid. Green Eye Shadow.
6. Irid. Brown Powder.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

7. Royal Emerald Irid. Powder.
8. Jade Mist Eye Shadow.
9. Turquoise Eye Shadow.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

10. Green Mist Eye Shadow.
11. Soft Green Eye Shadow.
12. Irid. Brown Powder.

HOW TO APPLY CREME EYE SHADOW: Ensure that a make-up base has been applied over eyelid. Stroke on eye shadow close to base of lashes, starting near inner corner of eyelid. Then soften and blend with fingertip, fading away upwards and outwards towards the outer corner of the eyebrow. Apply a light dusting of Creme Puff to 'set' the eye shadow. **POWDER EYE SHADOW:** Dot small amounts over eyelid with fingertip, then soften and blend away upwards towards outer corner of eye.

EYELINER

NEW
Iridescent Blue,
Iridescent Green
NEW Fine-Line
Eye Pencil



COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

1. Gray Fine Line Pencil.
2. Brown Fluid Eyeliner.
3. Iridescent Blue Fluid Eye-liner.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

4. Brown Fluid Eyeliner.
5. Irid. Green Fluid Eyeliner.
6. Brownish-Black Fine Line Pencil.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

7. Brownish-Black Fine Line Pencil.
8. Irid. Green Fluid Eyeliner.
9. Brown Fluid Eyeliner.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

10. Brownish-Black Fine Line Pencil.
11. Brown Fluid Eyeliner.
12. Irid. Green Fluid Eyeliner.

HOW TO APPLY FLUID EYE LINER: Remove excess fluid from brush with a tissue. Hold eyelid taut with spare hand if necessary. With head up and eyes down, point tip of brush to corner of eye. Starting at inner corner, draw a fine line in short smooth strokes as close as possible to the base of the lashes. Extend at outer corner with an upward tilt if it flatters your eye shape.

EYELASHES

Mascara Wand
in 5 shades...
Creme or Cake
Mascara, too.



COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

1. Blue Cake Mascara.
2. Brownish-Black Creme Mascara.
3. Gray Mascara Wand.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

4. Brownish-Black Creme Mascara.
5. Brownish-Black Wand.
6. Black Mascara Wand.

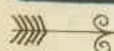
COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

7. Brown Cake Mascara.
8. Gray Mascara Wand.
9. Brownish-Black Creme Mascara.

COLOURS TO CHOOSE:

10. Brown Creme Mascara.
11. Brownish-Black Cake Mascara.
12. Black Mascara Wand.

HOW TO APPLY CREME AND CAKE MASCARA: Both are supplied with a fine bristle brush that makes application quick as a wink. Remember: Two light coats are better than one heavy one. Open your mouth when applying and you'll find you won't blink. MASCARA WAND curls as it colours and separates your lashes. It's waterproof and refillable and pleasantly perfumed.



REMEMBER THIS COLOUR RULE

... If you choose the EYE SHADOW colour numbered "1", then team it with the EYELINER and MASCARA colours also numbered "1", etc. Follow the Golden Rule! DON'T use the same shade for eye shadow, eyeliner and mascara. (It's too dazzling... too boring!)

to make you the girl with EYES WITH EXPRESSION }



NEVER BEFORE BRUSH-ON EYEBROWS

BLACK
BROWNISH-BLACK
BROWN
AUBURN
BLONDE
GRAY
with Sable Brush 12/6

EYESHADOW

SOFT BLUE-GRAY JADE MIST WHITE MAGIC BASIC BLACK
SOFT AQUA SOFT BLUE SOFT GREEN TURQUOISE
AZURE MIST BLUE MIST GREEN MIST
LILAC MIST IRID. GRAY IRID. GREEN
IRID. LAVENDER IRID. BROWN IRID. BLUE

Eye Shadow Stick (Refillable) 12/6
Eye Shadow Wand 9/11

EYESHADOW

STAR SAPPHIRE
REGAL AMETHYST
ROYAL EMERALD
IRID. BROWN
GRAY
BROWN
GREEN
BLUE

Iridescent Powder Eye Shadow 10/6
Eye Shadow Compact 6/6

EYE LINER

BLACK
BROWNISH-BLACK
BROWN
TRUE GRAY
IRID. BLUE
IRID. GREEN

Hi-Fi Fluid Eyeliner with Brush 10/6

EYEBROW EYELINER

BLACK BROWNISH-BLACK * BROWN * LIGHT BROWN * AUBURN GRAY
*Not available in Fine Line Pencil

Max Factor's Eyebrow Pencil Regular 3/11
MAX FACTOR Fine Line 4 Refills 3/11
Fine Line Automatic 17/6

MASCARA

CREME CAKE
BLACK BROWNISH-BLACK BLACK BROWNISH-BLACK
BROWN BLUE BROWN BLUE

Creme Mascara 9/11
Cake Mascara 8/11

MASCARA WAND

BLACK BROWNISH-BLACK BROWN TRUE GRAY BLUE

Triple Refill 7/11
Mascara Wand 18/6

FOR EYES WITH EXPRESSION MAX FACTOR

See them all on the Max Factor Eye Make-Up Self Server at your Store or Family Chemist
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1954

New **Le Gay** Hair Spray highlights hair beauty...holds so gently

At last—the hair spray you've always wanted! New Le Gay . . . the spray that enhances the natural beauty of your hair **and** holds it to perfection. Notice the enchanting new softness and lustre which Le Gay's special conditioning ingredients give to your hair. New Le Gay is so clear and pure—and that hint of intriguing Le Gay perfume makes Le Gay hair spray a delight to use! Now available in two sizes, 8/11 and 14/6.

A large, close-up portrait of a woman with voluminous, styled brown hair, looking slightly to the side with a soft smile. To her right is a can of Le Gay hair spray. The can is purple with a gold-colored top and bottom. It features a central illustration of a woman in a long dress standing next to a large, ornate lamp. The text on the can includes 'AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR CHEMIST' at the top, 'toujours!' in a script font, 'le Gay' in a large, stylized font, and 'hair spray' below it. At the very bottom of the can, it says 'FOR HAIR CARE WITH SAVOIR FAIR'.

Le Gay, the new holding Hair Spray with the Brush-away formula

TV STARS

HOW THEY LIVE



Night after night, TV stars entertain viewers on screen, performing in the backgrounds dictated by the show. In this supplement, the stars invite viewers into their own homes to see them living in their chosen backgrounds off-screen.

THE JANSSENS



David Janssen, dynamic star of "The Fugitive," has just won a highly prized award as TV's most popular performer for 1964. "The Fugitive" has caused more speculation and rumor among viewers than any other series. TV channel telephones run hot as viewers ask: "Who did kill Dr. Kimble's wife?"

ABOVE: Off-screen, David and wife, Ellie, in the living-room of their Beverly Hills home. Right: David and Ellie, who is an interior decorator, at the double front door of their elegant classic house.



LEFT BELOW: The Janssens by their swimming-pool, filled with crystal-blue water. RIGHT BELOW: Conversation circle in front of living-room fireplace has, as centre, crystal-topped coffee table. Note the chandelier.

Story about the Janssens, page 13



THE JUPPS

● TV's Eric Jupp, with the disciplined smile and well-tailored look, is the last man I would expect to see beside anything but a piano. But look below and you will see him beside a rhinoceros.



ERIC JUPP, right, inspects a rhino with warden Ian Player in Umfolosi Reserve.

HE met the beast when "Magic of Music," his popular TV show, was on vacation, and the South African Tourist Bureau assigned him to write the music for a film, "To Catch a Rhino."

I found out about Jupp's rhino hunt when I asked him what he did during the six months "Magic of Music" was off the TV screen. He made a weekly radio show, he said, planned ahead, wrote music, and had a holiday.

I asked him about his composing, and no one was more surprised than I when he told me he'd spent some

THE JUPPS, Eric and his wife, Sadie, in their kitchen. The kitchen has wide windows above the sink and work-benches that overlook the harbor. The gay feature wall is another kitchen highlight.

weeks in Africa not long ago on a rhino hunt.

It was specially organised for him to get an idea of the background of a rhino hunt and the feeling for the music he had been asked to write.

The hunt was on the Umfolosi Game Reserve in South Africa and was the most frightening thing that has ever happened to him.

"You have to follow the rhino in a Land-Rover,

wherever it goes, crashing through the bush, down through dried river-beds, and so on," he said.

"The vehicle just pushes its way through whatever is before you. I'd look up and see a tree coming right at me and the Land-Rover would go 'Whump!', over the tree would go, and we'd follow.

"I was with the game warden, Ian Player, a brother of golfer Gary Player. He 'shot' the rhino in the flank with a gun that shoots a heavy dose of sedative into the rhino and allows it to be caught painlessly."

"To Catch a Rhino" was shown at the Brussels Film Festival, where it won first prize in the documentary class, and the Jupp music was highly praised by critics.

It is a long way, though, from Africa to McMahon's Point, one of Sydney's oldest northside suburbs, built on a point that juts out into the harbor on the western side of the bridge, and there is no doubt that Eric Jupp's heart is anchored there.

He loves Sydney and the harbor and the waterways that bejewel the city and fringe its outer suburbs.

His wife, Sadie, shares his

BREAKFAST TIME generally takes them on to their sun balcony. The Jupps, who migrated to find sunshine, spend Sundays on car or water picnics, are intoxicated with Australia's outdoors.

love and, indeed, has learned to swim for the first time in her life since the Jupps came from England in 1960.

Her friends know that if she doesn't answer the door of her attractive harborside flat they just have to skip down to the swimming-pool in the grounds to find her.

She is as excited as her husband over their new purchase, a motor cruiser, which they will keep at Pittwater.

The Jupps' flat has an uninterrupted view of the harbor. The land slopes away to the shore and you feel you could almost reach out and touch the big liners as they pass, sit on the edge of their sun balcony and dabble your toes in the harbor.

They make full use of their balcony and generally breakfast outdoors summer and winter.

Their bedroom opens on to the balcony from one side, and big glass doors lead to it on the other side from Mr. Jupp's study.

The main furniture in the study is a small upright piano with a desk alongside, where Eric writes and arranges his music.

He amazed me when he said that an arrangement that takes 24 minutes to play on "Magic of Music" represented eight hours' solid work.

The living-room is the only room without a view, but it is interesting, bright, full of souvenirs and pictures of their family.

The Jupps are very young-looking. Eric looks about 10 years younger off TV, and Sadie, his wife, looks far too young to be the mother of two grown-up daughters.

Linda, 21, the elder of the girls, recently married, and Catherine, 20, is a stenographer. She spent some time soon after she came to Australia working as a lay missionary at La Grange Mission Station near Broome, Western Australia.

—NAN MUSGROVE

Pictures by staff photographer Ian Mitchell.



THE TELEVISION SET is well placed for viewing in the Jupp living-room. Notice, standing on the TV, the picture of the Jupps' elder daughter, Linda, 21, in her wedding dress. At the other end of the room, the focal point is a Bernard Buffet painting and huge music library.

BRYAN DAVIES

IF ever Australia had a singing ambassador it is 19-year-old Bryan Davies.

His quiet, sincere manner and his absolute pro-

fessionalism on the job have won him a host of admirers and friends in London.

Bryan, who set a record by having his first two discs recorded within two weeks of arriving in London in

March, has settled into "The White House," the famous American-type block of flats in the West End.

In Sydney, Bryan lived with his parents, and he is revelling in the novelty of having his own first home, even though it is only a pint-sized kitchen, bathroom, and bed-sitting-room.

"I'm pretty basic on the cooking," Bryan told me. "I can grill steaks and things like that, but nothing fancy."

Bryan's plans for England are still undecided. He says he has been offered back his own show ("The Bryan Davies Show") in Sydney if he gets there by July, and he admits this is a temptation.

Bryan says there are only three things he misses, apart

from his friends and family in Sydney: good milkshakes, good hamburgers, and good dry-cleaners.

"The most important point of all is that my girl-friend is still in Sydney," Bryan said. "I miss her very much."

The girl-friend is Jacki Weaver, with whom Bryan did his first stage job in the Phillip Theatre pantomime "Cinderella."

"She wants to be an actress, so perhaps when she finishes school this year she might come over to London with her mother to try her luck," Bryan said.

"If that happened I would certainly stay here."

From BETTY BEST, London



AT PIANO — he doesn't play, but Bryan tries a few chords on the piano in apartment's clubroom.

BRYAN prepares a grapefruit for breakfast in the compact, well-equipped kitchen of his London flat.



BRYAN DAVIES on the balcony overlooking the indoor swimming-pool at "The White House," the London apartment block where he has settled into the first flat of his own.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HARBORSIDE QUIZMASTER

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A screen of trees in a quiet street in Sydney's lovely Beauty Point hides the home of those TV well-knowns Bob and Dolly Dyer from the public gaze.

THE DYERS

ON one side the house, a big bungalow, is divided from the adjoining land by a long line of giant coral trees that flaunt their scarlet bracts down along the side fence, over a long, four-roomed cottage that is being converted into a studio for Bob.

On the other side big trees and a bowling green mark the garden's boundaries. A gravelled drive leads to the front door, winding past a lawn tennis court directly in front of the house.

The house has two front doors. The first opens into a spacious hallway that leads through an archway to the living-room.

The other door is at the back and leads up a shallow flight of rounded steps from a terrace to a sun porch with big glass doors that lead into the living-room.

The L-shaped living-room is enormous with a bow window overlooking the calm reaches of Quaker's Hat Bay, where Tennessee Two, the Dyers' big-game motor cruiser, is moored.

Bob and Dolly don't like to be out of sight of Tennessee Two for long. She is very much part of their lives.

Sunk in the multi-colored tile terrace at the back of the house is the deep-blue swimming-pool, from which the garden runs wild down the steep slope to the bay.

There is a path of strong stone steps, with a resting

seat halfway, that leads to the boathouse and the Dyers' private baths.

The main house is their office as well as their home. House and boathouse are connected by phone.

The house is designed in three wings. The centre wing contains the living-room, a big, square hallway-reception room, and the kitchen; the right-hand wing, a guest suite of bedroom and bathroom, the dining-room, Bob's office (which he calls the "grindstone room"), and Dolly's office, which she shares with their joint secretary. The left-hand wing has the bow-windowed master bedroom, its bathroom, and another guest suite.

The guest suite in the right-hand wing is permanently occupied by Dolly's mother, Mrs. Mack, who lives with them.

Mrs. Mack looks more like Dolly's sister than her mother.

She often helps Dolly with the cooking, but, from what I gather, there is a bit of a three-way contest in the Dyer house when it is time to cook a meal. Dolly likes to cook, Mrs. Mack does, too, and Bob dotes on it.

He has a large and magnificent barbecue built in stone in the garden near the swimming-pool, which he designed himself and of which he is chef-in-chief.

The kitchen is bright and airy, with special dining nook, and is a dream in marine-blue and white.

It really is a dream, only completed so far on paper but well on the way.

It has a cooking island, a deep-freeze, a huge refrigerator, and all kinds of wonderful gadgets, plus a stove with a gas top and an electric oven.



BOB AND DOLLY near the swimming-pool. The steps lead to the sun porch and living-room. Bob's present photographic room, where he edits BP Pick-a-Box newsreels, has a sound-proof booth, and camera equipment is under the house.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow



BOB designed this massive fireplace and caught the shark whose jaws are featured. It weighed 2342½ lb. Curtains lead to Dolly's office, which has a file listing the dresses and accessories she has worn on their TV show for the past seven years.

● Continued overleaf

ABOVE: The Dyers in wet-weather rig return from fishing on Tennessee Two. They are probably Australia's premier amateur fisherfolk. Bob's key-ring sports a fish that can't get away, a heavy silver one.

THE TAIL of L-shaped living-room. The bar has, behind the curtains, a servery into the new kitchen. The fish over the couch are the world-record-sized yellow-fin tunas of 145 and 97 pounds the Dyers caught.





WORLD - SHATTERING circumstances are the only thing that keeps Dawn from meeting daughter Debbie after school and seeing her off in the morning. Right: Dawn whips up a tart-case for her famous yoghurt and honey tart. See recipe in story.



Those Limb rumors just aren't true

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A rambling bungalow tucked away in a cul-de-sac on Sydney's upper North Shore is home to those show business well-knowns Dawn Lake and Bobby Limb, who in private life are Mr. and Mrs. Limb.

THEIR marriage is a happy-ever-after job, and has been for the ten years since their wedding.

This year, with life a bowl of roses for them, they have been faced with rumor and more rumors that, in show-business language, they have "rifted."

Last year, at the close of the "Mobil-Limb Show," Dawn "retired" from TV temporarily, tired of the pressure, and concentrated on being Mrs. Limb.

She made guest appearances from time to time, and a month ago made her debut in her own show, "Here's Dawn."

Dawn's absence from TV and her rare appearances on Bobby's show "Sound of Music" and the premiere of "Here's Dawn" released a flood of rumors.

Where was Bobby? Dawn's show starred her, the male lead was Noel Brophy. Curling their moustaches, the gossips said: "It's on—the Limb divorce."

They are so wrong. There is no divorce. The Limbs, happy, laugh at the rumors.

Bobby is certainly not seen on "Here's Dawn," but he is just as important to it as Dawn is. For the first time in his TV career he is behind the camera producing.

He is concerned with every facet of the show.

It is very nice to see a husband and wife like Bobby and Dawn together. They are obviously happy, obviously good friends as well as business partners.

Their home is like them, welcoming and friendly. It is luxurious in spots, but it is geared essentially for living-in and standing up to the tough wear and tear their lively eight-year-old daughter, Debbie, and her friends give it.

Dark charcoal wall-to-wall carpet covers the floor except in the dining-room, where black tiles match the ebony table and chairs, which have upholstered seats of peacock-blue Thai silk.



The bedroom windows, right along one wall, curtained in ruffled cross-over white curtains, look out across the swimming-pool and over the treetops.

The furniture is all built-in, except the bed, which has a huge brass bedhead and a lilac cover.

Black marble side tables flank the bed, and the bedside lamps are made from old English brass Georgian candlesticks and have black chiffon shades.

An armchair and a pouffe covered in purple Thai silk bring a strong color note into the room.

Except for one feature wall, the walls from floor to ceiling are cupboards and wardrobes painted a soft grey.

The bathroom, which opens from the bedroom, has a copper-lined

trough specially designed for a child growing set in at the end of the bath.

There are more cupboards in the bathroom and a concealed make-up mirror and drawer.

A sliding door at the end of the bathroom opens into a guest cloak and make-up room.

It is a narrow room with toilet and basin at one end and a well-lit and equipped dressing table at the other. Sliding doors open from the cloakroom into the hall.

Debbie's room is tucked away in a wing beyond the dining-room. She shares a bathroom near her pretty pink-and-white bedroom with the housekeeper, whose bedroom is close by.

The house is built on a slope and the back has a second story that opens on to the paved terrace round the swimming-pool.

Bobbie and Dawn have just built what they call "The Daddy Room" and bathroom down there. Both their fathers are alive, and both come to stay from time to time. The new room is a rather dainty bed-sitting room with its own bath and bathroom.

Dawn likes cooking whenever she gets the chance. A weekend family favorite is her yoghurt and honey tart. Here is her recipe.

Make and cook an eight-inch tart-case, cool. Blend together half a pound of plain yoghurt, half a pound of Philadelphia cream cheese, and a tablespoon of honey (more if you have a sweet tooth).

Spoon into cold tart-case, sprinkle with nutmeg, and set in refrigerator.

Noel loves gardening

By MARGARET BERKELEY

● At home with his wife, Sue, and son, Timothy, aged 2, is where you find the real Noel Ferrier.

THERE, he's not the man in the bowler hat or the plum-in-the-mouth cheerful-Charlie compere, but a rather serious, unaffected chap with a normal sense of humor.

Noel has a fairly casual but orderly home life, made possible by the understanding of his attractive wife.

Sue's routine has to fit in with Noel's erratic working hours in television.

It's a routine which started in 1962 when Noel first began compereing the Friday night edition of "In Melbourne Tonight" on GTV9.

It wasn't such a tremendous change for Sue, though, because, with an actor-husband, she had already

been used to a variable day.

Now that Noel has his own national show for the Channel 9 Network, the pace is a little more hectic.

"You might almost call the way we live suburban," Sue said. "But Noel likes to come home and forget TV."

"He loves to get out in the garden in his free time."

When they moved from a Toorak maisonnette to their present 80-year-old home in Hawthorn last November, the garden was overgrown.

Noel spent a great deal of time during his four weeks' January break helping to turn it into the pleasant spot it is today.

The house, with its high-ceilinged spacious rooms, is still being furnished, because

both Noel and Sue have definite ideas about furniture and ornaments.

Their taste is pretty wide. They rather go for items like brass-bound chests and Victorian reproductions of 18th-century furniture.

"But nothing too fragile for a 14½-stone husband," Sue said.

Many's the Saturday morning they spend in auction rooms looking for likely bits and pieces.

In the sitting-room is a striking blue-patterned white carpet—a gift from actor Frank Thring.

"When we moved in, Frank came to see the house," Noel said. "He said 'I've got just the carpet for this room' and rushed off, to

return later in a cab with this carpet.

"He wouldn't take any payment, but eventually accepted one of Sue's pictures in exchange for it."

Sue—formerly Sue de Berenger—worked as an artist in advertising in Melbourne before going abroad. She and Noel were married soon after her return three and a half years ago.

Son Timothy, of course, with his deep grey eyes and floppy pale gold hair, is the pride of the Ferriers.

Sue wants more children, "not less than three and not more than four," she says.

Now that Timothy's getting bigger Sue is planning her time more exactly.

"I intend going to life class at Swinburne Tech. and I'm going to take driving lessons," she said.

As well she is preparing to exhibit some of her paintings at the end of this year.



NOEL FERRIER, fond of playing host, here serves drinks from the cocktail cabinet in their sitting-room.

THE LIMBS

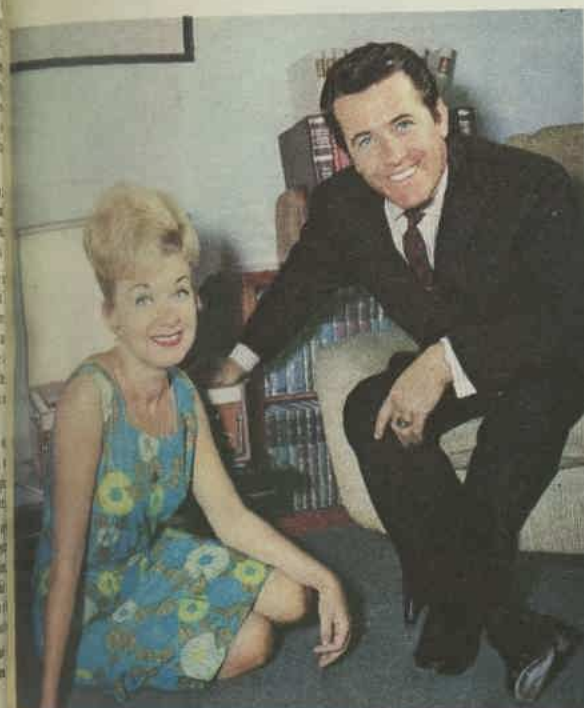


SERVERY with attractive tiled counter opens into the Limbs' living-room. The kitchen side of the servery is long, narrow, with windows above sink and workbenches overlooking an inner courtyard.



DAWN LAKE is the gardener of this husband-and-wife TV team; Bobby's outdoor hobby is the care of the swimming-pool. The lovely angel's-trumpet shrub (a natural outdoor telephone to the Limbs) grows near a decorative wall covered in sweet-scented jasmine.

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen



LEFT: The big L-shaped living-room is a comfortable welcoming room, obviously a room to relax in and enjoy life. Windows overlook the swimming-pool on one side; on the other, the inner courtyard and doors open on to a sundeck. In this corner Bobby and Dawn have their record-player, books.

THE FERRIERS



LEFT: After-dinner coffee for Noel and Sue. The Ferriers, busy collecting furniture for their home, are doing the rounds of antique shops and auction-rooms.

KEEN GARDENER Noel Ferrier with Sebastian, the dalmatian pup, and son Timothy. Sue is tending Noel's pride and joy, a flourishing cumquat tree.



SUE FERRIER, formerly Sue de Berenger, at work at her easel in a bow window of the Ferriers' 80-year-old Hawthorn home. Sue is hoping to exhibit this year.

Pictures by Les Gorrie
Page 11



Official photograph of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition

Veteran car?

Any day, at the Australian Antarctic Expedition base at Mawson, you can see this.
A Volkswagen.
Working.
Hauling sleds.
Carrying Glaciologists to and from work.
Scouting over ice fields that would make our pot holes feel like the smoothest concrete.

But the Volkswagen you'd see at Antarctica now isn't the one in the picture.
That's Antarctica 1.
You'd see Antarctica 2.
We brought the first one back to check up on a few things.
How did our air-cooled engine stand up to the conditions?
Did it start every time?

Did our baked enamel finish weather the cold?
Did our suspension take the battering it got?
Antarctica 1 passed like a veteran.
Flying colours.
So Antarctica 2 isn't there to prove anything.
Just to work.



Judy Garland—a gallant little figure

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Judy Garland, one of America's show business greats, said her TV show, which has recently finished in America, was a "really terrible experience."

Television

I CAN'T read a note of music," she said. "Without my glasses I'm practically blind, so cue cards and teleprompters were out. I couldn't see them."

"I had to learn the whole thing straight off. It really was an experience, an outrageous experience."

"I learn all my songs by heart. It is hard work and makes it all very dodgy."

I talked to Judy Garland at the caviar and champagne Press reception given by the entrepreneur who brought her to Australia, Harry M. Miller, and his American wife, Patricia, in a suite near Miss Garland's, at Sydney's Chevron Hilton hotel.

The glass walls of the rooms were lashed by rain, and the lights of the harbor glimmered through the downpour. When Judy Garland walked in, the glitter came right into the room.

A miniature

She looks like a miniature of the Judy Garland of the movie, tiny, elegantly thin, lined down to the bone, a fineness that makes her big black eyes seem bigger than ever, her mouth wider, her teeth (more buck than I expected) whiter.

She is very small, perhaps 5 ft. tall, but she wears 4 in. heels that help, and her black hair, cut short, is expertly dressed upward in a mid-twentieth century Edwardian style that gives an illusion of added height.

The black hair is gently framed on top with a touch of white — natural white that looks rather good.

She is stones lighter than when I last saw her on TV. I asked her for her diet.

"I think I did a bad



Judy Garland at her Sydney Press reception.

thing," she said. "I was overweight, very overweight, really just plain fat."

"I didn't diet, I fasted."

"I fasted for 30 days, and had two cups of tea without milk or sugar a day."

I think such drastic treatment is indicative of her character. She would always take all-or-nothing measures.

She is no ordinary human being, flesh with a nervous system — she is a high tension nervous system, clothed with the minimum of flesh.

I would say she has two moods, up and down, and when she is up she is very, very up, and when she is down she is down. At the party, she was up — excited to the point of near incoherence at times, cordial.

Her skin is fine and glowing and the freckles, that have always been a Garland trademark, showed plainly.

Except for a brilliant red lipstick and lashes so long and curled they must have been false, she was just Judy.

She wore a superb two-

piece chalk-white silk crepe suit, long-sleeved, cut high in front with a rolled collar and buttoned down the back. The top was beautifully beaded, the skirt straight and plain.

She wore pearl earrings and a pearl dress ring with it and a smile that stretched from here to there.

Judy, who has had two husbands and three children, wore no wedding ring, no nail polish. Her nails were short and cut almost straight across the top.

She has long, slender legs, small feet that have danced their way through show business for more than 40 years. I asked her if she had ever had them insured.

She looked down at them and pointed her shapely ankle: "They've never been worth insuring," she said, "but there have been times when people would have liked to have broken them."

After the first barrage of questions and photographs, Judy sat on a kingfisher-blue couch with Mark Her-

ron, an American actor who accompanied her.

She was nervous and her hands plucked constantly at invisible threads on the couch, gestured, clutched at her chin.

While Mr. Herron was her escort, she gave me the impression that she'd brought him to the reception as a tested bulwark that would stand between her and any unexpected pressures.

She was most helpful to everyone in the 40 minutes she stayed with the Press before she crossed the hallway, cordoned by security men against gate-crashers, into the Queen Anne Suite.

There, seated on a chaise-longue under a glittering chandelier, she faced the TV cameras.

Judy is a gallant little figure, battling on regardless.

I asked her about her first appearance on stage, when she was two.

She sang "Jingle Bells" and when the applause started she was so deliriously happy that she wouldn't stop singing. "Jingle Bells" went on and on until Miss G. had to be carried off, protesting.

"It is quite true," she said, "but I must be honest, my father owned the theatre."

"And I'm still the same, the applause goes to my head, and I go on and on."

I felt that no one got through to the real Judy, that the brittle conversation was just a glossy cover for the real person.

Someone asked her was it true that she was being paid £23,000 for her three Australian appearances.

"Where is Harry Miller?" she said, "I want a verbal guarantee of that."

"How about a comment, Harry?" someone called out and Mr. Miller made the crack of the evening: "We're just good friends," he said.



Bob Raymond (at left) and his team set up camera to film the static firing of the Blue Streak Rocket at Woomera.

ROCKET BLAST

A DOCUMENTARY that is a world exclusive, "From Stone Age to Space Age," will have its premiere on TCN9's "Project '64" on Monday, May 25, at 9.30 p.m.

Bob Raymond, head of TCN9's Special Projects Division, who is executive producer of "Project '64," says that it is the most interesting documentary the team has yet made.

It tells the complete story of the preparation and work — years of it — preceding the firing of the Blue Streak Rocket at Woomera Rocket Range on or about May 25.

"Project '64" secured exclusive rights to film this in the face of heavy competition from overseas interests, including the British Broadcasting Corporation.

It shows you everything that will happen on the day except the blast-off, which will be replaced on the documentary by the static firing of the rocket.

A static firing sounds much more terrifying to me than the real blast-off and I will be sitting well back — just in case.

In the static firing, the rocket is, in effect, tied down so it can't take off, although it is fired and its mechanisms go flat out in a test.

Viewers will see this almost at the same time that the unleashed rocket soars into the blue over Woomera. "It is quite the most exciting and interesting documentary we have yet done," Raymond told me.

"When you get to Woomera and see the fantastic things going on it is hard to believe."

"What surprised me is that we here in Australia are capable of doing this tremendous technical programme."

"The only other two countries capable of such advanced work are the U.S. and Russia."

The documentary gives a close-up of all stages of the preparation for launching, and the 10-hour countdown preceding the static firing, when the rocket will be under full pressure for 16 seconds.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

AT HOME WITH THE JANSSENS

● From page 7

● David Janssen greeted me informally in powder-blue slacks, navy-blue mohair sweater, and heavy white tennis shoes, and showed me into the Janssens' rather formal, classic Beverly Hills home.

It is in the fashionable Trousdale Estates, where Liz and Eddie were going to live, but never got around to it.

David and his wife, Ellie, who, beautiful, talented (the painter and sculptor), bought the house brand-new two and a half years ago and proceeded to rebuild it and decorate it according to their fancies.

They added an upper level

to the living-room and many other features.

Ellie (who met me wearing a powder-blue silk jersey turtle-neck top, white-checked capris and matching blue ballet slippers) has done some professional decorating, but now has no time for other than their own home.

She has redesigned the

living-room for comfort as well as beauty, making it a combination of modern and classic, with heavy beige velvet coverings matching the very thick wall-to-wall carpeting.

The entrance hall and the rest of the house are floored in white marble, which gives a rich, cool, clean effect.

All the rooms open on to

patios or gardens through glass and screened sliding doors to take advantage of the warm Californian weather.

The house is high enough in Beverly Hills to miss much of the smog, and on warm evenings it is usually washed by a cool ocean breeze.

The main outside feature

is a truly fabulous swimming-pool filled with crystal blue water which cascades constantly over a classic Greek shell.

When pictures were being taken we asked if we could get a shot of David and Ellie with their poodle.

It seems, however, that the poodle, whose name is

Beau Brummell, was away attending school for several weeks, after which his behaviour was guaranteed perfect.

Ellie Janssen has two near-grown daughters by a former marriage to a wealthy textile manufacturer.

The younger girl recently graduated from Beverly Hills High School and the older, like her mother, is an artist of promising talent.

—From Paula Walling, in Hollywood.

THE RAYMONDS

● The fire was burning brightly and the Siamese cat was perched on a chair when we called on HSV7 newscaster Geoff Raymond and his family at Mt. Martha, Victoria.

TINKER, the Siamese cat, with Geoff Raymond and his wife, Maggie, at their home on the Mornington Peninsula.

TV STARS
HOW THEY LIVE

Pictures by Les Gorrie



MRS. RAYMOND with the children, Jacquetta, 12, and Jonathan, 11.

THE Raymonds are working on plans for a new home at Mt. Eliza, where their children, Jacquetta, 12, and Jonathan, 11, go to school.

Geoff is one of Melbourne's top TV commentators and interviewers. He joined HSV7 six years ago, has compered everything from "Sunrise Up" to football, and even produced, wrote, and hosted his own show, "Noughts and Crosses."

Maggie Raymond was born in Malaya. Her father was English, her mother Thai.

Fifteen years ago she met and married Geoff in Singapore, where she was an air hostess and secretary; he was announcer and publicity officer with a British radio station.

Both speak Malay fluently. "Geoff and I often jabber away—especially when we don't want the children to hear," said Maggie.

When the children came to Australia nine years ago both could speak Chinese and Malay.

Now they've forgotten it all.

The Raymonds are keen silver-collectors and have fun searching for pieces. Their prize item is a 140-year-old smelling-salt bottle found in a second-hand shop.

It was corroded and dented—but Geoff spied a hall-and-assay-mark with his magnifying glass. When he cleaned it he discovered it was a William IV piece.

Although Maggie and Geoff don't move in city TV social life, they have a hectic life at weekends.

From Frankston to Portsea they're treated as celebrities and asked to judge beauty contests—recently they chose Miss Red Hill and Miss Toffee Apple—and to open fetes and carnivals.

They also entertain regularly—"Informal parties with lashings of cold meats and salads," said Maggie.

— Claudia Wright

SILVER-COLLECTING is Geoff's hobby.



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Exclusive interview with THE BEATLES



• Reporter Brian Gibson (left), John Lennon, and producer Walter Shenson (right), at the interview.

• After a person-to-person talk with the famous singers before they flew off for their secret holiday, Brian Gibson, of our London staff, says



JOHN LENNON —
"Roman senator
type — but with a
Liverpool voice."

RINGO
STARR —
"Likes extra
sleep."

PAUL Mc-
CARTNEY —
"Quick, witty;
good listener."

GEORGE
HARRISON —
"Deliberate
speaker."

RINGO IS THE SHYEST

• What are they really like? How do The Beatles view their success, their fans, and their fantastic rags-to-riches story? In the London theatre where they were filming the finale to a movie about themselves I had an exclusive interview with the legendary lads.

“AUSTRALIA, eh?” said John Lennon with one of his mock-serious expressions. “Pull up a kangaroo and sit down.”

I’d been prepared for the special brand of Beatle humor that buzzes between the famous four.

It stems from John, their acknowledged spokesman, who enjoys Goon-type humor often spiced with penetrating observations.

Wearing a neatly cut suit and dark tie, John sat beside me in a theatre seat. Older than the others—he is 23—he fixes you with his steady gaze, and is certainly the most outspoken of them.

His face is friendly but distinguished; you get the impression he would have made a good Roman senator.

His conversation is witty, sprinkled with obscure jokes, and is always interesting. The voice is the nasal Liverpoolian that commands attention.

George, sitting in front of us in the theatre, has the same kind of accent, but is a more deliberate speaker than John.

Paul, who was buzzing around in the background, is quick, witty, and an intent listener.

Ringo wasn’t there. On the previous occasion I had met him he was alert but difficult to communicate with. Everyone says he is the shyest of the four.

“You know,” said John, “when they told us how well our discs were going in Australia we could hardly believe it. Naturally, we’re looking forward to the visit.”

“I’m particularly looking forward to seeing some relatives in New Zealand, because we have never met.”

Although their Australian visit is going to call for strict security precautions, they hope to do some surfing.

Money

“We went water-skiing in Florida and had a marvelous time,” said John, “so I’m hoping we’ll get the chance to go out on the Aussie beaches. Everyone says they’re great.”

George turned round and asked if they used pounds, shillings, and pence in Australia.

“Of course they do,” replied John.

“I’m glad,” said George. “We didn’t get on well with dollars and cents in America.”

The kind of money The Beatles are currently earning defies calculation.

Besides record sales and

royalties from the hits that John and Paul write, there are fantastic fees from television and concert work — plus royalties from articles bearing their name.

In America alone they hope to make £5 million this year from trade concessions.

It is estimated that, after paying heavy tax, each of them in the first year banked more than £90,000.

“We honestly don’t know how much we’re making,” said John. “It all goes to accountants, who put it into various funds and stocks for our old age.”

“We get a weekly allowance each, but we seldom spend it. What chance do we get to go out?”

The restrictions that fame imposes has become The Beatles’ biggest problem.

Going out is virtually impossible, and during filming in London all meals were sent into the theatre.

“If we went out the fans would tear us apart,” said John.

“Occasionally one of us will slip out for ciggies or something like that. It’s a risk, but you’d be surprised at how many people think we travel round as a foursome and that we never go out on our own.”

“Paul went out to Liver-

pool the other day on his own and wasn’t recognised.”

But that kind of thing doesn’t happen often.

Wherever their presence is announced vast crowds of teenagers form, squealing with delight when they glimpse their idols.

At the theatre where I met The Beatles a heavy police guard had been mounted on every door. But it didn’t stop a band of over-enthusiastic fans from smashing some windows and coming into the theatre.

“No joke”

It took theatre staff two hours to find them all, and held up filming.

Said John: “Some of them are too rowdy—that’s why we don’t see a lot of the fans these days.”

“They want to tear at your clothes and hair. It’s no joke to have a thousand screaming kids after you.”

“On the other hand, there are the ones who are sensible about it. I live in Earls Court, and every day there’s a crowd who gather when I come out or go in.

“They’re always well behaved, and I usually stop for a chat and sign autographs.”

The Beatles’ film has the boys playing themselves in a story that sets out to show a couple of typical days in their lives.

The American producer, Walter Shenson, told me:

“This was the only formula that fitted what we had in mind.

“The Beatles are very much individuals and we’re trying to show this in the

picture. It’s in black and white because they’re really black and white people.

“They’re naturals in front of the camera.”

But the pace is gruelling.

As Paul pointed out, “It’s a very tiring job this filming. You have to get up early and there’s a lot of hanging around.

“Once you’re working, it’s fine, but we don’t like the waiting about.”

Ringo wasn’t on hand to give his observations.

“He’s not on call today,” said George, “so I expect he’ll be sleeping.

“Want me to ring him and say you’d like to speak to him?”

John laughed.

“He wouldn’t bother to get up, anyway. He loves his rest,” he said. “We all do. Honestly, we work the maddest hours ever.

“It’s a crazy life, but great fun.”

Friendly

Success has changed The Beatles very little. When I first met them over a year ago they were hoping to make the grade and were a little unsure of their chances. Today they exude confidence and have the polished air that success brings.

Yet, they’re still friendly and warm.

The technicians on the set laughed and joked with them and found them great to work with.

“No, we haven’t changed, really,” said John.

“What success really does for you is to give you a feeling of confidence in your-

self. It’s an indescribable feeling, but once you’ve had it you never want it to stop.

“You see, we never set out to do it this way, and we certainly never dreamed we’d end up as big as this. It’s all just happened and we’re lucky.”

One of John Lennon’s biggest problems is created by the fact that he is married.

His wife, Cynthia, is kept hidden behind a tight veil of security, and Lennon has hitherto refused to even mention her name. But he told me:

“I like to keep my work and my private life separate—which is why I keep Cynthia out of the picture.

“I took her to America because I thought that a trip like that comes once in a lifetime and she deserved it.

“I’d dearly love to take her to Australia, but the schedule looks too gruelling.”

When The Beatles return from Australia they will embark on television and concert appearances in America, and a British tour.

Walter Shenson wants them for another film, and is already searching for a subject.

How long can they last is the question everyone asks.

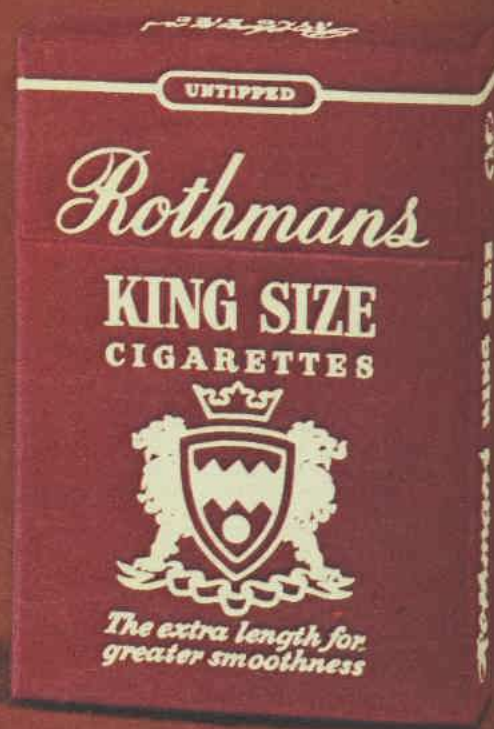
John is adamant on that point.

“We won’t leave the scene suddenly, from one day to another. But we may fade, and, of course, we will all be sad when that happens.

“But I think by then we’ll have put by enough money.

“We won’t starve I can tell you.”

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Page 18

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - 1971

"Granny" at the wheel again— of her Rolls

● A 57-year-old grandmother and her veteran Rolls-Royce, nicknamed "Her Majesty," will take to the road in their fourth reliability trial next month.

AFTER three high-pressure 7500-mile motor trips around Australia, Mrs. Blanche Brown would like a "leisurely jaunt" to all the places she has sped through.

At the moment, though, she's willing to settle for her fourth Ampol test drive. It's a fortnight's marathon car- and -driver reliability trial, beginning on June 14. Nearly 75 years of motoring experience will take to the road when 57-year-old "Granny" Brown slips behind the wheel of her Rolls-Royce, which was factory-built in 1927 — the year she began to drive.

The veteran pair were successful partners in the 1956, '57, and '58 trials, and the Brown home at Rouse Hill,

N.S.W., is astir with preparations for the fourth contest. Mrs. Brown, a grey-haired grandmother of ten, was taking the bustle very calmly. She was knitting for her soon-due eleventh.

But drastic alterations were being made to the chassis

By Jude Ainsworth

and motor of the car by Granny's co-driver, her son Vince.

"Her Majesty" — as the other trial drivers quickly named the vintage car on her first run — will reappear in all her showroom glamor, with new upholstery and shiny-painted exterior.

"She's been in the shed with the moths eating her for the last six years, and she's in bits everywhere at the moment," Vince explained.

"I'll have to practise driving again. Driving 'Her Majesty' is different altogether from driving other cars," Granny said.

The 2½ ton Rolls is heavy to steer, more like a truck than a car, according to Mrs. Brown, who is glad to let Vince drive on winding roads, where the car is always cornering.

What put the idea of entering the first trial into Granny Brown's head?

"I'd always wanted to go to Alice and those places, and I could never talk my husband into it. When I heard about the trial, I thought 'Here's my chance!'" she said.

In fact, Mr. Brown doesn't like driving, and Granny always has to do the driving on their trips.

Last laugh

"When we started off from Bondi in 1956, lots of people said we wouldn't get past Wollongong — we were the laughing stock," said Granny with the relish of one who has had the last laugh.

She enters "just for the fun of it," but has done very well.

In 1956 she won the women's division, was second in the big-car class, and thirteenth in the overall field.

She describes 1957 as "our best effort." She won the women's prize, took first in

"GRANNY" at the workshop with her granddaughter, 3-year-old Gail Brown, and her son Vince, who's refurbishing the Rolls for her fourth reliability trial.



"GRANNY" BROWN at the wheel of "Her Majesty" — together they tot up 75 years' motoring experience.

the big-car class, and fifth in the field.

In 1958 Granny and the Rolls were eighth in their class, because "Her Majesty" had to do the last 3000 miles on five cylinders.

Quite wistfully Mrs. Brown recalls a free day the drivers once spent in Cairns, in contrast to the usual test pace. "We haven't any time to stop for picnics or photos," she said.

"We haven't much time to look at scenery: if we miss a turn we might be miles off the route before realising it."

Granny remembers driving through the Simpson Desert in one trial: "You start to hear funny noises if you stop the car and no one talks. And to see all sorts of things in the distance, even things like a car-sales yard!"

But more than the scenery her biggest regret is that the pace of the trials doesn't allow much time for meeting people along the way.

"You'd be surprised, right out in the backblocks, there could be two or three people in the early morning by the road. They'd give us a wave — they'd stand there all night to wave us on."

There's one thing about this type of trip that's unbeatable: the no-fuss packing. A few skirts and jumpers and a knitted beret and Granny Brown is set to go.

"I just forget about looks — I'm too interested in getting there on time and not getting lost. There's quite a bit of dust, so I keep a facecloth in the car for a bit of a lickover. But we don't worry about trying to keep clean — just take a bath before bed."

Since on each day of the trial the drivers are given a certain mileage to cover in a specific time along a planned route, the organisers sometimes allow an afternoon's rest in a town along the way.

These free afternoons are

a bonanza for Granny, who dashes off for a hairset.

Though the Rolls drinks about £150 worth of petrol on each trip, she has not needed sixpence worth of repairs.

The worst day on any of her three trials was between Adelaide and Alice Springs, said Granny, when they drove for 23 hours through "a quagmire, with some cars bogged over the running boards with unseasonal flooding."

The gallant old Rolls is so high-slung that she ploughs right through mud, hardly splattering her paint.

The original team will be piloting the Rolls next month — Granny, Vince, and Mrs. Cath Price, of Granville, N.S.W., their navigator.

What's on for Granny after the trials?

"Perhaps a couple of weeks where someone else does all the driving — for a change and a rest!"



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TREES & SHRUBS

NEXT WEEK

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PATTERNS from PARIS

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● With their hit recording of "World Without Love," Peter Asher and Gordon Waller pushed The Beatles off the top spot on Britain's charts . . . read about them in Teenagers' Weekly.

Miss Australia's all-wool travel wardrobe

● The fashions shown here are part of a versatile all-wool wardrobe chosen for Jan Taylor—Miss Australia, 1964. The wardrobe was designed and co-ordinated by the Australian Wool Board to cover a wide range of occasions.

The clothes are ideally suited to the glamorous social programme that Jan, as Miss Australia, will encounter during her world trip, which is part of her prize in the contest. The all-Australian wool fabrics are in sheer and heavier textured weaves for comfort in varying temperatures.

Jan, a Queensland girl, is a brunette with green eyes and fair complexion. She is 5ft. 7in. tall, and her measurements are 34-24-35. She loves classic clothes and interesting colors, and has the right fashion personality for both.



● Slick red wool shift will prove a good companion to Jan in any city at any time of day. It will also come up smartly for informal dining. The dress has an ultra large kerchief in matching red.

● Classic look (below) in a shapely one-piece of green-and-white printed wool. The dress, worn with formal accessories, is sleeveless and makes a perfect ensemble for daytime elegance.



● The blues of spring (above) in this wool suit worn with a printed blouse. Jan plans to wear the suit to an official lunch given by the British textile industry in her honor.



● Basic green wool dress seen in the ensemble at right is illustrated (above) teamed with a matching green wool jacket. The jacket looks just as attractive unbelted.



● Sherwood - green fine wool dress, plaid jacket, and matching plaid hat. Jan plans to wear this ensemble to a race meeting at Hollywood Park, in California.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1964



● Slick, tailored coat-dress in Prince of Wales check wool (above). The dress, with its crisp white collar and cuffs, is perfect for the quick tempo of life in Paris. Jan plans to wear it to a couture house and to the famous racecourse at Longchamps.



● Coat in open weave cream wool partners a shirtmaker in cream lightweight wool. The twosome combine to make a success outfit for daytime. The dress, worn solo, is ready for a journey or a day sightseeing in any visited city.



MARGUERITE PATTEN

Australian products in star cook's recipes

● Britain's foremost cookery demonstrator, Marguerite Patten, arrives next week to prepare for her demonstrations in all States and her programme of five TV demonstrations on ten channels.

MRS. PATTEN is being brought to Australia by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the Australian gas industry.

Our issue on sale the week before her demonstrations will have a 72-page lift-out cook book of 225 recipes, from which she will select dishes for her appearances.

For the recipes, she tested 30 Australian-made food products, which will be featured in her demonstrations.

At each demonstration Mrs. Patten will also cook one dish from the many other recipe books she has written. These will be chosen from her books on sale in Australia.

One of the most popular of these, "Cookery in Colour," which we first published in 1962, is now available again in a fifth Australian edition.

It contains more than 1000 recipes of every type with more than 600 illustrations in color and black and white. You can order a copy by filling in the coupon on page 32.

● Here are the details of Mrs. Patten's New South Wales and A.C.T. demonstrations.

Sydney: Two demonstrations daily, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m., on June 8: North Shore Gas Co., Crows Nest.

June 9: The Australian Gas Light Co., Burwood.

June 10: The Australian Gas Light Co., Hurstville.

June 11: The Australian Gas Light Co., Parramatta.

June 12: The Australian Gas Light Co., Bondi Junction.

The demonstrations are free. Admission tickets are available at all the above addresses.

Newcastle: June 19, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., at Winn's Shortland Room, corner of King, Brown, and Hunter Streets. Ad-

mission tickets (free) available at Home Service, The City of Newcastle Gas and Coke Co. Ltd., 619-623 Hunter Street.

Canberra: June 16, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., at the Rex Hotel. Admission tickets (free) available at Porta Gas Pty. Ltd., 20 Garama Place, Civic.

Mrs. Patten will also give a series of five one-hour TV demonstrations:

Sydney, TCN9: 12.30 p.m., June 15-19 inclusive.

Newcastle, NBN3: 3.30 p.m., June 22-26 inclusive.

Wollongong, WIN4: 12.30 p.m., June 15-19 inclusive.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AN unusual "something old" chosen by country girl Mary Simpson for her marriage with Robert Golsby on June 2 will be some exquisite French beads which originally embroidered her mother's wedding gown. They will accent the slim lines and long train of Mary's silk shantung gown.

After the ceremony, which will be held at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Mary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Simpson, of "Gunnawarra," Gulargambone, will entertain 250 guests at a reception at the Wentworth Hotel.

Many country and interstate guests will be at the wedding, among them Mary's uncles and aunts, Mr. and Mrs. George King, of "Coombing Park," Carcoar, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney King, of Toorak, Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clapin, of "Ballomyle," Cranbrook, Western Australia.

Mary will have Mrs. Bruce Thompson, Barbara Giblin, and Helen Golsby as attendants, and Robert, who is the son of Mrs. R. G. Golsby, of "Calabash," Murrumbidgee, and of the late Mr. Golsby, will be attended by Gerald Peacocke, Douglas Moppett, and Angus Munro.

The couple will spend a two-week honeymoon in Fiji before making their home on Robert's property, "Wombuin," Girilambone.



AT RECEPTION. Mr. John Payne, of "Blue Mountain," Walcha, and his bride, formerly Miss Robyn Reid, daughter of Mr. J. W. Reid, of Armidale, and of the late Mrs. Reid, at the Armidale Golf Club following their marriage at St. Peter's Cathedral, Armidale. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. N. M. Payne, of Armidale, and of the late Mr. F. M. Payne, of Nundle.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Dudley pictured in the vestry with Rev. Gordon Smea who officiated at their marriage at the Holy Trinity Church, Orange. The bride was Miss Elisabeth Harden, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Harden, of Orange. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley will live at Finley.

AT RIGHT: Scots piper Mr. Robert McNeil played at the marriage of Mr. John McKay, of Castlereagh, and his bride, formerly Miss Wendy Lamrock, at St. Paul's Church, Emu Plains. With them are attendants Paul Lukins (left) and Gusty Hunter. A reception was held at the Emu Plains home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Lamrock.



BUSY Mrs. Max Halliday has a non-stop schedule for the next few months. At the moment she's in Perth, where her husband is attending the Australian Dental Congress. While there, Mrs. Halliday, who is president of the Asthma Foundation Women's Committee, hopes to establish an Asthma Foundation in Western Australia—the only State without one. On May 30 she and her husband will fly back to Sydney to be among official guests at a dinner dance the following night in Orana, which will aid the Foundation and the Sydney Eye Health Appeal. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Halliday will start making appearances for pre-selection in three seats in the forthcoming State elections. She has nominated (as Liberal member) for three seats—Ryde, Manly, and Parramatta.

I HEAR that Mr. and Mrs. Adrian van Bochove and their daughter Ann will sail in Tjwangi on June 17 for a holiday trip to Japan and Hong Kong. They'll be away for six weeks.

HIGHLIGHT of Mrs. Arthur Sotos' trip to Europe will be the wedding celebrations of King Constantine and Princess Anne-Marie, of Denmark, in Athens in September. She and her father, Mr. George Laird, will leave on May 26, and will spend most of their four months overseas in Greece. Mr. Laird is looking forward to a reunion with his brother, Mr. Anthony Krallidis, of Volos, whom he hasn't seen for 50 years. Mrs. Sotos will stay with her uncle, Mr. Peter Cotsiopoulos, in Athens, and will make several trips round the Greek Islands, and also plans to see the Epidaurus Festival in June. The Festival is held in an amphitheatre set in the hollow of a hill at Epidaurus in southern Greece. The programme includes presentations of the famous Greek tragedies.

NEW ZEALANDER Vicky Bettington, who's a first-year drama student at N.I.D.A. at the University of New South Wales, will visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ray Bettington, of Napier, during the University holidays. She'll be leaving on May 22 and will spend three weeks in New Zealand. Vicky, by the way, has just moved into a lovely flat with a view of the Harbor at Double Bay. She arrived in Sydney in March, and until her move to Double Bay was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Healy, of Bellevue Hill.

MRS. GEORGE SAMPLE will leave by air on June 1 to holiday overseas for three months. Her first stop will be Vancouver, where she will see her daughter Roslyn, who's been overseas since October and is just back from a tour of Mexico. They will tour California together and plan to visit the newly appointed Australian Trade Commissioner, Mr. Alisdair MacRae, and his wife in San Francisco. Roslyn will then return to Canada, while Mrs. Sample will go on to London. She will see the Wimbledon championships, and tour Europe before returning home in August.

CELIA WINTER-IRVING, who's at present touring Italy, will be heading for Austria in a few days for the Festival of Vienna before going on to the Salzburg Music Festival in July. In August she'll return to London to meet her mother, Mrs. A. Winter-Irving, and they'll both go to Scotland for the Edinburgh Festival in September. Mrs. Winter-Irving will be returning home at the end of the year, but Celia will remain in Europe.

FASHION show-stopper at last week's opening of "Stop the World I Want To Get Off" was a pair of high-heeled, knee-high, red velvet theatre boots worn by Mrs. Sid Griff. She teamed the boots—which she bought on a recent trip to London—with an elegant Yves Saint-Laurent full-length beige beaver coat and matching jersey dress.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. John Young, who were married at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was Miss Meyrick Hall, daughter of Mrs. Bruce Hall, of Cremorne, and of the late Dr. Hall. The bridegroom is the son of Major-General and Mrs. G. D. Young, of Fleet, Hampshire, England. The bride wore her great-grandmother's Irish lace veil with her silk gown.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. John Churchill-Brown, who recently arrived here from Adelaide and are now living at Elizabeth Bay, were among the audience at the Sydney opening of "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" at the Theatre Royal. After the premiere a party for the cast was held backstage.



AT LEFT: The Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr. Frank Woods, with Mr. Randolph Creswell and his bride, formerly Miss Rosemary Dowling, after officiating at their marriage at St. John's Church, Canberra. A reception given by the bride's parents, Vice-Admiral Sir Roy and Lady Dowling, at their home at Empire Crescent, Deakin, followed the ceremony. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. G. Creswell, of Healesville, Victoria.



FOURSOME (from left), Mr. and Mrs. Neville Christie with Dr. and Mrs. Bob McInerney, at the dinner party which the Black and White Committee held to mark the official opening of the new Clochemerle Bistro.

BELOW: Mr. Arnold Vink and his bride, formerly Miss Joanna Barron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Barron, of Gordon, leaving St. Paul's Church, Wahroonga, with their attendants (from left) Miss Valerie Hannaford, Christine Sorby, and Mr. Bill Thompson.



AT LEFT: Violinist Mr. Wilfred Lehmann with Miss Louise Herrington (left) and Miss Terry Henchman at the party which the Youth Concerts Committee gave at the Swiss Inn, Kings Cross, after the opening of the A.B.C. Youth Concert Season at Sydney Town Hall.



JAMES: THE

Princess Alex's son
has an Australian godfather
— Sir Robert Menzies



JAMES ROBERT BRUCE OGILVY in the arms of his mother, Princess Alexandra. The baby was born at the Ogilvys' home, Thatched House Lodge, Richmond, on February 29, and was christened at Buckingham Palace on May 11. His grandfather, the Earl of Airlie, stood proxy for the Australian Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, as one of the godfathers. The Queen is also a godparent.

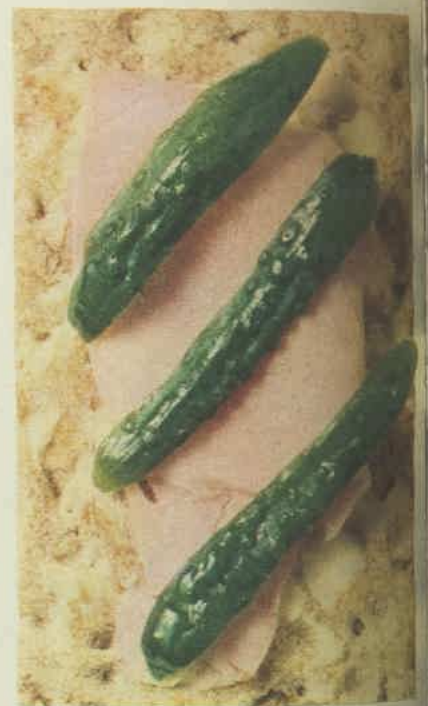
ROYAL LEAP YEAR BABY



PROUD FATHER ANGUS OGILVY holds his baby son's hand. When he was born, the baby, to be known as plain Master Ogilvy, was thirteenth in line of succession to the throne. Since the birth of the Queen's fourth child, Prince Edward Antony Richard Louis, and the Duchess of Kent's and Princess Margaret's daughters, baby James has slipped to sixteenth in line of succession. Photographer Cecil Beaton took these pictures.



7 delicious ways to beat starvation diets



and still stay slim

Six of them *start* with Ryvita Crispbread. The seventh is crunchy, tasty, satisfying Ryvita Crispbread — served solo, or with maybe a dab of butter.

Ryvita Crispbread is a real *food*. It's packed with vitality-giving rye vitamins, minerals, proteins. It's packed with taste and crunch. And it's oh-so-low in weight-building calories.

So why starve yourself into shape? Eat all the Ryvita you like. Crunch into Ryvita and your favourite spread (forget heavy starchy breads, forget your waistline worries). If you *must* snack between meals, have some more Ryvita. It makes you fit, keeps you slim.



• Visiting international surfboard champions say that although they spend all their spare time riding the waves they aren't "surfers."

NO SURFIES, BY REQUEST



LINDA BENSON,
U.S. women's
champion.
This is her
fifteenth board.



HECTOR VELANDE,
Champion of Peru.



MIKE DOYLE,
Tandem co-champion.



JOEL de ROSNAY,
Champion of France.



MAXY WETTLAND,
S. African champion.

"Of course, we have a few 'ho-dads' (young larrikins), too, who bleach their hair and hang around the beaches all day," said Joey Cabell, the American who won the last international surfboard championships at Hawaii.

"But nearly all the surfers in California and Hawaii go to work or college, and surfboard riding is only a sport, not their life. They devote many hours to it and take their sport seriously, but so do most tennis and football players."

Joey and the national champions from the United States, Peru, New Zealand, France, Britain, and South Africa came to Sydney to compete in the world surfboard championships held at Manly last weekend.

Although most of the overseas stars have to return to work next week, they stayed on after the championships to ride as much Australian surf as possible before flying home.

"Weather doesn't bother the true surf fanatic," said Gordon Burgis, surfboard champion of Great Britain. "In Jersey last winter we were riding when the water was only 36 degrees."

Gordon, 20, lives with his parents in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands.

"Board-riding is just becoming popular with teenagers there," he said. "I've been riding for about two and a half years now — until then it was mostly visiting Australians who surfed there."

The British championships, the first, were held at Jersey recently with competitors from Australia, France, South Africa, and England.

"Most people are surprised to hear of surf in England, but there are some good waves in Cornwall," he pointed out.

Keen Parisian

Gordon sometimes surfs at France's famous surf spot, Biarritz, near the Spanish border, with the French national champion, Joel de Rosnay.

Joel, 26, a research chemist at the Louis Pasteur Institute in Paris, drives 500 miles to Biarritz whenever he has a free weekend.

President of the Surf Club de France, he was taught to ride a surfboard by Peter Viertel, the American writer who is married to film star Deborah Kerr.

"Peter's a champion surfer and snow-skier, too, and brought one of the first surfboards to France about 1956," said Joel. "Now there are two or three hundred riders on the coast."

Joel, who's married to an English journalist and has two babies, thinks the teenagers who ride the boards in Sydney are similar to those in France.

"In France they wear the same types of T-shirts and board-shorts, and have lots of fun riding the waves," he said. "We haven't got any 'bleachies,' as you call them, but everyone's doing the Stomp there."

"We call it 'Le Surf,' but it's the same as your Stomp."

On the way to Australia, Joel surfed in California and Hawaii with Joey Cabell.

Born in Hawaii, Joey, 25, learnt to ride a board when he was seven, and became one of the island's top riders before moving to California four years ago.

He's a restaurant-owner, but had time to win the

hours on sand before trying them out."

Mike, who is studying to be a science teacher, surfs Hawaii every summer and has starred in many surfing movies, riding by himself.

"But I like tandem riding best in competitions," he said. "Most of the single riders' tricks have been discovered, but there are still a thousand more for tandem teams."

Phil Edwards, 25, another top rider, was chosen as the international judge for the world titles in Sydney.

A surfboard and sailing-boat builder at Oceanside, California, he first came out here two years ago to star in American film producer Bruce Brown's surfing movie "Waterlogged," which featured him riding at many Australian beaches.

By **KERRY YATES**

famous international surfboard championships at Makaha Beach, Hawaii, last December.

Joey likes the Sydney surf.

"We've struck some good waves here," he said, "and the shore break (when the waves break almost on the beach) is unique. I don't recall having surfed anything like it before."

Four other champions from California, John Richards, Mike Doyle, Phil Edwards, and top American girl surfer Linda Benson, also came to Sydney.

"Little John" Richards (as he is known) holds the American west coast championship. A salesman for a surfboard manufacturer, he's 24 and married.

Mike Doyle, 23, of Long Beach, has been surfing for 10 years, and for the last two has won every tandem (two riding on the same board) event in California. Mike and his partner, Linda Merrill, 19, won the international tandem event in Hawaii last year.

"Tandem riding is something quite new, but is becoming a big sport — it has great spectator interest," he said. "Linda and I have made up dozens of tricks, starting from the simple hand-stands or her standing on my shoulders."

"We usually practise for

Linda Benson, 20, is the present United States invitational women's surfboard champion.

"I've been riding for nine years now," she said, "but it's only over the past few summers, since the movie 'Gidget' was released, that girls have really taken to board-riding in California."

Linda, who lives in Encinitas, California, is a secretary for one of America's biggest surfboard shops and goes surfing whenever the "waves are on" at nearby beaches.

She always goes to Hawaii on her annual holidays, and recently "surfed-in" for the American film star Annette Funicello in the board-riding scenes in two films, "Muscle Beach Party" and "Bikini Beach."

Not "muscly"

Tiny and feminine, with a pretty, blond "urchin" haircut, Linda thinks that board-riding is not strictly a boys' sport.

"I've heard people say that girls get too 'muscly' and big riding boards," she said, "but I find it's good for the figure."

Champion of Peru, Hector Velande, 23, sells real estate in Lima and has been riding a surfboard for nine years.

"We have a few hundred keen board-riders in Peru

now," said Hector, "mostly teenagers who take advantage of our customary three-hour lunch-break from work to go surfing."

"The boys who ride are mostly sporty, casual types who go to school, universities, or jobs," he said. "We haven't any 'surfers' who bleach their hair."

"Most of our boys have dark hair with fairly long cuts—but they're not Beatles, either."

Hector will be spending three months on a trip around the world before he returns to Peru, and hopes to surf in France, Hawaii, and California. And after talking with the South African champion, Max Wettland, he'd like to surf in Durban, too.

Durban craze

Max, 25, is a professional lifeguard at Durban Beach and has been riding a board for nine years. He thinks that a visiting Australian surf team took the first board to South Africa about 1954, but says it's only over the past two years that board-riding has caught on over there, and the teenagers are "stoked" (the surfer's term for crazy) about it.

"But we don't have any beachcombers," Max said.

"The Twist is still big there, but I've promised to take back the Stomp with me."

Max plans to stay a few weeks longer in Australia to surf the N.S.W. coastline.

"From all reports, it sounds as though most Australian surfers are very similar to ours," he said, "but I'd like to find out for myself."



PHIL EDWARDS,
International judge.



"LITTLE JOHN" RICHARDS (Calif.).



CORDON BURGIS,
British champion.



JOEY CABELL,
Hawaii champion.



YOU MEET THE NICEST PEOPLE ON A HONDA

Maybe it's the incredibly low price.

Or the fact it doesn't gulp gas. Just sips it—225 miles to the gallon.

Or the way the masterful 4-stroke 50cc OHV motor carries you along at 45 m.p.h. without a murmur. More like gliding than riding.

Or it could be the ease of 3-speed transmission, automatic clutch, and the extra safety of Honda's dual cam-type brakes on both wheels. The optional push-button starter makes you feel right at home, too.

But most likely it's the fun. Evidently nothing catches on like the fun of owning a Honda. You see so many around these days. And the nicest people riding them. Why don't you join in?



World's Largest Motorcycle Manufacturer
HONDA
HONDA MOTOR CO., LTD. Tokyo, Japan

Working holiday with Bluebird team



ON LAKE EYRE: "Lofty" Taylor (tall man) and Leo Villa, Campbell's chief mechanic, help Christel Faltermeier into the small cockpit of Bluebird—backwards, the way Campbell gets in. Also pictured are Richenda Bristowe (smallest girl), Mrs. Donald Campbell (left), and Mrs. Leo Villa.

● Two venturesome brunettes — one with blue eyes, one with brown — are working as domestic help for Donald Campbell, who is at Lake Eyre to attempt a new world land-speed record.

THEY are Christel Faltermeier, 23, direct from Bavaria (blue eyes), and Richenda Bristowe, 20, direct from Kent (brown eyes).

Christel and Richenda are "helping out" in the home-stead of Mr. Eliot Price, on Muloorina station, 35 miles from the Lake Eyre salt track on which Campbell hopes to set a new record in his car Bluebird.

Campbell and his Belgian wife, Tonia, his Australian-born secretary, Mrs. Rosemary McMillan, now of London, but formerly of Melbourne, her five-year-old son, Simon, and Campbell's veteran chief mechanic, Leo Villa, and Mrs. Villa, and some of Bluebird's technicians are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Price in their spacious homestead.

Some of Campbell's technicians are camped in caravans at the edge of Lake Eyre, four miles from the speed track.

The rest are quartered under canvas in a camp which an Army-S.A. Police unit has established on Muloorina station about half a mile from the homestead.

Christel and Richenda are in Australia on a 12-month working holiday, most of which they hope to spend in the outback.

They have known each other nine years, since Christel first wrote to Richenda's elder sister and

arranged to spend an "exchange" month with Richenda's family in England.

Under this arrangement, Christel came to England for a month to learn English, and, later, Richenda's sister went to Bavaria for a month to learn German.

Christel and Richenda then exchanged several month-long visits, and their friendship developed through their school years.

Last year, while Christel was working as a "church painter" in Germany and Richenda as a children's nurse in England, they decided on their safari to Australia.

Christel, who speaks fluent English with a strong Germanic accent, explains that, as a church painter, she went from church to church in Germany "restoring murals, figures, and antiques."

They arrived in Melbourne on March 2 by way of Siam and Hong Kong.

Introduction

Their first job in Australia was picking apples at Red Hill, Victoria.

Then, early in April, they went mountaineering in Tasmania for three weeks.

Before they left England, Richenda's father, who is a naturalist, sent a letter of introduction to Mr. Warren Bonython, of Adelaide, a specialist on salt lakes and an accepted authority on Lake Eyre.

Mr. Bonython, who is a

close friend of Donald Campbell's, is responsible for Christel and Richenda joining the Bluebird task-force.

When he learned that Campbell needed domestic help at Muloorina, he wired Christel and Richenda in Hobart offering them the job.

"That was the first we knew of coming up here. Really it was the first time we knew Lake Eyre existed," Richenda said.

"We flew to Melbourne and Adelaide and came from Adelaide to Muloorina, 450 miles, by car."

Christel and Richenda expect to stay at Muloorina until Campbell makes his attempt on the record, if the weather permits him to make it.

When he leaves they propose to return to Melbourne, where they have purchased a panel van.

"We propose to travel in this van from Melbourne to Alice Springs and then across to Queensland," Richenda said.

"We will live in the van and take whatever jobs we can find."

"At the end of our trip around Australia, we both plan to return to our homes."

"Neither of us has any hopes of falling in love and getting married on this trip."

"But, after only two months in Australia, we have decided that this is the country for us. We plan to come back again, because

Australia is where we want to live."

In looking after Campbell and his party, Christel and Richenda have all "mod cons" — even including TV — at Muloorina.

The station has full power and Campbell has had hauled in an outside deep-freeze refrigerator and an outside compressed-gas stove.

"The deep freeze and the big stove make our work so much easier," Richenda said.

Informal

"Neither of us is a particularly good cook. Mrs. Campbell supervises the preparation of all meals and she and Mrs. Villa help us cook them."

"It is a very informal, friendly atmosphere. Everybody does a little bit to help."

The only thing that confuses Christel and Richenda at Muloorina is the performance of Mr. Price's TV set.

Because of Muloorina's location — 450 miles north of Adelaide, 900 miles north-west of Sydney, 1200 miles south-west from Brisbane — the set can receive programmes from all over Australia.

"The trouble is that when we turn the set on we don't know from which State the programme will come," Richenda said.

"And, what's worse, sometimes we get programmes from Tasmania, Perth, and Adelaide at the same time!"

Investment Guide

This week: Bonus issues

By MARY BROKER

● No doubt you are all familiar with the idea "you don't get nothing for nothing."

THIS I have found to be always true, particularly in the stock market, where any share which has any growth is always dearly priced and never yields much more than 3% — £3 dividend per £100 invested.

However, there is one way of investing which gives you the delicious feeling of getting something for nothing, even if you actually don't. This is by buying shares "cum bonus."

This is not as technical as it sounds. To give you an example:

ABC Ltd. decides to give its shareholders a 1-10 bonus, i.e., 1 share for every 10 already held. Books are to close for the issue on June 30, the bonus to be made on July 31.

Therefore, from the date the issue is announced up till June 30, shares are "cum bonus," and from June 30 to July 31, shares are ex bonus. After July 31 they are "new" shares.

So, if you buy 100 shares before June 30, you will receive, on July 31, ten shares for no extra outlay.

There is, of course, as there always has to be, a catch. The price of your original shares will go down. In a steady market, however, you will lose nothing, and in a rising market you are likely to gain.

For instance, if you bought 100 shares at 20/-, the cost of ten shares would be £10. But after the bonus you have eleven shares costing £10, so the price per share is £10 divided by 11, or 18/2d.

If the company is any good — and it must be to make a bonus in the first place — you will soon see your shares rise again to 20/-, and will have made £1 for every £10 invested.

"Bonus-prone"

One company which is extremely bonus-prone is Lindeman (Holdings) Ltd., who are about to make their third bonus issue in five years.

The first was on a one-for-one basis when the present holding company was formed in 1959; the second a two-for-five bonus in 1962.

The third and latest is again on a two-for-five basis and will be made to shareholders registered on the company's books on July 1 this year.

The company's principal product, of course, is the well-known Lindeman wines, but the company also produces Leo Buring wines, following the takeover of Leo Buring (Holdings) Ltd. in 1962.

Lindeman wines (Cawarra, Coolalta, Corowa, and others) are made from the vineyards in the Hunter and Murray Valleys.

Leo Buring wines (Tandana, Florida, and Watervale) come from the Chateau Leonay vineyards in the hills above Adelaide.

The company has been a wonderful one and earnings have never faltered, even in the difficult depressed years of 1961 and 1962.

Here is their record for the past four years:

1960: Net profit £78,000 — earning rate 28.0% — dividend 12½%.

1961: Profit £81,000 — earning rate 29% — dividend 15%.

1962: Profit £104,000 — earning rate 29.3% — dividend 15%.

1963: Profit £126,000 — earning rate 25.3% (after the 2-5 bonus) — dividend 15%.

With the shares selling at 35/6, 100 would cost you about £180. You will probably see them slip back to about 25/- after the bonus, but you will, after all, have an extra 40 shares.

Directors have stated that they expect to maintain the 15% dividend, so that you will be getting £5/5/- a year instead of £3/15/- you would have received on 100 shares.

Another bonus-prone company is Big Sister Foods Ltd., who are up to their third bonus in six years.

The first was a one for three made late in 1958, and the second a one for four made in 1962. The present bonus, a one for five, will be made to shareholders registered on May 22.

This is another wonderful company, whose profit has increased yearly since it became public in 1950.

The record for the past three years is:

1961: Profit £60,500 — earning rate 30.3% — dividend 15%.

1962: Profit £80,200 — earning rate 35.7% — dividend 15%.

1963: Profit £95,700 — earning rate 38.3% — dividend 15%.

You will agree that this is an excellent record. Products are foods under the "Big Sister" label, which have won a high regard for quality both in Australia and in export markets such as South-East Asia, Africa, Pacific Islands, and Arabian Gulf countries.

The company is one of Australia's largest processors of dried and crystallised fruits and candied peel, but is probably best known for its rich fruit cakes.

The 5/- shares have shown a spurt since the bonus was announced and are now selling at around 43/-, to give an ex bonus price of 35/10. One hundred shares would cost you £218, and your holding after the bonus would be 120 shares.



SECOND OPINION

There was only one answer to the fatal question — beginning a new suspense serial.

By **RONALD
SCOTT THORNN**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

WHEN they reached the side of the pool the instructor flipped the small boy over deftly on to his back, and without pausing they began the return crossing. A constant flow of parrot-like encouragement echoed up to the gallery from the surface of the unnaturally blue chlorinated water. "Come on, you're swimming. I'm not holding you — come on . . ."

Above them Stretton moved the milled knob of the coupled range-finder on his camera until the images of his nine-year-old son and Twyford fused into a sharp single picture. Then he released the shutter. He could see already the words he would execute meticulously in white ink under the quarter-plate enlargement in the album. "Stanely Court Pool. David's swimming—nearly!" A mildly jocular caption. Not that Isobel would appreciate it.

One of their difficulties was that they did not laugh at the same things. Often Stretton would watch her in total puzzlement as she leafed through the "New Yorker." Each convulsion followed the same pattern. A muffled vibration somewhere about breast-level would gradually spread upwards until it finally erupted from her wide tooth-perfect mouth as a throaty gurgle with a rich-grained American edge to it. It was a sound which both shocked and excited him, as he had been shocked and excited when she had first kissed him and afterwards moistened his handkerchief with her spit to wipe the smears of lipstick from his face, a habit he deplored as much now as he did ten years ago, and every year in between.

Stretton took two more shots with a slightly increased exposure before he discovered he had used up a whole film. Although he could obtain all photographic supplies at trade price, he resisted the temptation to reload with

a second roll. With David leaving in the afternoon for his first term at Winfield, every penny of his resources would be needed to meet the school bills. And there was worse to come. Winfield would be followed by Mercurary and then perhaps Oxford. But it was all going to be worth it. Isobel would understand in time why the financial sacrifice was an inescapable necessity.

"It's their unique educational system which makes Englishmen what they are."

"So that's what it is!" she had replied maddeningly. "I always wondered why they were so stuffy."

"We're not a bit stuffy."

The laughter had exploded over him with its denigrating belittlement.

"I should know, Paul. I'm married to one."

"And why? Because reliability, respectability, and staunchness, Isobel, staunchness appealed to you more than . . . than . . ."

"A mink?"

"Don't be frivolous."

"What's frivolous about five thousand dollars?"

"I'm talking about something that can't be measured in terms of money."

"Except at a thousand bucks a year for ten years."

"Four hundred pounds," he said irritably. "It was infuriating the way she still converted everything into dollars."

"O.K., Paul. Four hundred, five hundred. What's the difference? I guess I'd go without air for David. But where's it all going to get him?"

"For one thing, a better job. At an interview, which school you've been to is very important."

"Is that why Macpherson was made Head of Medical Sales over you last autumn?"



"Marpherson has other exceptional qualities." Doggedly he had adhered to his conviction. "But one's school still counts, whatever anyone says."

And yet as he recalled the conversation with Isobel, and countless verbal dog-fights like it, he wondered if the reason for the rigidity of his views on almost any subject was his fear that an admission to the contrary on even a small point would lead logically to the disintegration of everything he believed in. If he was wrong on, say, open-necked shirts or beat-music, then he must inevitably be wrong about love and human companionship. The thought was disquieting. He put it away with his camera and snapped the catch of the leather case firmly to.

Twynford's incantation continued like a merciless creed. "You're swimming—that's it—come on—I'm not holding you—come on..."

Normally Isobel would have brought David to the pool. It was less crowded than the public baths and they obtained guest tickets from a resident friend in the block of flats above. But this morning she had gone to a previously arranged hair appointment, which Stretton had long ago learnt was a ritual devotion people like Isobel could not forgo. And so he had taken part of the morning off in her place. Had she been there, she would have been swimming easily and gracefully beside David, sharing

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Paul stood back a little in the crowd and watched as David tearfully hugged his mother goodbye.

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"Sunshine" created by the leading Parisienne hair stylist.
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Color Conscious

An appealing story complete on this page

By **GLADYS HULETTE**

WILMA wondered what the people had been like who had occupied the tiny cottage previously. She was now mixing her paints, determined to blot out the cloying, vapid color combination they had left on the walls. Blue and pink might do in a child's domain, but they were absurdly innocuous in an adult's.

Just out of college and recently married, Wilma was a pretty girl. But she cared little about her appearance and a great deal about the mystery of human conduct. As she splashed on the sunny yellow she tried to visualise the kind of people who had chosen to live in a haze of childhood's blue and pink.

Were they old people who loved children but didn't have any, or a young couple who planned to make extra money minding toddlers? Either would make blue and pink plausible.

During a break Wilma queried her neighbor, who was watering the garden.

"Kinda young, they wus. No-o, didn't have no nursery school and they didn't stay long."

Wilma went back to her painting, but another source of annoyance cropped up—nails in the floorboards, moulding, doors, window-ledge, and even in the middle of the ceiling. She sputtered angrily as she withdrew them and plugged up unsightly holes. She'd never finish in time to prepare food for the "gang" invited to a spaghetti dinner by her husband.

They were Jimmie's "lab" friends, and it seemed important to him that they be royally entertained even if he and Wilma had to scrimp the rest of the month.

"It'll help me in my job," he assured Wilma. "They're Junior Scientists—very social—and we're sure to make lasting friendships." So Wilma was working herself silly trying to make a good impression. She was glad Muriel, a former college chum, was coming. She'd help serve.

Jimmie came home early. He was a preoccupied young man, still absorbed in the day's problems. He walked past the walls, but Wilma directed his attention to them.

"H'mm, rather egg-yolky, aren't they?"

"No, they aren't," his wife responded rapidly. "Please tidy up before the 'gang' gets here!"

Muriel was next to arrive and noticed the walls immediately.

"My, don't tell me you did it all in one day?"

"In a few hours," Wilma assured her proudly. "The new paint is wonderful—it dries while you're looking at it, and stains wash out with water and detergent."

Muriel gasped: "And to think we'll eat in this room right after it's been painted. No odor or anything!"

Intermittent rings soon announced the arrival of the guests. Jimmie did the honors feverishly, while Muriel, with superb nonchalance, passed the antipasto. Wilma tasted the sauce



While their husbands were discussing scientific mysteries, Wilma and Helen talked about the problems of home decor.

for the spaghetti and found it beyond her most exacting requirements.

A little later the guests, well fed and satisfied, began offering toasts.

"To Wilma, the wonder, who's ne'er made a blunder," quipped a gay blade with his arm around a pretty girl. In the kitchen, Muriel nudged the enchanted Wilma.

"Hear that? You're a success!" she chortled. "The gang likes you!"

Together, they brought in the spumoni. A sleek young woman, identified as Helen, offered another toast.

"To Wilma's decor, she's got talent galore!"

Praise of her walls stimulated and flattered Wilma to the point where she wanted to tell everyone how her triumph had been achieved against unusual odds.

"You should have seen the 'icky' combination of blue and pink on the walls when we moved in! Jimmie and I were about to put on rompers and grab a hula hoop, but my paint-brush saved the day!"

"My wife is interminable when she's boasting of her achievements," her husband snapped with a warning cough. His wife caught his tone and paused for a bewildered second.

"—and there were bucketfuls of nails in the walls—" she faltered, thinking of the warning cough, "and —and even in the ceiling. Now why would people hammer nails in the ceiling?" she finished lamely, determined to say no more.

"So her husband could hang himself," Jimmie rejoined rudely.

Muriel, horrified, gasped as he continued: "Or so the wife could hang herself!" Helen's suave voice cut the underground battle.

"When we recommended this cottage to your husband, Wilma, we warned him that the paint job was rather odd—but his smart little bride would know how to fix it up." And she added with flattering admiration: "Congratulations, Wilma!"

Wilma stared first at her husband, who had forgotten to "tip her off," and then at the chic, sophisticated siren, who seemed the last person in the world to choose babyland colors for her living-room!

Wilma thought ruefully of the toast, "She ne'er makes a blunder." Well, she'd just waded in them up to her neck.

The end of the party found the

guests lingering happily, eagerly making new dates, and, wonder of wonders, totally unaware that there had been an awkward moment.

Helen and her husband, Bob, being very old friends of Jimmie's, lingered until the last. The two men were in a huddle discussing outer space.

Helen approached Wilma, smiling.

"It's inner space we're interested in, isn't it?"

Wilma impulsively snatched her hand. "I'm sorry if I—"

Helen brushed the whole thing aside. "About the walls? Don't give it a second thought. They served their purpose."

Slightly fuddled by this remark, Wilma repeated, "Purpose?"

Helen sighed and gestured toward Bob and Jimmie.

"Look at them — in pretzel formation! How can a wife get through to those dedicated dizzies? All they think of is putting up skyscrapers on the moon. Meanwhile, their wives have to hang up placards to gain their attention."

Wilma's bright, inquiring mind caught the tail-end of a clue.

She asked the enigmatic Helen: "You mean in connection with — er — blue and pink?"

For the first time Helen's enigmatical countenance broke into an unstudied smile.

"Yes. I begged Bob to ask for a raise so we could get out of here before Junior arrived. It's going to be a jiz-saw puzzle, all of us cooped up in one room," I warned him. "I'll be putting you to bed and getting Junior up to go to work."

"But each night he came home with the plea that he'd forgotten to ask for a raise. So I painted the walls an infantile blue and pink and mailed magazine ads of babies all over them — then on to the ceiling and window ledges; I had a recording of a baby squalling that I'd put on the minute he came home."

Helen cupped her hand over her mouth and whispered: "It drove him batty! He'd come home at night, put his foot on the doorstep, and, when he'd hear the squall, start to run. But I hauled him inside. Believe me, he asked for the raise and we were out of here like a shot — just before Junior arrived!"

It was Wilma's turn to say: "Congratulations!"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964



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Such poise and assurance... such confidence... yours when you choose Modess napkins. Only Modess has such fine features... an exclusive Masslinn® cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964



MODESS 'SUPER'
a larger napkin
with Masslinn cover



VEE-FORM BY MODESS
Exclusive V-shape
with Masslinn cover

T.M. 881

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Bethal TABLETS RELIEVE ASTHMA



Wheezing, gasping, fighting for breath... that's the unpleasant lot of the Asthma sufferer, but fortunately quick relief is readily obtainable with Bethal Tablets. Bethal Tablets succeed because they dissolve quickly, soothing breathing passages and breaking up congestion. Soon you'll be deeply breathing clean, fresh air. Try Bethal. You'll discover the wonderful relief Bethal Tablets have brought many thousands of Asthma victims over the years.



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Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails. Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.



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A ROOM OF HIS OWN

SEPARATE rooms for your boys would be advisable, "To Share Or Not" (Vic.). They will save endless arguments. A boy who has the freedom of his own room can do just as he likes when he likes, but two seldom think alike at the same time. Even with his own room a boy still has ample opportunity to mix and learn to get along with other people.

£1/1/- to Kay Coleman, Coolang Beach, Qld.

WHEN our girls were growing up we compromised with a room-divider in the form of bookshelves. Not, specifically, that they might develop individuality, but so that each had a reasonably private place in which to do homework and/or cultivate hobbies.

£1/1/- to "One Way Out" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

THERE is much more in character building than sharing or not sharing rooms. A crowded house can produce delightfully varying personalities, as well as socially adjusted people, if parental love, example, and adequate discipline are present. Lacking such training, children with material advantages can be so spoiled that their "individuality" can be merely offensive. Certainly give the boys their own rooms, but the onus to provide the really important things is still on you.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Lois Holmes, Warwick, Qld.

FOR five years I had a room to myself, after which we moved to a smaller house, where, because of lack of space, I had to share with my sister. Used to privacy, I did not like it very much. But now I have my own room again, and miss the companionship. Let your sons go on as they have been accustomed.

£1/1/- to Miss J.B. (name supplied), Moorabbin, Vic.

I DON'T think you need buy a new house just to give your sons a room each. We have four sons, and find that they develop into individuals and learn to get along with others — just by being part of the family.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Dieben, Little Bay, N.S.W.

I ADVISE that she ask her two sons which they prefer. If they are too young to have an opinion, they should share the room for the time being. When they are older perhaps a room could be added if the boys would like more privacy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Dooley, Morven, Qld.

Travelling Cat

I WONDER if anyone has a cat who has travelled as much in his short life of two years as ours? Ever since he was a kitten he has gone with us in the car on all our holidays (three times a year). Altogether he has travelled some 3000 miles. He does not have to travel in a box, or be given sedatives, but goes to sleep on the seat.

£1/1/- to "Felix" (name supplied), Canterbury, Vic.

Explaining tomorrow

HERE is a suggestion for Mrs. J. Schroder (S.A.), who wrote about the difficulty of explaining to a child when tomorrow is. She could say, "Tomorrow is the next day that is coming. But when it arrives, it is called 'today' instead of 'tomorrow'."

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. T. Blackstock, Camperdown, Vic.

He understood at three

WHEN my son, at the age of three years, asked me the "tomorrow question," I replied that tomorrow never comes, because it is always the day after THIS day. Later, he said, "Mummy, was today tomorrow yesterday?" He is now 12, and did not develop into the genius I thought he might be.

£1/1/- to K.M.W. (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

Isolation of the deaf

ALTHOUGH always sympathetic to deaf people, I did not realise just HOW isolated they feel until, suffering severe flu, I went temporarily deaf in one ear. The frustration, inefficiency, and discomfort nearly maddened me.

£1/1/- to Constance E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

Cure for ear-sickness

UNTIL a year ago, when we bought a car and my husband had safety belts fitted, for as long as I can remember I had suffered from car sickness. Since we've had the car I've done a three-day trip over rough and winding roads, and have felt sick only once — when I forgot to fasten my safety belt. Perhaps this may help other sufferers.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Hazel Rolfe, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

The men sit up front

LIVING in Canberra I often find myself driving visitors around sightseeing. It annoys me that the men always sit in front and the women behind, as though they know their place. As the front seat provides a better view and more legroom, surely it would be manners for a gentleman to offer it to a lady.

£1/1/- to "Lady Chauffeur" (name supplied), Narrabundah, A.C.T.

Ambidextrous knitter

I WONDER if my small son is unique or if there are other ambidextrous knitters? He is left-handed, but I taught him my way (right-handed) and left him to it. Finding him doing stocking-stitch, I thought he must have taught himself to purl back, but found he was knitting one row from right to left, then, without turning the work over, knitting back with his left hand.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Warren, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column on return.

"Cookery in Colour" Order Coupon

Fill in the Order Form at right to obtain your copy of "Cookery in Colour."

ORDER FORM

To: "Cookery in Colour," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me.....book/books. I enclose cheque/postal notes/money order to the value of £.....

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If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.



Drugged traffic

A London professor of pharmacology, Dr. G. V. Born, says that car addiction is harmful, and that the man who drives his car everywhere is just as addicted as the one who craves cigarettes or cocaine.

The opium-smokers dream upon a shelf,
The liquor-drinkers cling around a bar,
And as the Prof. would have it, you yourself
Are one with these, addicted to a car.

Sniffing the petrol fumes in sweet content,
Motorjuana's hooked you, that is plain.
Auto-congested, feverish-eyed, hell-bent,
You need no hemp or hashish or cocaine.

Some go for stock, for speedway, or for drag,
While Sunday drivers, too, get wildly flown.
Observe the addicts on a Benz or Jag,
Only surpassed by him who Rolls his own.

— Dorothy Drain



Socks in the fridge

TRYING to do "a thousand things at once," I took a pair of my husband's dirty socks into the laundry (or so I thought). When I had finished the washing there was no sign of the socks, though I searched the house for them. It wasn't until I went to prepare lunch that I found them — large as life in the fridge!

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Fairbrother, Colac, Vic.

Case for an emergency

SINCE making two unexpected trips to hospital I have had an "H Case." This includes all articles needed in hospital, even novels, so that there are no packing worries. Both mother and I have used the case, and the same case will go on holiday next year, leaving only dresses, shoes, and undies to pack.

£1/1/- to "H Case" (name supplied), Findon, S.A.

Washing-up valued china

WHEN we have guests I like to use my bone china tea-set, which was a wedding gift and which I prefer to wash-up myself after our friends have left. However, when we are out visiting and I leave the dishes, since the hostess says she will do them later, my husband says that I should insist on helping. Who is right?

£1/1/- to "Chipped Cups" (name supplied), Como West, N.S.W.

When they did things big

LAST year's Old Cook Book contest sent us delving into those of Great-grandmama. Apparently 100 years ago our family (father, mother, two boys, and a girl) would have needed per week 64lb. of bread (present order 14lb.), 30lb. of meat, also a gallon of beer for me (the wife) and seven quarts for my husband. Jelly-making must have been an all-day project, and a sponge cake had to be beaten "full half an hour" with a steel fork. No wonder cooks were always depicted as large, muscular women.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Davies, Coopers Plains, Qld.

To Gabrielle cooking was a
labor of love . . .
an amusing short story

To a man's heart

By CHARLES MERCER

BEFORE he went back to Paris, Papa gave me a word of advice. "Gabrielle," he tells me, "never fall in love with a thin man. He will break your heart." Papa had not been gone a month before I failed to take his advice. Then I am twenty-one years old. Then, like now, I am not very big. Size seven and ninety-seven pounds on the bathroom scales, no matter what I eat.

I work for Madame Spaeth in something called the Style Shop, selling dresses to size-forty ladies who want to wear size nine.

I do not like the Style Shop. I want to cook for a nice American family and improve my language. But no nice American family wants me to cook for them. "Eh, him!"

So I work for Madame Spaeth in the Style Shop. Papa begged me in tears to go back to Paris with him. But after four years in America, I decided to stay. Papa said America would break my heart, like it broke his. American eating customs, American restaurants, American employers—they all hurt his feelings. My father was one heartbroken man, maybe because he is a genius. Maybe you have heard of him. His name is Jean Gilo, and he is a great French chef.

After Mama died, a rich American paid Papa big money to come to New York and be his chef. I came along, too. But all the rich American wanted Papa to serve was ham and eggs.

So he quit and was unhappy in many other jobs until he came to Los Angeles, where Papa opened his own restaurant. But not enough people appreciated his genius to keep the restaurant going. So he went back to Paris, and I went to work in the Style Shop.

This day when the door opens and I fail to take Papa's advice, I am feeling blue. But all of a sudden, I feel like a June day on the Loire, because the young man coming into the Style Shop is maybe Gregory Peck. Well, he is not; but he is very tall and very handsome and very thin—so thin you can put the baseball in his cheeks.

I ask, "May I help you, sir?" and give him my best smile.

He speaks through his beautiful nose. "I'd like a knit dress for a girl, size seven, either pink or blue."

"Beggings your pardon, monsieur, it cannot be both. It must be one."

"I don't want two," he says. "Just one. Blue or pink."

I explain that a girl who wants a blue knit dress does not want a pink one, or if she wants a pink, she will not accept a blue. It depends on many things—her coloring, her accessories, her—her— Words fail me.

We start over again. Why doesn't the lady come into the shop herself? Well, she can't, because she's away in the mountains. What does she look like? Well, she's about my size. But color of eyes and hair he cannot remember, except that her eyes aren't exactly brown like mine, or her hair exactly dark like mine. How old is she? Fourteen. Fourteen!

Seeing I am shocked, he blushes and says, "This is for my boss's daughter."

I do not hide my expression of doubt.

Madame Spaeth approaches. She is big, like the Statue of Liberty; but she does not wish her salesgirls to have any freedom. What is wrong? she wants to know.

"Not a thing," the young man tells her. "Here's what I want to do. I want to take a pink and a blue knit dress, size seven, and this young lady to the hotel and let the boss decide which to buy."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964



Dolores eagerly ate the rich cakes which Gabrielle offered her.

I realise he is a wicked young man. But Madame Spaeth realises it is a sale.

So off we go to the hotel down the street.

"You must be French," he says.

"I'm becoming an American," I tell him, "and I have papers that prove it."

At the hotel, he starts into an elevator; but I grab the dress boxes from him and won't move. He wants me to go to his room! Really! I don't know what he's heard about French girls, but Papa has told me plenty about American men.

Bring the boss to the lobby, I tell him, or no sale. Madame Spaeth may worry about sales, but I remember what Mama has taught me: Virtue is all.

He disappears in the elevator. I wait five minutes, ten minutes. No sale, but I wonder if Mama was right. Then, as I'm going, he comes out of the elevator with a grey-haired man. This, he says, is his boss, Mr. Maynard. Mr. Maynard explains that his wife has asked him to bring home a knit dress for their daughter. I believe him. He looks like somebody's father.

I show Mr. Maynard the dresses. He asks my advice. I sell him the blue one. But he a bit prefers the pink. So I sell him that, too.

Then he tells the young man, "See you at the two-o'clock conference, Bill," and hurries away.

Bill smiles at me. "It's time for lunch. Come into the restaurant, and we'll grab a sandwich."

It was time for lunch. And it was a public restaurant.

His name is Bill Johnson. Did you ever hear such a handsome name? And he is as handsome as his name. How the women in the restaurant stared at him! If you've

Illustrated by Boothroyd

been to California, you've seen the women there. So many tall, chic blondes. Myself, I am petite and dark. "Eh, bien!" One does the best one can with what one has.

Bill offers me a cigarette. But Papa has taught me a cigarette before a meal spoils the appetite. Then Bill offers me a martini. But Papa has taught me a martini is as hard on the palate as on the brain. One reason Papa's restaurant failed in Los Angeles is because he asked his customers not to drink cocktails before dinner.

Bill tells me about himself. He's an engineer who finds oil and takes it from the ground. It is interesting, but it is getting late and I am hungry and Bill is leaning on the menus.

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Something exciting has happened to Sunsilk!

Now it's **Sunsilk** **Beauty Shampoo**

*With unique
Lanolin conditioner*



LOOK FOR YOUR SUNSILK IN THE NEW BEAUTY BOTTLE

NEW SOFTNESS

NEW SHINE

BETTER BEHAVED HAIR



New Sunsilk Beauty for your hair

Sunsilk Beauty Shampoo with Lanolin conditioner never overwashes your hair, never dries it. With just one gentle lather it gives you new softness, new shine and better behaved hair.

Worth Reporting

MR. ALFIE
HOWARD, Town Crier of Lambeth, London, is very proud of the fact that he "scooped" newspapers and radio with the news of the birth last March of the Queen's third son.

"I was visiting a friend in Fleet Street when the news came over the teleprinter," he told us. "I already had my uniform on. So I jumped on my motor-scooter, rode out to Lambeth, rang my bell, and made the proclamation."

"I beat the Press and radio by 10 minutes."

Alfie Howard looked as if he'd stepped out of a Hogarth painting when we met him in Sydney recently.

He was wearing his traditional uniform — black tri-corn hat, frilled yellow shirt, scarlet 18th-century frock coat, trimmed with yellow band, mustard breeches, and silver-buckled shoes.

A chirpy little Cockney with a ready flow of rhyming slang, Alfie obviously loves his job. He has now visited 15 countries on behalf of the British Travel Association.

"I never bring civilian clothes on these trips," he said. "I like people to come and talk to me, and they always do when they see my uniform."

There are 28 official criers throughout England, but he is the only one in London. He became a town crier 15 years ago — by accident. "I was helping organise



LAMBETH'S TOWN CRIER, Mr. Alfie Howard, now visiting Australia. He wears 18th-century dress, rides a motor-scooter.

the Lambeth Festival of Arts, and suggested that they get a town crier.

"We auditioned 20 men, but none of them sounded right. Then I got up and said: 'Listen—this is how I want it done! OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! I AM COMMANDED TO ANNOUNCE...'"

"They insisted on giving ME the job."

A READER from Western Australia assures us that she saw this notice on a post-office mailbox during a recent visit to Ireland: Mails close at this office every weekday at 9 a.m.

1 p.m.

6 p.m. the night before.

"HE'S not a bulldog, actually," his owner explained. "He was chasing a cat and ran smack into a wall."



Knit this beautiful jumper, with the distinctive Aran pattern, in soft, light SIRDAR "Fontein" crepe. Sirdar leaflet 2137, only 1/3 at your favourite wool counter or send 1/8 to Dept. B, P.O. Box 472, Gouiburn, N.S.W.

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TO BE SURE USE ONLY SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

Composer's happy note

"AUSTRALIA seems as if she will burst into song at any moment," Sir William Walton said.

"When I say 'any moment,' don't take me too literally. It could be as much as 20 years.

"Sculpture, architecture, paintings are already flourishing in this country—music is always the last to come.

"But it's bound to come in the near future. Music is growing and being developed throughout Australia. Opera houses are being built in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide — and they will do much to promote musical development here."

Since he appeared at the Adelaide Festival of Arts, the celebrated composer has been conducting recitals of his works on an A.B.C. concert tour of other capital cities. We talked to him before he'd seen the Sydney Opera House building.

"I was most impressed with the plans and building of Melbourne's Cultural Centre," he said.

"But why... why did they have to give it THAT name! Call it the Robert Menzies Centre... call it anything... but NOT The Cultural Centre."

Sir William has collected a large number of volumes of Australian poetry since his arrival.

"I hope to write a composition based on these poems and Australia," he told us. "As yet, I'm afraid, I haven't had a minute to look at the poems... my time has been so full.

"This is my first visit to Australia, and I have found the people very warm and enthusiastic. They seem enthusiastic about my music — more enthusiastic than English audiences.

"But, then," Sir William twinkled, "it's difficult to obtain enthusiasm from an Englishman!"

★ ★ ★

WE witnessed a most unusual happening on a city bus the other day. A middle-aged woman insisted that a man standing in the aisle take her seat. No, he wasn't elderly or physically handicapped. But he WAS more than a little intoxicated.



ENGLISH VISITORS Jane Liley and Sue Walter... 16,000 miles by car round Australia.



Sir William Walton

THE trouble with being a good sport is that you have to lose in order to prove it.

Cheating the scales

"WELL — if you're all on diets, I'm not. I'm starving," John Konrads said with a grin as he took a canape.

We were talking to John at a cocktail party to announce the results of a nation-wide "Weight Control Stakes" organised by a food manufacturing firm to aid the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

The swimming star was one of 14 sporting, radio and television personalities from Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide, who entered the "stakes." (Lorrie Desmond, Elsa Jacoby, and Terry Dear were also starters.)

Conditions were that they follow a weight-control diet



John Konrads

based on a new starch-reduced slice.

The manufacturers of the slices agreed to donate to the campaign £2 for each pound weight lost, £4 for 2lb. lost, £8 for 3lb., £12 for 4lb., and in excess of 5lb. a "jackpot" of £20.

The Freedom From Hunger Campaign benefited by £300.

John was the winner. He lost 21lb. in the specified three weeks.

With one of his big grins, he said, "I cheated just a little bit."

"At the first weighing-in I wore heavy clothes, and had just had two enormous meals.

"At the final weighing-in I wore very light clothes, and I'd only had a light breakfast."

John's "cheating" was in a good cause. He won four jackpots for the campaign.

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Genuine Switzerland
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Chuck out your chest, Charlie



Charlie is going to have a fine figure. In particular, he'll have a strong chest, that will throw off coughs and colds while others go under. Charlie's mother adds an extra food to his winter meals — one spoonful of Lane's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Lane's gives him the real body-building oil, the oil you just can't get into a pill or tablet. It gives him extra Vitamins, Hypophosphites and the goodness of fresh eggs, too. Now's the time to protect your family's chests, with Lane's. Plain (with creosote, for bad coughs) or orange-flavoured.



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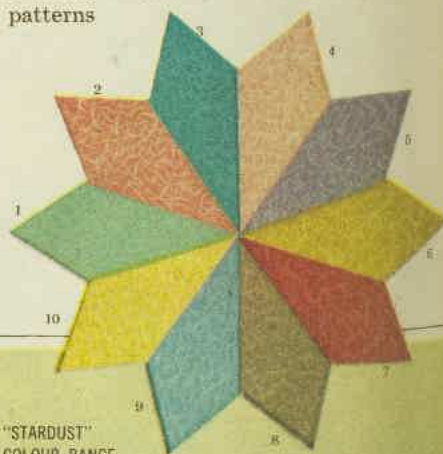
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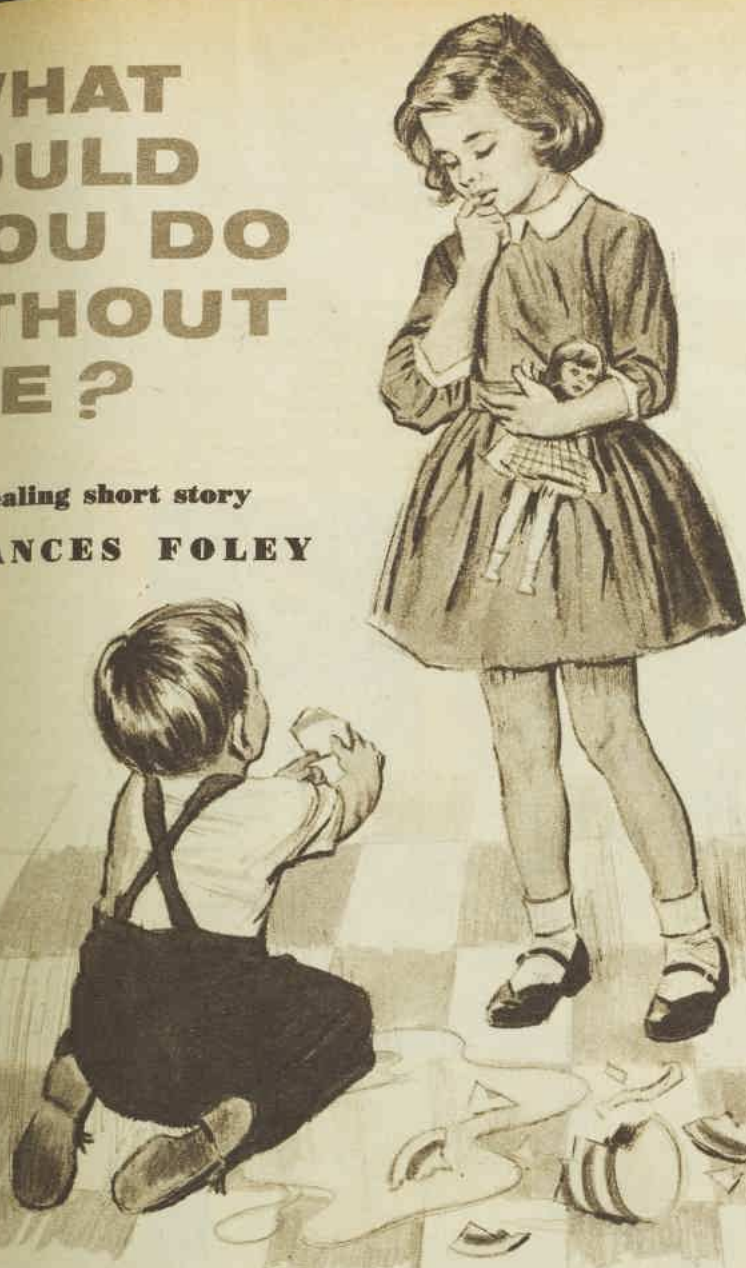
"Astra". Delightful block overcheck pattern in green, pink and white.



"Limelight". Autumn-toned block overcheck in chestnut, olive and white.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

An appealing short story
By **FRANCES FOLEY**



ALL the morning, Marsha reminded herself that she'd expected some commotion. After all, it was Wendy's fifth birthday. But irritation rose steadily in her. As so often lately, a question nagged: "What am I doing here?" She felt like the hub of a wheel, with everybody's problems aimed at her. And there were more people with problems than usual. Ben's mother and his niece, Jane, were spending Easter with them, and six people in the house were rapidly beginning to seem too many.

Ben had gone to his office, leaving Marsha annoyed with him. She felt he could have had more patience with Wendy's excited pre-breakfast present hunt, instead of snapping angrily at her and three-year-old Mike when between them they accidentally knocked a milk jug off the table.

He hadn't snapped at Jane, who was eight and superior because she could read the new books Wendy could only look at. Marsha knew it was up to her to cope with that and Mike's jealousy. With Mrs. Henley's silence, too.

Marsha and her mother-in-law got along well, but at times the elderly, energetic woman retired into a "hands off" attitude that got on Marsha's nerves. But after Ben's departure Mrs. Henley said she wasn't feeling well. Her shoulder ached; she thought she'd better lie down. Half concerned, half impatient, Marsha was dusting in the living-room when Wendy burst in, sobbing.

"Mummy, Jane said I'm not having a party!"

Jane and her teasing! Marsha tried to explain that Wendy was having a different kind of party. She, Mike, Jane, and two friends were being taken to their first theatre show, remember, and wouldn't that be fun?

"Yes, but I want a party!"

Resigned, Marsha finished dusting and went out shopping. On her return, Jane greeted her with round blue eyes.

"Aunt Marsha, Grandma's purple!" she said.

Mrs. Henley was indeed flushed—and moaning now, too. Worried, Marsha rushed to get a hot-water bottle, guilt stabbing her for not having done it sooner. "Shall I call a doctor, Mother?"

"No, no. I'll be all right." Plainly, the older woman just wanted to be left alone. Marsha returned downstairs.

Wendy looked at Mike as he knelt on the kitchen floor beside the spilt milk.

Should she telephone Ben? Mrs. Henley was seldom ill, and symptoms like these could be dangerous. But Ben was so on edge lately she hated to bother him for nothing. She was still debating when the phone rang. It was their neighbor, Ann Henderson, calling.

"Marsha, I know you're busy, but would it be all right if I sent Carla over early? Jack's ulcer is playing up and we have to get to the doctor."

Marsha expressed her sympathy and by midday was supervising four children and still wondering about Mrs. Henley.

She hadn't phoned Ben. Somehow her indecision crystallised into resentment against him. Her problems involved his mother, his daughter, his niece. Why should she have to handle everything by herself? But he disliked interruptions at the office.

Well, at least there was the show to look forward to. Marsha could remember her first show as if it were yesterday, the impression had been so strong. Giving her children a similar thrill would make up for her trials, she promised herself.

After lunch, as they waited for the last guest, Sally Peters, Mrs. Henley came downstairs, her color much improved. Relieved, Marsha was cheering up when Sally arrived with her birthday gift.

Wendy looked at the toy animal and promptly pouted. "I don't like this."

"Wendy, it's a lovely present!" Marsha saw tears in Sally's eyes. "She likes it, Sally, and she's going to say thank you."

"Thank you," Wendy said dutifully. And then added: "But I still don't like it."

What was she raising, Marsha wondered, her nerves twanging again: a monster?

Without energy to prolong the discussion, she led the

To page 38

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The entry form illustrates a lounge room with 5 positions for light fittings. Just write down the name of the Kempthorne fitting you think is most suitable for each location.

Entries will be judged by Kempthorne designers for good taste and neatness. Entries close June 15th, 1964.

Winners will be notified by mail and their names announced in the Australian Women's Weekly.

Helpful hint: You'll find many decorating tips in the Kempthorne Book of Lighting — and at your nearest Kempthorne retailer.

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When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.



SIX FOOT TWO



In his football boots
Big, brave, bonny and bold
Hope of his team was
Timothy Toots
Pity he caught a cold.
The coach grumbled, groaned,
Panted and raved,
"Take Woods' my boy — and
The game will be saved!"

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Stops sneezing and coughing.

Page 37

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITHOUT ME?

way to the refreshments. Five ice-creams later, they were at last ready for the show.

Mrs. Henley was sure she'd be all right alone. So they left, everyone excited and eager.

But at the theatre there were two long queues. The one on the left, Marsha discovered, was for those who had tickets. The one on the right was for those who could buy tickets after those queuing on the left had gone in.

It seemed all too possible that the long-awaited treat would be denied them. Marsha's head throbbed.

But they got in. In the noisy, crowded theatre there were no six

seats to be found together, but they got in. Jane was installed in a single seat by the aisle. Marsha and the rest ended up on the other side sprinkled in the first three rows. Marsha with Mike on her lap. The show began.

It was unbelievable, she thought. Not the show, but the youthful audience. Pandemonium expanded the theatre and her head. How could they possibly hear what was happening on the stage?

A constant stream of children traversed the aisle looking for toilets or refreshments. Mercifully, her own stayed put. She wished she could see their faces, but an-

ticipation of their pleasure afterwards kept her from going up in smoke.

TWO hours of hell and it was over. She spent only ten minutes searching for Jane outside and then they were on the way home. "Well!" Marsha turned to them. "Did you like it?"

"It was all right," Wendy muttered.

"All right?" the faces looking back at Marsha were unimpressed, blasé. Television! she thought, deflated. TV had sapped them of the

thrill. She might have expected it. It was just one more facet of the miserable day.

The day wasn't over, either. Returning home to find Mrs. Henley refreshed from her afternoon's nap, Marsha had another telephone call.

"Marsha, Jack has to go into hospital," Ann Henderson said. "Would it be too much if I left the baby with you for a while, too? She's been irritable, but sometimes the older girls cheer her up and I thought..."

More sympathy, more agreement—more exhaustion.

Now she had on her hands a baby who did not cheer up, four

overtired children, a mother-in-law still not feeling her best, dinner to prepare. And Ben coming home, complaining about an impossible client and vexed because Marsha hadn't phoned him about his mother's condition.

No matter what she did, she couldn't win. "What am I doing here?" The question percolated through dinner, through Ann's appearance to collect her children, the bedtime ritual.

There had to be some better way of life. Something more rewarding. But Marsha felt trapped.

When Mrs. Henley and Ben went to bed, she collapsed on the living-room couch. The silence soaked into her like balm, but her mind ran on.

It wasn't exactly that she would have preferred the life of a single woman, dining out with girls she'd known before her marriage. But she was less sure that she still loved Ben. Lately he seemed more like a boarder than the man she'd married.

They had drifted apart. The frustrations of her life had become a cage around her, until she wasn't sure what she wanted.

Tomorrow, though, tomorrow she would break away. Ben would be home; let him cope with the trials she faced. It was his family. Let him manage, for a change. The prospect of escape—even temporary escape—brought a vague relief.

She relaxed a little after that, soaking up the blessed quiet.

Gradually, something bothered her. The quiet was too quiet. What had happened to the hum of the boiler which controlled the heating?

Oh, no, she thought. No more today. This was one problem she was not even going to try to handle by herself.

She went and woke Ben. Groggily, he followed her down to the basement, there to peer and inspect. Then he flipped the master-switch, and the boiler hummed into action again.

"One of the children must have turned it off," she said.

STANDING tall, he gave her a superior look, that innate expression of the male. "What would you do," he asked, "without a man around here?"

She stared at him. He meant it—every word. After the day she'd endured very much without him he struck her as being funny.

Laughter bubbled out of her. Bewildered but intrigued, Ben began to smile. Then the two of them were laughing together.

There'd been something healing in their laughter, she felt later. It had melted away the furrows between Ben's eyes and made him her companion again, sharing the problems. It had collapsed her cage of doubts and brought perspective.

He was here and she was suddenly thankful for it. Thankful, too, that he was who he was... the father of her child whose fifth birthday had just been celebrated, the son of a mother with only minor complaints; the breadwinner with weighty problems of his own. And her husband. A husband not in hospital, but here.

"I love you," she told him.

"I love you, Marsha, we haven't said that for a long time, have we?" They hadn't. But that would be remedied now. Now Marsha knew what she was doing here.

She was the hub of the wheel, yes. But Ben was the perimeter. He enclosed his home, held it together, bearing the brunt of the outside world. Without either of them, the wheel would come apart.

That was what she was doing here. Helping support the wheel. Being Ben's wife, his helpline. His love. Even when he didn't say it. Because this was the only really vital place in the world.

(Copyright)



duck a l'orange

THIS kind of cooking takes more than plump ducks and a cookbook: the bird so tender under the glistening brown of its crisp skin, orange-slices gleaming, bright and juicy; compliments moving quickly around the table. A delightful dish that suggests time and care and personal skill.

From the moment you finger-tip the handsome controls of your Westinghouse, this Fully-Automatic Range takes over your cookery's bothersome problems. Leaves you free for the pretty planning: dress the house; arrange the table; even catch up with the shopping. The Westinghouse Automatic Range quietly attends to the tasks you've set it: switches itself on at the time you've pre-selected; cooks at the temperature you've set, until the time you've selected for it to turn itself off.

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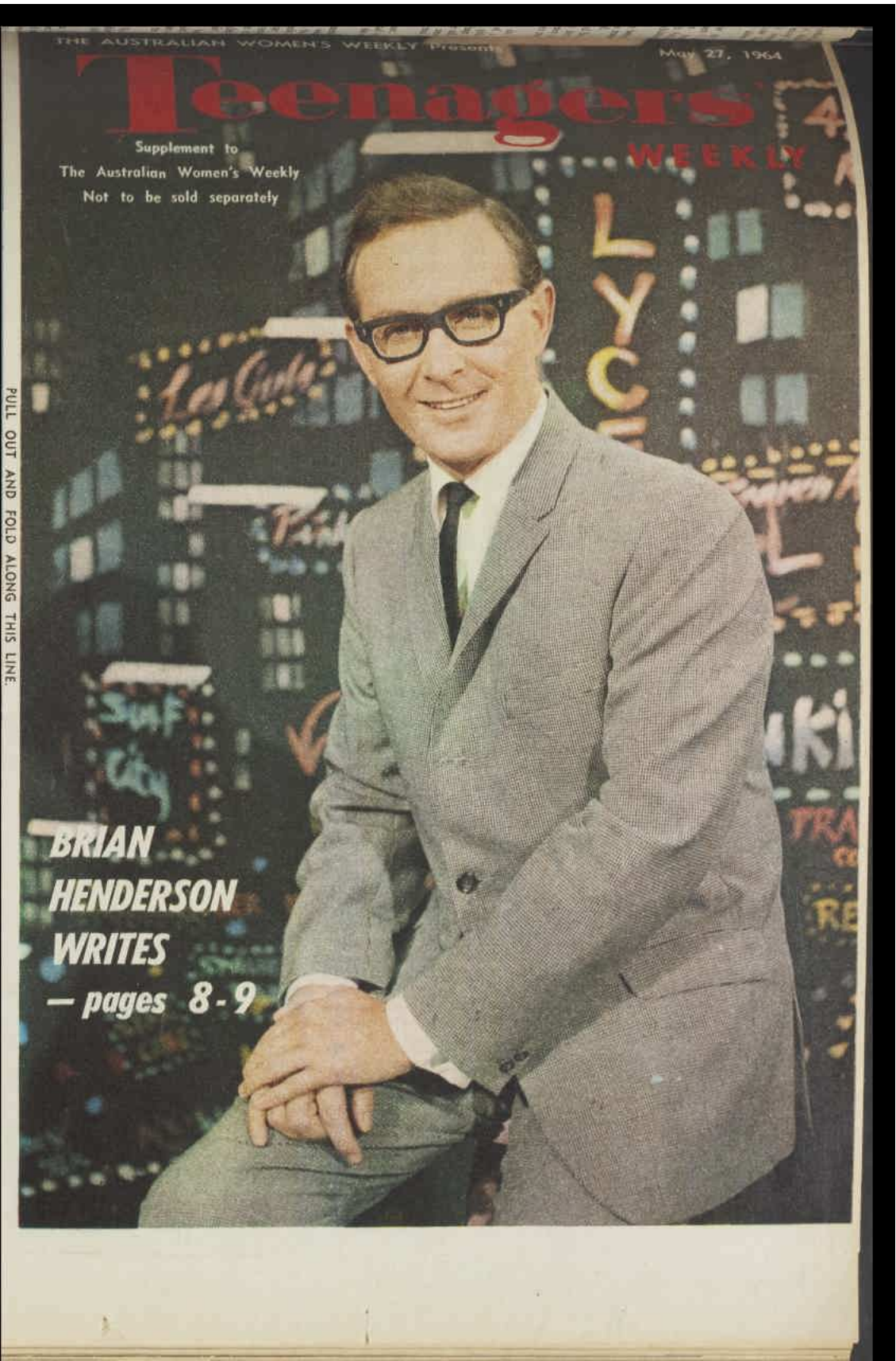
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Letters

Speech training needed

IF a course of public speaking could be introduced into more schools many teenagers could gain the necessary confidence to speak more freely in company.

My school had introduced such a course, and for those who are interested a nightly session is held once a week. The speakers are given valuable criticism by the adjudicator.

One often hears one's friends say, "I just didn't know what to say to him (or her)." Embarrassment of this type could be avoided if a person has been acquainted with the methods by which he or she could slip easily into discussion. — *Ann-Maree Walker, Beaumaris, Vic.*

Start cooking

MANY girls think they will never be able to cook when they are married. But now is the time to do something about it.

Gather as many recipes as you can, and when you know there is nothing to do on a weekend start cooking the family a meal.

This will not only help you but your mother will be glad of the rest. And the family will enjoy a variety of new meals.

Also, listen to and learn from what they have to say of your cooking. You are bound to benefit from their advice. — *Eleanor Gill, Newport, N.S.W.*

English...

IN a recent letter a boy who hoped to do pharmacy complained of

the "uselessness" of English as a compulsory Leaving subject.

Does he assume that once he enters the exalted ranks of the scientists he will no longer have to read, speak, or write English?

He should realise that he will still have to communicate with his fellow men, even from the heights of pharmacy. So he might as well learn the correct use of the language he will have to use. — *L. C. Student, Narrabri, N.S.W.*

...all Greek

IN Melbourne, university professors have stated that students who failed English or had obtained a low pass and still gained entrance to the university were failing in their subjects (especially sciences), not because they were unable to cope with the problems but because they were unable to interpret the questions correctly. — *Margaret Hayes, Middle Brighton, Vic.*

New tastes

I HAVE been mad about hit parades and their kind of music, but after a long illness found that I can't even be bothered listening to the stations that have pop songs all day long. Instead I prefer some light opera and the various plays, etc., heard on the A.B.C. station. Perhaps I'm growing up. — *"Square Now," Gairdner River, W.A.*

Next week...

- Brian Henderson is back again with "Bandstand" — his brilliant youth show-business feature.
- Meet the boys who beat The Beatles on the hit parade.
- There are recipes for mouth-watering marshmallows.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Teen stigma

EVER since I reached the age of 13 I have been branded as a teenager, and spoken of in the same tone of voice that is used for bills and flies.

What is so drastically wrong with being aged 13 to 19? Of course there are some wild adolescents, but crime is not only confined to this age group.

I can see nothing wicked in loving jazz and parties, fashion and the opposite sex. For all of us there are other more serious things, such as work and study.

Except for the stigma attached to it, I love being a teenager, and hope that when I reach the age of 20, and the stigma no longer exists, I will not be too old to enjoy myself in the same way. — *Jill Scott, Geelong, Vic.*

Baby-talk

HERE is some advice to those who resent being called "Bub" or "the baby of the family."

Try carrying out some typically babyish acts, put your thumb in your mouth and say "Goo." Or invest in a dummy and put this in your mouth.

Perhaps the sight of a teenager performing a childish trick in this manner will make seniors realise that you no longer wear diapers. — *M. Ashford, Newcastle, N.S.W.*

Silent partner

WHY do all the nice boys become shy when you speak to them? At a party I saw a lonely boy sitting in a corner. I thought to myself that, as I wasn't with anyone why couldn't we pair up?

Suddenly I had the urge to go over and speak to him. I walked over and sat beside him and said, "How

do you like the party?" "Fine," he replied, and that was all he said for the rest of the evening. What did I do wrong? — *Judy Reynolds, Rivervale, W.A.*

Wild old ones

NOT long ago I went into a coffee lounge after a teenage dance. We had barely sat down when about 20 adults from a local dance entered.

Most of them, including a number of women, were under the influence of alcohol and presented an awful sight.

Why are teenagers always being ridiculed when adults often present a much worse picture of life? — *Michael Guy, Launceston, Tas.*

Low boy...

MY brother owns a beautiful new desk and a handsome bookcase, yet he prefers to study sprawled on his bed with his books and papers on the floor. Is this a common phenomenon, or is my brother just peculiar? — *"Exasperated Sis," Centennial Park, N.S.W.*

... Tall boys

TEENAGERS today are taller than their parents. I am three inches taller than my mother and most of my friends are taller than their mothers or fathers. If this rate of growth continues, imagine the height of people living in the year 2500. — *"Tall Storyteller," East Malvern, Vic.*

Age nonsense

COULD somebody please tell me when teenagers are actually adults?

What I mean is, we have to pay adult prices to walk-ins and drive-ins, etc., at the age of 14. This is hard on our parents.

We are not regarded as adults in other ways till we are 21. Can't something be done about this? It is downright ridiculous. — *Robert Barber, Bridge-town, W.A.*

HAVE you ever wondered what it is like to be the youngest of six? The biggest girls say I am the pet and too little to play games with, and I get all their old clothes instead of new ones.

But I like being the youngest, because I like being petted. And I don't much like getting new clothes, because when I get them dirty I am punished.

Sometimes I don't know whether to grow up and get scent, hankies, and lipstick or stay little and get out of washing-up. — "Suzy," Griffith, N.S.W.

Wrong label

WHEN teenagers dislike their christian names it is only natural that they should adopt others when holidaying well away from home, but why can't they be realistic?

I met a very big, masculine-looking girl who had renamed herself Debbie. Whatever name she was covering up couldn't have suited her less.

Parents can be excused for misnaming a week-old baby, but renaming the finished product should be easier. — "Gay," Geelong, Vic.

Boot views

AS a girl in my mid-teens I think that the latest fashion of long leather boots is simply fabulous, and I plan to buy a pair, as they are both practical and smart.

But, just the same, I would appreciate the opinion of the boys on the subject. I'm sure the answers would be helpful not only to me but to uncertain boot buyers. — M. Wakely, Jacana, Vic.

Song and dance

THERE has been much debate over the playing of the National Anthem in picture shows, and the result of a "for and against" debate held by a club of which I am a member was very interesting.

Just over half voted against. The remainder, many of whom were English or European migrants, voted strongly for it.

One girl stood up and said, "I'm not a British subject, but I think that if a person is too lazy to stand for a few minutes for

the Queen, then that person doesn't deserve to live in her country." — C. Howie, Roydon Park, S.A.

Giving ways

A VOLUNTEER helping collect donations for Sydney's recent "Save Our Sight" appeal, I noticed a strange thing about human nature.

While any donation was appreciated, I found that those people who gave most were often those who could least afford it, such as pensioners. Those who lived in fine homes with swimming pools in well-to-do areas usually gave least of all.

This fact was noticed by many of the collectors. Can some philosopher or thinker on human nature from the wise and wonderful adult world offer a teenager an explanation? — C. Miller, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.



READERS SAY

Giving up seats in public transport

● Saying that she resented giving up her seat to people little older than herself, Sue Vinecombe (T.W., 8/4/64) asked teenagers for their opinions on the general matter of giving up seats in transport.

ANY decent teenager (or adult, for that matter) should give up his or her seat to a crippled or elderly person.

Boys and girls should give up their seats to women as a matter of decency, and boys should give up theirs to girls as a matter of politeness. Girls need not do so for boys or men unless they are elderly or physically handicapped in some way. — Neville Prosser, Albury, N.S.W.

SUE thinks students work as hard as adults—ha ha, what a laugh! Before I took a holiday job I would have agreed, but now I know what it is like.

As for "upholding the honor of our schools," what about upholding our own honor, or doesn't she think of herself as an individual?

The fact is that giving

up seats to those older is just plain manners. — D. Rebner, Port Augusta, S.A.

WHEN a schoolchild gets on a bus and there's one seat available, he or she pays for that seat, so why should it be given up when there are no seats available for those adults who get on later?

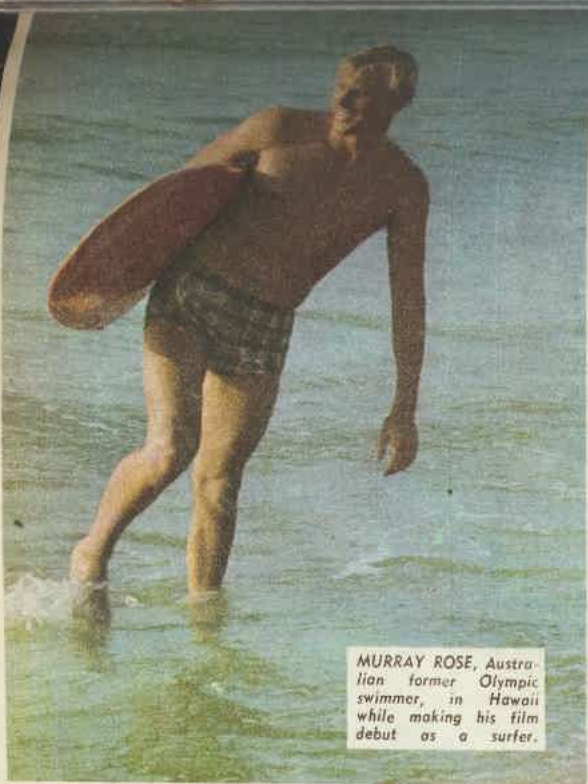
There are no possible reasons, except in the case of a very old and feeble person. Then it is really up to anyone, not only a schoolchild, to give up his seat. — Ross Williams, Kingsford, N.S.W.

DO you know that students travelling for half fare can be compelled in most cases to give up their seats to those paying adult fare? Besides this, I think it is merely a matter of good manners. — S. Moore, Reservoir, Vic.

FOR a couple of years now I have been out of school, and I usually accept a seat offered by a schoolboy, but rarely accept one offered by a schoolgirl, as I know how it feels after a tiring day of study and sport to offer your seat to someone only a few years older than you and not even get a smile or word of acknowledgement.

I think that older persons should not be left standing, but it shouldn't always be the schoolchildren that have to forfeit their seats. Working teenagers should hop up, too. — K.G., Ipswich, Qld.

I DO not think students should stand up for adults, because we work, too. We students pay for our seats — and we expect to sit in them. As the old saying goes, "First in, first served." — "Tired Feet," Waratah West, N.S.W.



MURRAY ROSE, Australian former Olympic swimmer, in Hawaii while making his film debut as a surfer.

Murray's Rose-y movie future

● "I am hooked on surfboards — and film acting," Murray Rose said recently.

THE tall, blond Australian Olympic swimmer spent seven weeks on location at Sunset Beach, Hawaii's surfing centre, in his first movie, "Ride the Wild Surf," a Columbia Pictures production.

While riding a board in the turbulent waters off Sunset Beach, Murray suffered a slight accident which temporarily put him out of action.

"I fell off the board during one shooting sequence," Murray said at his Hollywood home. "A corner of the board struck me in the mouth, breaking off two teeth."

"I was able to have them capped in Hawaii. Luckily there was no damage to my mouth or nose, so I was able to go right back before the cameras."

Murray had never surfed with a board before, nor acted in films, although he had spent months in Australia last year doing television plays and other TV work.

Studied drama

He had also studied drama at the University of Southern California, from which he graduated two years ago.

"I'm very keen about both surfing and the movies," Murray said.

"I have bought my own board, fitted out my car with overhead racks, and intend to do a lot of surfing here in California. I am also determined to have a crack at a career in films."



TWO STARS of Murray Rose's film, "Ride the Wild Surf"—Peter Brown and Shelley Fabares — at Sunset Beach, Hawaii, the film location.



ABOVE: Murray Rose (centre) in a surfing scene from "Ride the Wild Surf." Co-star Fabian is second from right. Beside him is actor Peter Brown. BELOW: Murray prepares his board for a scene. He had not ridden a board before.

Murray is reported to have done a good job of acting in his role as Swag, an Australian surfer.

Stars in the cast included Tab Hunter, Fabian, Peter Brown, Jim Mitchum, Shelley Fabares, and Barbara Eden.

Ironically, Murray had been going to an acting coach in Hollywood who worked on softening his Australian accent.

"Then I got the assignment to play an Aussie and I forgot everything I had been learning!" he said with a laugh.

Murray, a triple gold-medal winner for Australia, will not be a spectator in Tokyo for the Olympics next October if his present plans materialise.

Other roles?

He has several prospects for other film parts which would keep him in Hollywood.

Murray is now living with his parents, Ian and Eileen Rose, in their Hollywood home.

Ian Rose is an advertising executive and writer. Murray's mother, an expert on vegetarian foods and diet, has also written a book on the subject.

Murray attributes his extraordinary physique and stamina to the fact that he has never tasted meat, poultry, or fish and adheres to a strict diet of

fruit, cheeses, soya beans, sunflower seeds, goat's milk, and seaweed jelly.

Murray chose the University of Southern California over other institutions — notably Yale, Harvard, and Michigan State Universities which offered him athletic scholarships — because he felt Californians were more sympathetic to his ideas of nutrition and health.

His feelings for the stage and drama were also given full scope at U.S.C., where he majored in Telecommunications.

He played many leading roles in university drama presentations.

While a student he appeared as a guest on such TV programmes as "Art Linkletter's House Party," on the quiz show "Tell the

Truth," and on "The Groucho Marx Show."

Murray is known in America as "The Golden Boy," because of his coloring and physical fitness.

Interior scenes and voice dubbing of some sequences kept the cast busy for several weeks.

The film is scheduled for release in the United States in August, and in Australia early next year.



17th-CENTURY YOUTH INVENTED COMPUTER

● Ask the average person when the era of automation and the electronic computer began, and it's pounds to peanuts he will plump for the present century.



BLAISE PASCAL

HE would be way out in his calculations.

The world's first calculating machine, in fact, was the invention of a French teenager who lived early in the 17th century.

Blaise Pascal was born in the French town of Clermont, Auvergne, on June 19, 1623. A genius, he did not keep the world in ignorance for long about his gifts.

He began asking questions about the nature of and the reason for things around him almost as soon as he could talk.

As he grew older the questions developed a deep penetration that rather surprised his father.

Fortunately, however, Pascal, sen., knew most of the answers.

A Conseiller Elu pour le Roi — a representative of the King of France in assessing and levying taxes — Blaise Pascal's father, Etienne, was also quite well off financially.

Thus, following the death of his wife, Etienne was able to take his young family to Paris and to devote himself full-time to their education.

Improved on veteran mathematician's work

Up to the age of 12, Blaise Pascal studied general knowledge. From 12 to 16 the programme comprised Latin, Greek, and other languages, and history and geography. At 16 he was introduced to mathematics.

Blaise Pascal's mental development was astounding. He taught himself to read with amazing rapidity and he possessed the ability to immediately convert all the reading he could use into the formation of his own ideas.

For instance, at 16 he read a treatise on conic sections written by

Gerard Desargues, a famous and able French mathematician.

Straightway he produced an essay of his own in which he isolated and proved a property peculiar and common to all conic sectional curves. This was something the older mathematician had been unable to do.

His active mind attacked a task with a ferocious energy, which remained unappeased until he had unearthed what he sought.

Devised computer to help father

For example, when he saw his father adding huge columns of figures night after night in his job as tax assessor and collector, Blaise decided to invent a calculating machine to relieve him of much of the work.

It was not long before he had conceived a compact mechanism that could add, subtract, multiply, and divide — with a device for carrying the correct digits from one column to the next, and another for recording the final result.

It was based on the principle of pushing around the wheels of a geared train, similar to that used in a speedometer, and the work involved him in applied mathematics and the direction and co-operation of the best French craftsmen he could hire.

The first model was completed in 1640. It was the original of all computing machines.

During the next five years Blaise Pascal turned out some fifty different models of computing machines, some of which still exist in France today.

One masterpiece was an extremely simple portable model, about the size of a woman's glove box.

With the bravado and self-confidence of youth, he sent one of his

calculating machines to Queen Christina of Sweden — with a "cheeky" letter.

He told the Queen she was indeed a great person, by virtue of her sovereign rank. But he, Pascal, was an even greater person by virtue of his sovereign intellect!

History does not record whether or not this Queen was amused.

Blaise Pascal also devised the first public bus service in France, the first syringe, and the first wrist-watch. He also proved, experimentally, the weight of air.

But his greatness did not even end there.

All his life he had been interested in religion as well as science and wrote several books on the subject. Perhaps the best known of these is his famous "Pensees," which was a defence of the Christian religion and directed principally against the free-thinkers of his day.

Short life had remarkable results

Pascal died at 39. In his comparatively short life he had become one of the most remarkable mathematicians, scientists, theologians, and writers in French history.

But it is the invention as a teenager of the calculating machine that most of his contemporaries regarded, and many students of history since have come to regard, as his main claim to fame.

● This week's feature is the last in the series.

Brian Henderson's
"BANDSTAND"
begins on pages 8, 9

● "I don't care if you tell little white lies — as long as they're nice ones!" This raised quite a laugh from the rest of the crowd when I told my boy-friend this recently.

BUT it's true. Honesty can often hurt, so why be honest all the time?

Don't you agree that it's so nice when you and your boy-friend meet a perfectly gorgeous-looking girl at a party and afterwards he turns to you and says: "She's pretty, but not as pretty as you"?

Now, you know that's not true — but it's beautiful to hear just the same!

I don't think many boys realise that a little white lie once in a while (it must be flattering, of course) can really help to rate them as an ideal date.

Like sometimes a boy might call to take you to a formal ball, and when you answer the doorbell

Everything just crashed. I cried and cried. My mother finally managed to make me stop by warning me that my eyes would match my new red dress. Then I forgot my hairdo in all the excitement of getting ready.

When my young boy-friend arrived, he said I looked lovely and even added that my hair was great. So I was happy again.

But, I must say, I never have believed that my family didn't warn him about the hairdo before I appeared.

Even if it was a little white lie, it saved me from having a miserable



Little white lies?

you find he just hates the dress you're wearing. (According to boys, it does happen.)

But it still pays him to say, "You look pretty tonight," for it's usually too late to be able to change anyway — or else you probably adore the dress.

Hairdos are other points that boys cannot afford always to be honest about. If they don't like your new Beatle-cut, they're wiser not to say so, because it probably cost you a fortune — and you don't like it, either.

I'll never forget my first hairset for my first formal ball about four years ago. The bouffant-upswep look was really big and I thought I looked so sophisticated as I glanced in every shop window on my way home to get ready for the ball.

Actually, my "do" wasn't very high at all, but it was certainly different from my usually hanging locks. My family greeted me by laughing and saying, "Oh, it's just not 'you'."

time at my first ball. Thinking I looked nice, I loved every minute of it.

And, by the way, girls can afford to tell little white lies once in a while, too.

Haven't you ever had a boy-friend who's been excited for weeks over the present he's picked out for your birthday and when you open it — it's an awful glittering brooch

think her attractive, but you had to smile and say something like "Yes, she did seem nice and I did like the dress she was wearing."

If you had criticised her, he'd probably think or even say, "Oh, you're just jealous." Which might be true.

And what about the times when one of the girls in the office an-

honest and tell him straight out, but there are other ways that are much kinder.

When he rings you for a date, just say that you've decided to have an early night or that you've some friends calling. If you do this a few times, the poor boy will soon get the message.

And consider the day your present beau asks you home to dinner to meet the folks, and his mother serves a highly spiced curry which you just can't swallow.

You just have to eat it (add lots of rice) and afterwards say something like, "It was a lovely meal, Mrs. Jones," even if you can later confide in your boy-friend that you don't eat it usually.

So next time Mr. Conscience whispers in your ear, "I cannot tell a (white) lie" — don't you believe it.

It's great to hear him whisper something sweet. It doesn't matter if it's not always true.

By
KERRY YATES

that you'd never dream of wearing?

Well, you just have to say, "Thank you, it's beautiful," even if you have the courage (and the charm) to get away with it) to ask him to change it a few days later.

And what about the day you met one of his ex-girl-friends and afterwards he asked did you think she was attractive and did you like her?

You probably didn't

nounce her engagement and proudly shows off her diamond ring, which you think has such an unattractive setting.

You just can't be honest, so you say, "What a lovely ring" — and everyone is happy.

And sometimes there comes that embarrassing time when you suddenly decide you don't like the boy who's been taking you out for a few weeks. Many people advise you to be

• DISCS • TV • DANCES

BANDSTAND

All the news that's "hip" we'll print!

● Hi, there, and welcome to the "show"—in this case, the feature I will write each week in Teenagers' Weekly.

I'M thrilled about producing this new "Bandstand"—and I hope you'll like the parade of stories and pictures of stars, discs, shows, crazes, and teenage entertainment biz gossip that I'll proudly present.

But, enough chatter — let's go on with the show.

"Old" star now "Mods" king

IT'S more than ten years since Bill Hayley and his Comets recorded "Rock Around The Clock" — the song that heralded the Rock era, and sold more than 14 million copies.

Hayley and his band drifted into semi-obscurity



BILL HAYLEY

playing at college dances, concerts, and one-night stands across the States.

Now, however, England's "Mod" set has made Hayley and his henchmen its musical idols.

The Mods (short for Moderns) are the current craze-setting forces in the English teen world. The girls wear the new ankle-length "dolly" dresses, no jewellery or make-up — except for brown eyeshadow and false lashes — sleek short hairdos, and flat shoes.

Mod boys favor pastels and velvet; striped, collarless polo shirts; ankle-high sneakers, and ride motor-scooters.

Their rivals, the Rockers, ride motor-bikes and wear more practical clothes — black boots and their trade mark, the black leather jacket.

Although still loyal to

The Beatles, the Rockers prefer to twist.

But the Mods have many dance crazes, the latest being the "Face Twist" — a mixture of a hula and a Western six-gun draw — and the "Mod Nod," in which you furiously nod your head and shake your hands.

Far from "folks" at home

ON the U.S. scene, the Rock bands, such as Hayley's, who relied on the regular college engagements, are having the rug cut out from under them by folk-singing acts.

In the early '50s the big bands had the corner on the college market, but "Bop" and progressive jazz and then the Rock era began to beat a hole in the business.

Now it's folk music that is the rage on most campuses.

At college dates where students go to listen to music, they prefer a hootenanny or a good folk artist.

In Australia, folk music has its own small, loyal following — but, so far, it shows no sign that it's spreading.

Allen Brothers' U.S. "ball"

"HAVING the 'full' tourist. Goggle-eyed at number of shows. Sammy Davis' guests at his Sands opening. Saw Louis



CONDUCTED BY

Susan Steadman

Prima, Della Reese, and the Tremiers. WYWH."

This was on a postcard I received recently from the Allen Brothers in Las Vegas, and they sound like they're having a ball.

They were reunited with Lana Cantrell while there, and wrote to London to tell Patsy Ann Noble.

Patsy wrote back an envious letter, sounding a little homesick, as the four of them were members of our original "Bandstand Family" and were always together.

Patsy's new single, "I Did Nothing Wrong," had good reviews in England. Hope it's a hit here, too.

By the way, the "WYWH" at the bottom of the postcard stands for Wish You Were Here.

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); NWS9 (Adelaide); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne).

"Mystery" song is big hit

SURPRISINGLY, the song "If I Ruled The World," which won the Ivor Novello award for the Year's Most Outstanding Song in Britain, is a number we've never heard out here.

Not so surprisingly, The Beatles cleaned up the rest of the field, winning awards for "She Loves You" — The Most Broadcast Song Of The Year, and the number which achieved the Highest British Sales.

The Beatles and their manager, Brian Epstein, also won an award for Outstanding Services to British Music.

Even if The Beatles don't see the year out they've certainly written a page (at least!) in pop-music history, a period which will probably be known as the Beatle Era.

Satirical LP by The Goons

THE GOONS, those crazy-type fellows — Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers, and Spike Milligan — have made an LP, "How To Win An Election," with tracks like "West Side Tory" and "To Home It May Concern."

Although The Goons have a way-out sense of humor, they have a tremendous following and I

Where the boys are . . .

TALKING of Australians abroad, Rolf ("Tie Me Kangaroo Down, etc.") Harris, who is appearing at "Mr. Kelly's Club" in Chicago, has a new baby daughter who has been christened Cindy.

And Bryan Davies has just cut his first single for Norrie Paramour in England. It should be released out here soon.

Bid for pop queen crown

LESLEY GORE is making her first movie in Hollywood — to be called "Beach Girl."

She will sing the theme song for the movie plus two other numbers which will be featured in a teenage nightclub sequence in the film.

Lesley, who doesn't have to work as she is heiress to a substantial fortune, is now the biggest threat to Brenda Lee in the pop-music field.

It was Brenda Lee who captured this crown from Connie Francis.



LESLEY GORE



THE ALLEN BROTHERS, Peter (left) and Chris.

think you could number The Beatles among their fans.

had the one at the time!) and said, "Look out for boots."

Now it's the girls who seem to be wearing boots more than the guys.

But the boot soon should be on the other (sex's) foot.

'Pon my sole!

Well, that's it for the time being.

SO LONG, AUSTRALIA. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

Footnote (literally)

POINTED toes for boys are on the way out—the fashion styling is moving toward a slightly blunted toe.

You know, it barely seems two years ago that I held up ONE boot on TV "Bandstand." (I only

THE CLASSICS

VERDI: "Aida" Highlights

VERDI's "Aida" is the grandest of grand operas. It was written for a special ceremonial occasion—the opening of the Cairo Opera House on Christmas Eve, 1871—and Verdi gave full money's worth. What is more to the point, he produced a splendid opera, in which the big massed scenes are exciting as well as being spectacular, and in which the central story of a conflict of love and duty in ancient Egypt never takes second place to the grand effects.

A single-disc recording of "Highlights from Aida" just released in the Decca Ace of Clubs series keeps the emphasis on the love story—that is to say, on the arias and duets—rather than on the spectacle. This is as it should be, especially in a recording.

The excerpts are sung by a top-ranking Italian cast, with Renata Tebaldi, Ebe Stignani, Mario del Monaco, and Aldo Protti in the four main roles; the orchestra and chorus are those of the Saint Cecilia Academy in Rome, and the conductor is Alberto Erede.

—MARTIN LONG.

ANN'S A HOSTESS WITH MOSTEST QUALIFICATIONS

By MOLLIE LYONS

● The thought of acting as official hostess to her father, Economic Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture in Tanganyika, East Africa, doesn't worry vivacious 21-year-old Ann Strong.

WITH a year in West African Ghana (where she lived in 1958), a year at finishing school in Switzerland, a Cordon Bleu course in London, and theatrical and secretarial training already behind her—plus three languages at her command—Ann should find herself well able to cope.

D-Day for blond, slim and attractive Ann is May 23, when she leaves for her new home, Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika. (Her father, Dr. Thomas Strong, will arrive later, after a trip to Rome.)

In Dar-es-Salaam, in a spacious bungalow on the edge of the sea and overlooking a tropical beach, she will arrange informal dinners, cocktail parties, and other get-togethers for the many United Nations officials visiting the country.

Busy life

"Although we'll have a cook, I like to do the little bits myself," said Ann. "Knowing I have a Cordon Bleu diploma, our guests will naturally expect something a little different. "As well, I will have to accompany my father to official functions," she explained. "My only day off really will be Sunday, which I'll spend on the beach."

(All this, however, will not be absolutely new to Ann. She spent three months there last year with her father before coming back to Sydney on leave at Christmas.)

The unexpected and unusual seem to have be-

come part of Ann's life since she left Canberra in 1958 with her parents for Ghana, where her father, an agriculture economist, had been appointed Economic Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture there.

Plans for her schooling at a French convent in the Belgian Congo had to be abandoned because of the Congo uprisings, and for her first year in Ghana Ann had lessons privately with a French tutor.

In 1959 she went to Switzerland, where she attended the St. George's Finishing School in Montreux, concentrating on French and German.

Back in Ghana, Ann had many interesting experiences.

Working for a few weeks as a receptionist at a United Nations Conference she met the first Russians to visit the country. "They were absolutely charming," she said, "and spoke excellent English."

Next stop for Ann was England, where she enrolled at Questo's Experimental Theatre at Ealing for the two-year student course. As well, she coped with a secretarial course during the day and, in the holidays, a three months' spell at the London branch of the famous Cordon Bleu School for Cooking.

Her decision to take the cooking course was made after her mother died and she realised that she would have to handle the domestic side of her father's establishment, no matter where they lived.



ANN STRONG, who leaves Australia this month to make her home in East Africa and be official hostess to her father, Dr. Thomas Strong, Economic Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture in Tanganyika.

"Horrible as it sounds, at this stage I couldn't even bake a potato," said Ann.

After completing her secretarial course, Ann took a job for a few weeks and saved enough money for a fortnight's tour of Russia and East Germany.

"It was a remarkable experience," she said. "We first went by coach through the desolate, bleak, unfriendly expanse of East Germany, where we felt terribly unwelcome."

Russian sights

"Russia was interesting but such a mixture."

"For instance, after admiring the marvellous free underground railway, with the stations of spotless marble and brilliant mosaic work, it was a shock to see on the trains drab women without make-up."

Ann quickly settled into her life in Tanganyika when she arrived out there.

She joined the Little Theatre group, which produces a play every two months, and started her own 45-minute disc jockey programme for the Tanganyika Broadcasting Commission.

Called "Requests with Ann," the English-speaking session was broadcast on Sunday mornings.

"Most of the requests came from Africans, and although they varied, the most popular were Elvis Presley's and The Beatles," said Ann.

Ann plans to spend a year with her father and then wants to come back to Australia to pursue a career of her own in public relations or fashion co-ordinating.



"I didn't know a careless, windswept look took this much trouble!"



"You'd be tired, too — opening and closing your pores all day!"

Beauty is a Beast

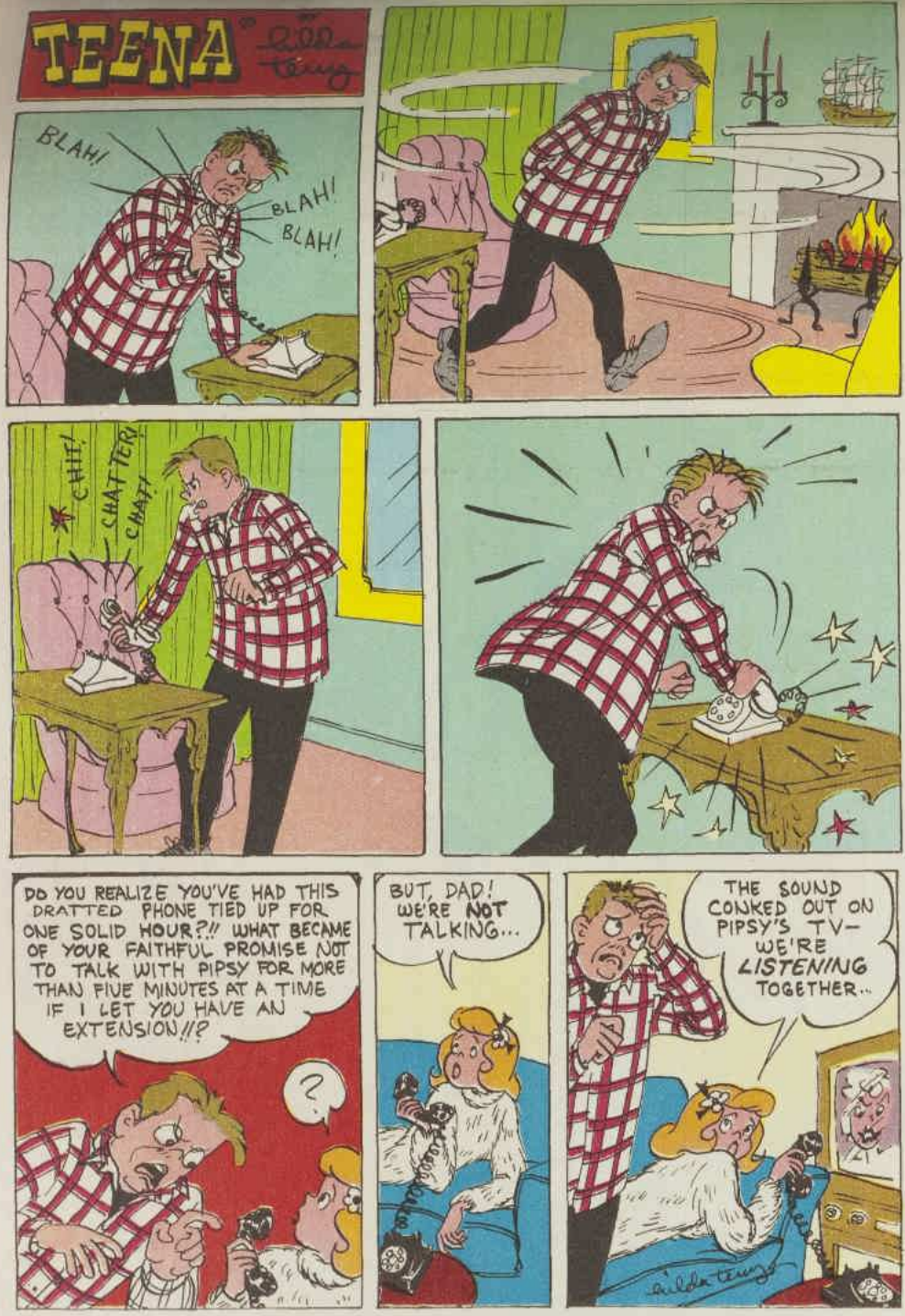


"I'm telling you I wear a three!"



"It's crazy, you know. A girl puts on lipstick neatly — so a boy will muss it up!"

TEENAGERS' WEEKLY
IF PIPSY'S STILL AN EXTENSION, IT'S QUITE
BETTER, BUT SHE DOES NOT ANSWER
THE PHONE



TOPS IN SPORT Policeman's novel lot

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Getting battered and bruised day after day mightn't be everyone's idea of fun, but 20-year-old Ted Boronovskis, of Chester Hill, N.S.W., really revels in it.

FOR Ted, who is Australia's heavyweight and open judo champion, doesn't feel he's been playing the game hard enough if he isn't nursing a few "war-wounds" at the end of a friendly contest.

"It doesn't matter how good you are as a judo player, you still get battered and bruised all the time," he said. "Experience just teaches you to grin and not show it."

Later this year, Ted hopes to have the chance of testing his judo skill in Tokyo, where the sport will appear on the Olympic Games' programme for the first time.

The team will not be announced until after the national trials at the Sydney Stadium at the end of May, but Ted's prospects are such that he could fairly safely start packing for the trip.

Latvian-born Ted Boronovskis, who has lived in Australia for 15 years, is a constable in the N.S.W. Police Force.

His off-duty hours are mainly spent tying judo opponents in knots, while his on-duty hours are spent on traffic work, trying to untie the knots into which motorists get themselves in Sydney's busy streets.

Ted, who is 6ft. 1in. and weighs in at a solid 15 stone, first tried to play judo at a local club four years ago, decided it was a "terrific" sport, and has been winning his way through contests ever since.

Practically unknown among judo players in 1961, he carried off the

N.S.W. open and heavyweight championships when he was still a Brown Belt.

This meant he had to be quickly made a Black Belt — the highest order among judo players — before he could compete in the national titles later that year.

(There are 10 grades of Black Belt, of which Ted is the lowest. He expects Japan's Olympic contestants to be about 5th or 6th grades.)

In the national championships in 1962 and 1963, Ted — the winner of several State contests — carried off the open and heavyweight titles, and he's hoping to repeat this performance at the Olympic trials.

To keep in top form, Ted trains every night of the week except Sunday, when he goes to bed to

get ready for the next hectic week.

He doesn't admit to having any other hobbies — or any marriage plans.

"After all, I just don't have any spare time once I've finished my work and my training," he said in his quiet, retiring way, which is the reverse of his aggressive manner in judo contests.

Ted's greatest problem in improving his judo performances is that it's difficult to find tough enough opponents.

For this reason, he's always delighted to learn that a Japanese ship is ar-

riving in Sydney, because he can rely on finding talented judo players among the seamen.

Incidentally, Ted thinks all teenagers would benefit by taking up judo, and he thinks it's a particularly wonderful sport for girls.

"Apart from training them in self defence, it keeps their weight down, builds up their stamina, and so on," he said.

"And the way they play judo they wouldn't be battered and bruised. You see, only fools like me play hard."

NEXT WEEK: Bobby Simpson.



TED BORONOVSKIS

Beauty in brief:

EYES GO GREEN

ALTHOUGH heavy, doe-eye make-up and the exaggerated Cleopatra style are out, colorful make-up for the eyes is still important.

Currently there appears to be a strong feeling overseas for green eye cosmetics. There's a prediction, too, that greenish-blue shades will be among the "most wanted" eye fashion colors.

It's easy to imagine soft shades of green and blue-green affording a very pretty boost for brown, hazel, green, and maybe grey eyes for evening wear, provided the color is applied with some skill.

However, it goes without saying that pretty, natural effects are always the aim in the daytime. Anything

recognisable as a "made-up look" is well and truly out.

When in doubt about eye colorings, quite the best idea is to match or blend it to your own eye color, for eyes reflect color.

Lots of blue-eyed girls find blue-grey or pale violet especially flattering. Deep blue, subtly applied, makes dark brown eyes look more brilliant.

A simple trick to try some time is to smooch a little face-powder over your eyelids after you've applied eye-shadow. This helps to set the color and keep it intact until you remove it.

Remove excess powder with a bit of cotton-wool or a tissue.—CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Three questions

"WE are three girls aged 15½, 16, and 17. We would like to ask you: 1. What is the difference between chasing boys and merely being friendly? (Between dances we chat to boys we know. Our parents say we are chasing them, but we can't very well tell them to go away, as they come over to talk to us.) 2. Are we old enough to go out with boys? (Our parents say 'no'.) 3. What make-up should we wear? (We wear pale lipstick and heavy eye make-up. Our parents disapprove.) What is your opinion? We will take your advice whether we agree or not."

"Indignant," Q.
1. It can be very subtle. It's the difference between giving the boys a friendly smile when you see them, then chatting naturally among yourselves or with other people . . . or placing yourselves in a strategic position and ogling them while you talk and giggle with animation for their benefit.

2. At 15½ and 16—occasionally, if your general behaviour is sensible. At 17—yes. (You should have learned enough to behave sensibly by this age!) In all cases, parents should approve of the escort and the place to which he is taking you.

3. Young faces need very little make-up—a minimum of light base and powder (toned to the skin) and lipstick in pink, rose, or light coral shades, according to individual coloring. For special nights out, a touch of mascara and eye-shadow—but NO heavy pencil and eye-liner. Those owlsh, black-ringed eyes are not only out fashionwise, but few boys are really gassed by them. Ask them!

Rebellious daughter

"I'M a girl of almost 14 and have parents, who, I think, are far too strict. My father is worse than my mother. He has too much to say about what I should wear or how I should do my hair. He insists on calling for me and meeting me in the car if I should go to a school dance. My girl-friends say he evidently couldn't be trusted himself when young, otherwise he wouldn't behave like this with me. I hate to think what the next few

years will be like, as he said he will not allow a boy to bring me home before I am 16 years old. What do you think of him?"

"Fourteen," N.S.W.

I think he is a wise father who knows his own child.

Schoolgirl crush

"I HAVE a problem, I am terribly much in love with a married man who has one child, a boy, and a gorgeous wife with whom I am very friendly. He is 23. I am 15. I see him every day, as he drives me to school. It is impossible to avoid him, as I have tried every method I can think of (e.g. refusing to go to school in his car—but he thinks I don't appreciate it, then gets mad). He lives down the road, when he's not travelling round England with three other men. Could you possibly think of a method by which I could gradually avoid him?"

"Worried," England.

Yes, this time, maybe, why doesn't you? If so, you should refuse to travel in his car—even if it means telling your parents so that they can make other arrangements for your transport to school.

I rather suspect, though, that he takes you in his car purely out of friendship for you and your family, and would be very surprised (and probably amused) if he knew you had a crush on him.

You could try going to school earlier, or arranging to go with a school-friend who lives in the vicinity (next time he's away would be a good time to start this routine). But the best cure is to occupy your mind with other things so that you haven't time for moonings.

Concentrate more on your school-work, mix more with your own friends, find a new hobby. And face the fact that you're not in love at all—merely going through a sometimes painful, but ALWAYS passing, phase of growing up.

Kiss chemistry

"WE are two 15-year-old twins, and we would like to know why boys want to kiss girls. We are very curious."

"Linda & Lee," N.S.W.

I'd have to write you a very long biology lecture to explain why boys want to kiss girls (and, for that matter, why girls want boys to kiss them).

But why worry about the reason? Just be glad they do want to. Life would be very much duller for us females if they didn't.

ABC for teenagers

• Debbie liked this contribution so much that this week she gives over her space to it . . .

A is for Always make sure you look neat.

B is for Breath, keep it pleasant and sweet.

C's for Complexion, don't play with those spots.

D's for Discreet use of perfume, not lots.

E is for Exercise in the fresh air.

F is for Fingernails, polish with care.

G's for Good Grooming by day and by night.

H is for Hair, brush it shining and bright.

I's for Immaculate handbags (not easy).

J is for Jewellery, subtle not sleazy.

K is for Keeping your clothes clean and pressed.

L is for Lipstick, not smudgy or messed.

M's for Mascara, just lightly for day.

N is for Nightly wash make-up away.

O is for Overweight (pies and sweets, never!).

P is for Pins in your clothes (not ever!).

Q is for Quickly sew up that split seam.

R is for Regular hand-care with cream.

S is for Shoes, keep in perfect repair.

T is for Teeth, which are worth all your care.

U is for Underwear, fresh as a daisy.

V is for Voice, soft and clear, never lazy.

W's for Womanly manners, a must!

So X from your date book the boys you don't trust.

For Y is for Youth when good habits are set.

And Z is the end of this Rule Alphabet.

— CYNTHIA GRAHAME

Young love

"I HAVE a certain complex of guilt (I suppose it is) which arises from your many answers implying that 17 is too young to be permanently attached—one should still be mixing around, meeting more people, and so on. My girlfriend and I are both that age, going on 18, and have known each other a relatively short while (about seven months). Yet we seriously contemplate marriage in another three or four years' time. It must seem a short acquaintance, I know, but our work brings us together nearly 40 hours a week and is likely to do so if arranged for some years. In many respects we seem similar, and (though it is a biased opinion) highly suitable for each other. Would you make exception to the rule and so rid me of this complex, or do you still—as others do—express your doubts?"

D.C., N.S.W.

Of course there are exceptions to every general rule! And you may well be an exception to mine—which is less a "rule" than a well-proved theory, backed up, incidentally, by the high percentage of divorces which follow young marriages.

Real love DOES often grow between couples who are attracted to one another when they are both very young, and there are many happily married couples who can say: "We fell for one another at 17, and there's been no one else for either of us since."

But the inescapable fact is that people mature at different ages, and at a different rate (and by mature, I mean discover their real selves, fix their values, and realise what they want from life).

A man of, say, 25, is often a vastly different person from the boy he was at 18—and likely to choose a type of mate different from the girl he was crazy about at that age. (The same applies in reverse, of course.) Going steady at an early age therefore means a danger of mis-marriage, whereas mixing and getting to know more people gives a boy and a girl more chance to be sure about the partners they want. And to know when they do fall in love that it's "the real thing."

The only advice I can give you is: Enjoy one another's company in this "getting to know you" time, but don't spend all your spare time exclusively together. And stick to that three or four years' wait before you make your marriage plans.

Reformed girl

"I AM a girl of 16½. I have been in quite a bit of trouble and consequently I was in a girls' home for a time. Since I came out of the home six months ago I have only been out about three times. I have really learned my lesson and

MAN'S CLEAN SWEEP AS TOP HOUSEWIFE

● I see that the newly elected president of the N.S.W. Housewives' Association is — a man!

A 36-YEAR-OLD businessman, he has said he likes having the job, and the housewives are happy, too.

I suppose, of course, that it is really just a realisation of the old saying: it's nice to have a man around the house (wives' association).

The gentleman's appointment is a great break-through in the fight for equal rights for men.

Men doing washing-up and mopping will be heartened to know that at least one housewife wearing the trousers is entitled to.

The appointment will also inspire men to seek leadership in other feminine fields of endeavor.

Picture a bullocky addressing, as president, the Country Women's Association.

And what red-blooded male would not want to be president of a marching girls' association?

For the really ambitious male official, however, becoming a housewife seems the best bet.

Logically, I suppose, a housewife has the best chance of turning a log cabin into a white house.

I ALSO see that in America there is an unusual all-men's club.

The club is called SWORD because the members have to be S-separated, W-idowed, or D-ivorced.

It seems to me there is a crying need for a similar organisation to cater for the needs of young discarded boy-friends and dates.

This mob could be called PEN—members would have to be boys girls have decided should be P-assed-over, E-xpendable, or plain N-ot wanted.

The beauty of my club is that it would be not a celibate outfit—it's considered harmless to have girl PENfriends, isn't it. Thus, you might say, the PEN is matier than the SWORD!

—Robin Adair

I have been behaving myself. Some of the girls who live locally think it is something great to be in trouble and they look up to me. They don't realise that girls' homes aren't all honey—you have to scrub floors and you don't get good meals. I have told them this, but they don't listen. Also, I have met a boy I really like and have been out with him once. He knows of my past, but it doesn't worry him, as he was also in a home. He, too, has learned his lesson. When he brought me home he kissed me but didn't make another date. His friends tell me that he goes out with various girls, but that he wants to settle down and go steady and that he likes me. But if he DOES like me, I can't understand why he didn't ask me out again. He was really gentle and affectionate when

he was with me. Do you think there is any chance of his asking me to go steady?"

"Sue," N.S.W.

The best way you can convince the crazy mixed-up girls who admire you for having been in trouble is by continuing to behave well, which should demonstrate to them that more trouble is the last thing you want. (For your own sake, though, I think you should try to mix with girls who DON'T have these stupid ideas.)

I'd say the boy does like you, but (very sensibly) is taking his time about "settling down" with one girl. Take a leaf out of his book, and don't be in a hurry to go steady. If he asks you out again, put the brake on that over-eagerness, and give your friendship a chance to grow gradually.



**LAUREL
LEA**
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TO A MAN'S HEART

At last he says, "I'm not very hungry. Usually I just grab a sandwich for lunch." Myself, I do not look like a restful eater either, Gabrielle. Myself, I enjoy a proper meal.

I have just begun to eat when I see that Bill has already finished his chopped steak and fried potatoes. Soon he looks ill and says he thinks he's getting an ulcer and swallows a pill. The poor young man!

When I go back to work I think Papa was right about thin men. If you let them they'll break your heart. But Bill cannot break mine, because I'll never see him again. And then, on my way home from work, I do see him when I pass the hotel.

He is getting into a taxi with one of those tall, chic blondes who capture young men visiting Los Angeles. He does not see me. But the blonde, who does not know me, looks at me as I pass. It is the look of triumph, the look of the cat that has caught the mouse. I am very unhappy. And then I tell myself, "Gabrielle — pouf!"

The next day I go to work thinking, Bill Johnson? Pouf! Pouf! I am still saying it to myself when I walk by Bill Johnson. I have no breath left to speak.

"Good morning, Gabrielle." He smiles down at me. "How about meeting me after work and we'll have dinner together?"

My breath has gone from so much poufing. Such a wicked young man! I cannot speak. He thinks breathless silence means yes.

He is waiting for me after work, and we go to a restaurant where they burn steaks on charcoal. I do not like charcoal, but I like Bill Johnson. We dance. Though the top of my head doesn't reach his chin we dance well. He is very gay. He makes me laugh. And then he makes me cry.

IT happened when he took me home in a taxi. He says he is sorry he didn't take me out to dinner last night, but he was busy. And then I see those cat eyes of that blonde with him last night. I fail to control the terrible Gilo temper. I say maybe he had to look out for one of his boss' daughters.

He is embarrassed and says she was "more or less my fiancée, like." Ah! Gabrielle Gilo should dance with another woman's fiancée? I burst into tears and jump out of the taxi and run up to my apartment and never want to see him again.

It is fourteen — no, fifteen — days before I see him again. First there come two dozen roses with a card that says, "I've broken my engagement." Then there comes a letter saying he will be in Los Angeles Sunday evening and would like to take me to dinner. Hmph!

I wonder about the wickedness of Bill Johnson, but I know how wicked is steak burned on charcoal. I love to cook. My kitchenette is small, but the markets of the city are big. Sunday is a long day, but I pass it quickly with what I love to do.

At six o'clock, Bill arrives with flowers. He admires my dress, my apartment. Then he sees the small table set for two and looks at me strangely. We are eating here? Then he will just go out for a bottle of gin and mix us some martinis. Instead he finds himself sipping a mild "aperitif" with me. He is out of cigarettes. Good! With clear heads we clear up some misunderstandings. I thought it is from the mountains he gets his oil, but it is from the seashore. "Eh, bien!"

And then, the table candles lighted, I serve a favorite cold soup of mine — "consomme riche en gelée." The rich beef broth, into which I diced carrots and whites of leeks, has been clarified, as Papa taught me, by the white of an egg. Bill makes happy sounds and wonders if he could have another serving. But Bill does not understand.

Near the "soufflé de volaille." The boned and pounded legs of boiled chicken are better than the

breast meat in this dish. The red wine — a Chateau Vieux-Certain, Pomerol — pleases Bill. He does not understand wine, but he is learning.

Men love beef. And so next I serve the simple "filet de bœuf" with sauce "Madere." It is so easy to cook. With it I serve a green salad.

Our dessert should be ice and a light pastry. But Bill has conceded gin, and so I concede a rich dessert — "pâte à biscuit punch." To make this punch biscuit sponge paste, start with a pound of sugar and a dozen eggs and then go on having a gay time.

But it is of romance I mean to tell you, not the kitchen. Though,

as Papa always tells me, the good life begins in the good kitchen. Good food demands good thoughts; a good atmosphere — which means good music, books, art, conversation. Good food is not just French; it can be American, too.

I COOK many American dishes for Bill — spoon bread, cranberry ring mould, blueberry muffins, Indian corn pudding, mashed-potato salad. Good food need not be elaborate. Sometimes the simplest is the best. There is no better dessert than a cold apple from Oregon and a glass of dry champagne from France. It is the marriage of two great cultures.

But I am speaking of romance. Good food, whether simple or elaborate, must be planned and prepared with love. A little care, a little daring — that is love. I cook for Bill with great love. And he eats what I cook with great love.

Time passes. Now Bill comes to Los Angeles every weekend to see me and enjoy my cooking. Now he never talks about the ulcer or takes the martini or the pill.

One Sunday evening he is in the kitchenette with me while I'm cooking "crevettes à la Chinoise." It is advisable to prepare this dish of shrimp, ham, peas, mushrooms, and onion in a large kitchen, especially if a man as large as Bill is looking over your shoulder.

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"Now, the first thing we'll have to do, Mr. Finch, is to straighten out that stance."

OILY SKIN

moist appearance with open pores around the nose and cheek areas and often skin imperfections

DRY SKIN

sometimes a tight appearance (particularly around the eyes) and often flakiness

NORMAL SKIN

attractive, with fine texture and no blemishes or flakiness



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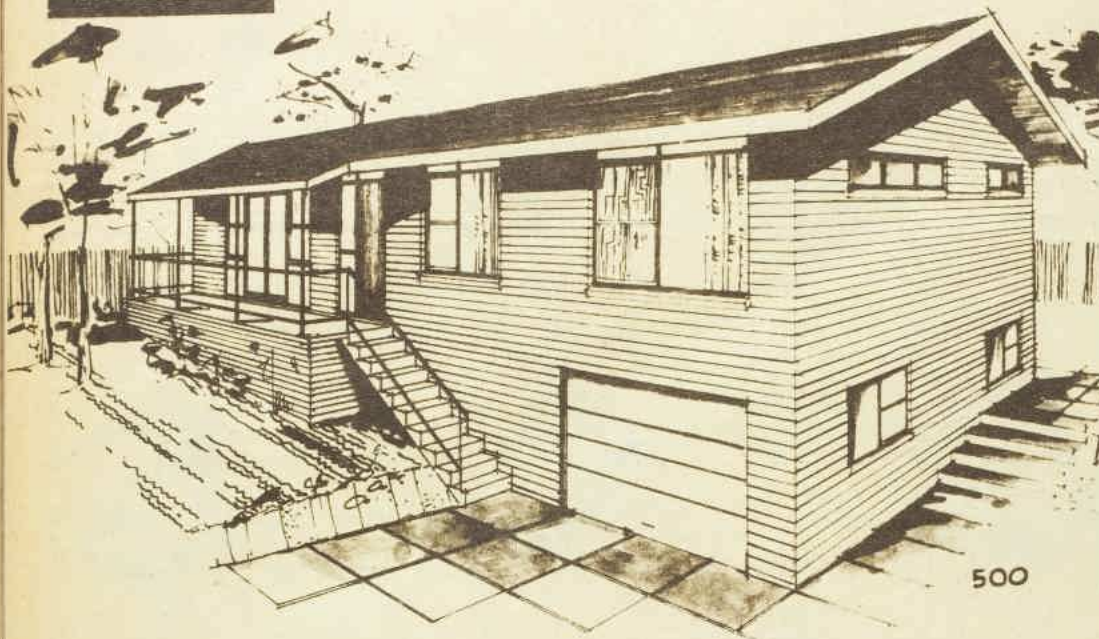
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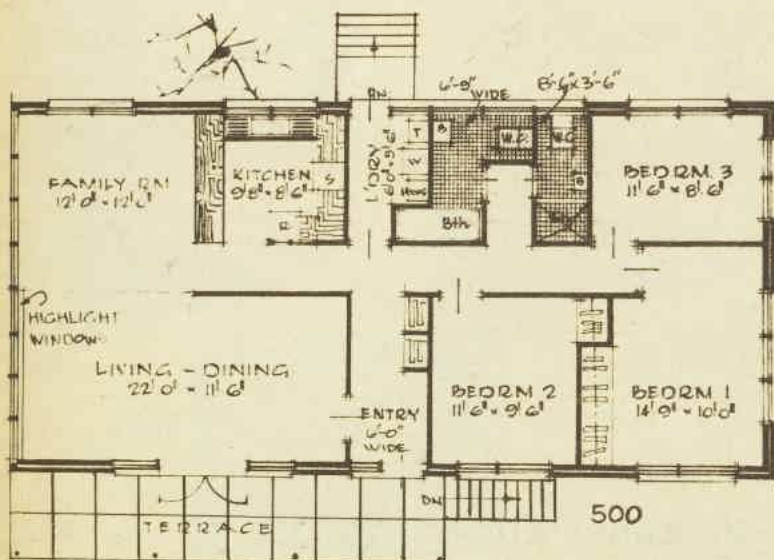
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SKETCH (above) shows rectangular design with garage and workshop below.



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TO A MAN'S HEART

Continued from page 39

Bill says, "I love crevettes a la Chinoise." At least I think he does.

I say, "I love them, too." "You didn't hear me," Bill says. "I said I love you, Gabrielle."

Tears come to my eyes. It must be the onion. No, it is not. They are tears of happiness, because I love him, too.

He says, "I want to marry you, Gabrielle."

I say, "And I want to marry you, Bill."

We kiss. The mushrooms and onion cook too long. We kiss again. The shrimp gets tough in its pan. I add the mushrooms, onion, and shrimp to the ham and peas. Then we kiss once more. All the ingredients of "crevettes a la Chinoise" should be cooked together only two minutes. But this time they cook much too long. We end our kiss. "Crevettes a la Chinoise" should be served hot. But we ate them cold. "Eh, bien!"

Two weeks later, Bill and I are married, and we go to a town near the place where he gets his oil. He has rented a nice little house with a big kitchen, and we are very happy.

That is usually the end of the story. Man loves woman, and woman loves man. He pursues her ardently, and finally, after he asks her many times, she agrees to be his wife. So they are married and live happily ever afterward.

But my story is not ended yet...

WE moved to Texas. Then we moved to South America, and then to North Africa, and then to Iraq. It is surprising what good meals you can prepare from things that come out of cans. Bill doesn't always find his oil, but he always finds me a kitchen to cook in. We have two children. First comes William Townsend Johnson, Jr. Then comes Pauline Gilo Johnson.

Now I am thirty-one and Bill is thirty-five. One day, he comes home and, for once, doesn't ask what we're having for dinner. Because he has good news. We are moving to New York.

On our way home to America, we stop in Paris. The children and I have visited Papa twice; but Bill never has met him, because he always has been too busy. Now Papa is the head chef of one of the most famous restaurants in Paris. What a dinner he prepares for us there on our first evening!

Bill talks fluently in the French I have taught him. He is learned and admiring in both food and wine. Papa is ecstatic. After dinner, he kisses Bill on both cheeks and says to me, "Gabrielle, I always was afraid you would marry a thin man. Thank heaven you did not."

Looking at Bill, I realise he no longer is thin. The baseball no longer fits in his cheeks. Sometimes he looks like he has the baseball in his mouth. He is the picture of health, firm flesh, and ruddy skin, marinated by my good cooking. A fat man, no. A big man, yes. Myself, I still weigh ninety-seven. I eat what Bill eats, I bear two children, but I still am size seven. It is curious.

When we reach New York, I realise Bill has become a very important man in the company. We take a mortgage on a lovely house in one of the suburbs. Our town has good schools for the children. It also has stores selling fine

foods I haven't been able to buy in years.

I join the P.T. and A. It is an organisation of mothers who meet and talk about their children while nibbling snacks. My canapes and "petits fours" are very popular — and so I am, too.

I have wonderful children, a wonderful husband. My house and kitchen are wonderful. I serve Bill wonderful meals. Next door lives an ageing couple named Talcott, who are wonderful neighbors. I am very happy.

If you are very happy, it is not easy to recognise trouble when it first appears.

One summer day, when I am cooking, I look out the kitchen window, and what do I see in the Talcotts' back yard? Maybe it is a film star. It is not, but maybe it is the girl who descends from the ceiling in a birdcage at the Folies-Bergere. She is blond and beautiful. She is lounging in a beach chair and wearing a halter and shorts like a bikini. I return to the preparation of "poulet cocotte Bordelaise." One does the best one can with what one has.

Soon Mrs. Talcott comes in. She likes to drop into my kitchen and nibble and chat. Today she is bursting with news. Dolores has come home. I have heard much about the Talcotts' daughter, Dolores. She was married and living in Arizona, but her husband turned out to be a beast. So she divorced him, and now she has come home and is lying nearly nude in the back yard. "C'est dommage!"

Mrs. Talcott takes me to meet Dolores. I approach the goddess uneasily, carrying a plate of cookies for friendship. I bore Dolores. I always bore tall blond women. But my cookies interest her, and she eats them all, except for one she lets her mother have. I am glad to get back to my kitchen.

Bill comes home early and goes out to trim the hedge. When I look out the window, I see his eyes are not on his work. He is ruining the hedge. Soon he steps through the ruins and goes over and meets Dolores. She sits up, talking and laughing with him. Bill does not bore Dolores.

"Poulet cocotte Bordelaise" must be served on time. I send the children for Daddy and they drag him home to dinner.

He says, "Dolores is a pleasant girl."

Pleasant? Girl? I close my eyes.

After we finish the "cocotte," Bill says we ought to ask the Talcotts for dinner on Saturday, but I remind him the P.T. and A. is giving a bridge party then. Dolores? Pough! That is what I keep thinking. Pough to Dolores! But I cannot push her away. She is always about when Bill is about.

I must ask her and the Talcotts to dinner. I cannot avoid it. So I make it a dinner they will never forget. I'll show that Dolores the one lasting way to a man's heart is — well, I'll show her.

First, "crecy," a rich carrot soup. Then an elaborately presented fillet of sole — "le filet de sole a la facon du pecheur cauchois." Next, an even richer and more elaborate presentation of hare — "le civet de lièvre de Diane de Chateaumorand." And then good roast beef and creamed turnips as a proper anticlimax. For dessert I made sponge-biscuit paste.

Bill showed imagination in the wines he served. A young

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"PRO-VITA WEAT-HARTS help me stay slim"

says TV personality Jill Warwick, who lost 5 stone in 11 months with

'THE JILL DIET'

Jill Warwick is research writer for the popular TV programme "It Could Be You". Jill also produces the national TV programme "Take the Hint". "And, take the hint, it could easily be you when it comes to reducing," says Jill. "I used to be very overweight. In 11 months I lost 5 stone and now maintain my present and permanent weight." The secret is the diet Jill worked out for herself and which is presented below. "But," warns Jill, "one item is most important. For energy and stamina, be sure to include Pro-Vita Weat-Harts. I have them for breakfast every day!"



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BREAKFAST. To the juice of one large orange, squeezed, add 1 tablespoon of Weat-Harts (because its stabilised and holds its food value), 10 drops of Pro-Vita wheat germ oil (for energy), 1 raw egg. Beat together and drink.

Follow with any quantity desired of black tea or coffee with slice of lemon, no sugar.

1 multi-vitamin tablet.
2 brewer's-yeast tablets.

MAINTENANCE: Stick to exactly the same breakfast.

LUNCH. 1½ ounces cheddar cheese.
2 pieces fruit (any fruit may be eaten except bananas and avocado pears). Unlimited quantity of black tea or coffee with slice of lemon, no sugar.

MAINTENANCE: Four thin unbuttered crisp-bread biscuits may be added.

DINNER. 4 ozs. meat or fish, grilled. 2 servings vegetables (any vegetables except potatoes, peas, parsnips, broad beans). 1 salad (lettuce, cabbage, or any preferred greens) served with lemon juice.

1 8-ounce serving of yoghurt with 1 teaspoon of honey.
2 brewer's-yeast tablets.

MAINTENANCE: One slice unbuttered wholemeal bread may be added. Instead of honey, have diabetic jam or stewed fruit. Or add a small serving of home-stewed fruit or diabetic tinned fruit. In moderation, ice-cream or boiled custard. (On the maintenance diet only, Jill says eat and drink what you like on Saturdays and Sundays.)

SUPPER. 3 calcium tablets. These are part of your maintenance diet as well as the "Jill diet". Don't neglect to take them each night.

JH68



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Scholl

Continued from page 40

light wine with soup and sole; a Cheval Blanc instead of the predictable red Burgundy with the hare; and a bottle of Chateau-Haut-Brion with the beef.

Mr. Talcott, who has stomach trouble, cannot last the courses out. Even Mrs. Talcott fails on the roast beef. But, oh, that Dolores! Eat? I've never seen anything like it. She is not a gourmet, you understand. She has no true appreciation. She just eats and drinks like her long legs are hollow.

It happened when she finished the sponge-biscuit paste. She looks at Bill, eyes glassy, smile happy. It is the look of the tall, chic Californian blonde that I never forget. It is the look of triumph, the look of the cat that has caught the mouse. I cook the meals. I bear the children. I love my

TO A MAN'S HEART

Bill and follow him through jungles and deserts and mountains. But now Dolores looks at Bill as if she is the one who has done it.

I go to the kitchen and cry a little. Then I go to the living-room, smiling. Maybe that Dolores is so full she won't come out of her house for days.

BUT the very next morning, a Sunday, when we are going on a family outing to the lake, the cat comes to the door, scratch-scratch-scratch.

"Hi, Gabrielle!" Big smile. "Are you taking the lunch?"

Bill looks uneasy and says, "I forgot to tell you, Gabe. Last night I asked Dolores if she'd like to come along with us."

But I smile. I make dozens

of sandwiches, devilled eggs, a salad. I put in pickles, cookies, a chocolate cake. The picnic basket is so heavy the children can't lift it. But Dolores can lift it. When we get to the lake, all of a sudden she does not want to go swimming. We four go into the water and she sits on the bank with the basket. Her hand goes into it. Pick, pick, nibble, nibble, nibble.

Bill watches her as he floats on his back. "Dolores sure likes to eat, doesn't she?"

It is then I get my big idea.

The next morning, when Bill goes to work, I go next door and tell Dolores I'm cooking a typical French lunch. Would she like to come watch me prepare it and then share it? She is through the hedge and in my kitchen ahead of me.

We begin with an oyster loaf smothered in sauce berr-naise. Then onion soup followed by sauerkraut with sausages and ham. Next come pressed beef and a salad. Finally, cheese and crackers. I pour Dolores plenty of cool beer with each course. I eat and drink little myself, but Dolores is too busy to notice.

After lunch she says she is sleepy and I urge her to lie down. She collapses on a sofa and is still asleep when Bill comes home. He is surprised to see her, but pleased. Oh, men! He agrees with me that she must stay for dinner. Can she manage to eat dinner? She does—five courses. Bravo! But I know that the crucial time will be tomorrow morning.

About ten o'clock the next morning there's a scratch-scratch-scratch at the back-door screen and I see Dolores' cat eyes looking in at me. "Hi, Gabrielle. I wanted to thank you for a good time yesterday."

"Hi, Dolores. I'm making sausage patties. Would you like a snack?"

"Well, just one." She is my dish—no Bill's. She is my Strasbourg goose, feet pegged to my kitchen floor. She will be my "piece de resistance," my greatest work of culinary art.

As the days pass I fill her at meals and between meals. I feed her with small, hot patties and timbale crusts; with English cream, Chan-tilly whipped cream, and light-headed souffles; with apricot tarts, hot and cold Viennese fritters, apple charlotte, convent pancakes, chest-nut croquettes.

IT takes a lot of time and money to put a long-legged blonde out of shape. Sometimes I grow discouraged. But after a while I begin to see a change. Gradually a second chin forms below her first chin; gradually her waist and hips plump into a Strasbourg-geese silhouette. She stops wearing slacks and waddles around in dirndls.

But Bill doesn't notice the change in her until there's a change in him. One day he comes home very grave and tells me the terrible news. The company doctor says he must lose seventy pounds. Alas! But I love my Bill and will do all I can to help him.

For weeks I lead a double life. All day long I fill Dolores with delicacies. And when Bill comes home I fill him with pot cheese and spring salad, with Waldorf salad, turnip-and-celery-root salad, carrot-and-pineapple salad. No more wine, no more sauces, no butter, no cream. It is sad but we are brave.

And gradually I see I'm married to a thin man once more. Gradually, too, I see that my thin husband is

annoyed with the fat blonde who lives next door.

One evening he and I are sharing a liver salad for dinner. You make this from ground boiled liver and various cold vegetables and it adds up to exactly two hundred and eighty-seven calories per serving. On it you put a skimmed-milk, saccharin, and vinegar dressing, which adds up to exactly fifty calories per one third of a cup. While we are eating I start to tell Bill what Dolores ate for lunch today.

Suddenly he frowns and interrupts me. "Gabe," he says, "I know Dolores is your friend, but sometimes I get tired of seeing her around our home or even hearing about her."

I should be very happy because I have won. But even in victory there is sadness. For what Bill says is true. Dolores has become my friend, my dear Strasbourg goose who admires my art, and the only one left who can enjoy it.

"If you wanted to be a really good friend to her," Bill says, "you'd urge her to go on a diet, the way we have."

And make her look like a film star again?

Yet what good is Bill's and my love if it is imperilled by friendship even with the slimmest, most beautiful blonde in America? So the next morning when Dolores comes to my kitchen for a snack I tell her she must join me on the diet. I am gentle but I am firm. And she agrees it is what she must do.

We try not to talk or even think about food. For lunch I give us a few leaves of lettuce. We are nibbling it at the kitchen table, like rabbits, when tears fill Dolores' eyes and she comes around the table and hugs me.

"Dear Gabrielle," she says, "you're the best friend I've ever had. I know I must diet. And I can do it. But I can't do it here. In this kitchen and house, I mean. There are too many memories of too many delicious meals. Gabrielle, I'll have to go away to do it."

I cry, too. Dear Dolores. To think what I have done to her! I am desolate the next week when she leaves for a ranch in the south-west, where they take weight off people. Her first letter to me is very sad. They are bouncing her on horses and feeding her little but fresh air.

And then, just yesterday, I receive a happy letter from her. She has met a fat man at the ranch and they've fallen in love and are going to be married as soon as they lose thirty pounds. Now she will have her husband, like I have my husband, and everybody will be thin and live happily ever after. I hope.

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Don't Shiver!

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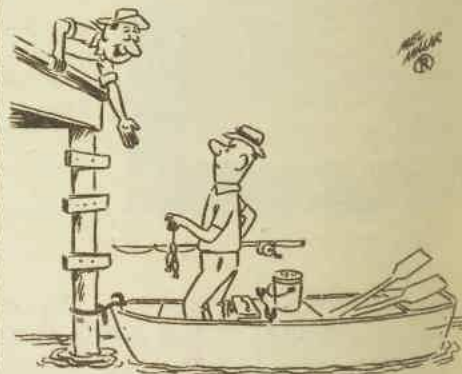
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"Give you a hand with the fish?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

The romance of Australian place names

• Here are more Australian place names, and notes about each. Watch this series for places you know or are interested in — or perhaps your own home town.

(NEW SOUTH WALES)

Grafton
After the Duke of Grafton (family name Fitzroy). It was the birthplace of the famous Professor Grafton Elliot Smith, who became Professor of Anatomy at the Cairo School of Medicine and at Manchester University. During the 1914-18 war he was engaged in psychological work among shell-shocked soldiers. Also the birthplace of the distinguished Australian soldier Tom Mackay and Harry Searle, the world's champion sculler, 1888-1889.

Parramatta
Aboriginal: Stated by some to have meant "plenty of eels"; by others "head of the river." First known as Rose Hill, after George Rose, Secretary of the British Treasury. A cabbage grown at Rose Hill and cut for the King's Birthday is said to have weighed 27½.

Wagga Wagga

Aboriginal: "Many crows." Thomas Mitchell, who served under Wellington, named the streets after Peninsula War veterans. Here lived as a butcher last century Thomas Castro (Arthur Orton), who claimed to be heir to the Tichborne estate. The case in London occupied 102 days (costing the estate £92,000). The court found against Orton and he was tried for perjury. This trial took from April 22, 1873, to February 28, 1874, when he was sentenced to 14 years. He weighed 24 stone. Wagga was the birthplace of Field-Marshal Sir Thomas Blamey, famous in World War II as Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Military Forces.

(VICTORIA)

Campaspe

Thomas Mitchell, who was a classical scholar as well as an explorer, named it after a woman friend of Alexander the Great.

Norwell

From an early hotel.

Dimboola

Should really have been Dimbulin, the Ceylonese name bestowed by Surveyor J. G. W. Wilmott, who had been in the Indian Government. It means "land of figs."

Ouyen

Aboriginal: "Ghost waterhole."

Prahran

From native Purraran, which means "nearly surrounded by water."

Porepunkah

This town was christened in a storm and its name is a combination of Hindu words meaning "wind" and "blower."

(QUEENSLAND)

Gympie

The original settlement was known as Nashville (because James Nash found gold there in the late 'sixties) and was recorded officially as the Upper Mary River Field. The largest nugget from the Gympie diggings was the Curtis, 900oz., valued at £3132. It was found in an abandoned shaft. The name Gympie is derived from Gympy-Gympy, the aborigines' word for the stinging-tree.

Maryborough

After the Mary River on which it stands. Lady Mary was fourth daughter of the fourth Duke of

Angas. Town after George Fife Angas, who sent the first shipment of settlers to South Australia.

Ceduna

The aboriginal name for a waterhole in the locality.

Echunga

Aboriginal: "Close."

(WESTERN AUSTRALIA)

Kimberley

Named after the Earl of Kimberley.

Pinjarra

The scene in 1834 of a distress-

ing battle with aborigines. The battle practically dispersed the Bubbulmun race, which had lived in the south for countless ages, making them wanderers.

(TASMANIA)

Port Davey

Named after the Governor, "Mad" Tom Davey, who had a turbulent career in Tasmania from 1813-17. He upset staid officials when arriving by carrying his coat over his arm. The port was named by James Kelly, who, in 1817, sailed with four men from Hobart in a whale boat and went right

round Tasmania. The native name for Port Davey, Poynduc.

Marrawah

Native word for "gum trees."

(NORTHERN TERRITORY)

Victoria River

Named in 1839 by Captain Stokes, R.N., who wrote: "As we ran in between the frowning heights . . . 'This is indeed a noble river' burst from several lips at the same moment. 'And worthy,' continued I, 'of being honored with the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen!'"

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Three-page feature: HOW TO

A plant doctor diagnoses and prescribes for ailing plants

By CAROL BERTIE

A WELL-KNOWN Melbourne gardener has captured the hearts of plant-owners with — at last — a hospital for sick plants.

The man who had the wonderful notion is Mr. John Bennett, landscapist, consultant, nurseryman, and radio personality.

He even looks the part, a neat, spruce man, smartly

dressed, with a relaxed, kindly, but attentive manner to the worried client clutching her paper bag or paying off the taxi-truck. Sick plants come in all sizes.

Sick plants are puzzling to most home gardeners, who are often sure they haven't neglected them at all.

Sometimes it's the reverse — plants have been over-watered.

They may, in fact, be too wet, too dry, fed too much,

fed too little, sheltered too much, not sheltered enough, get too much sun, too little sun, or conditions may be simply too variable.

Mr. Bennett has had almost a lifetime of experience with them. And he still keeps a few secrets about their treatment to himself.

He has been a professional

gardener since he left Melbourne Grammar School to go to Burnley Horticultural College in 1913. After doing his course he joined the A.I.F. in 1916 and put in some hectic years as a dispatch rider.

"I think I'd fall off if I got on a cycle now," he says. He spent five years work-

ing in the U.S.A. with landscape gardeners around Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence in Massachusetts — "there were no immigration rules there then" — but came back to rejoin his family.

During the Depression he managed to keep going with maintenance gardening in the gardens about Toorak, then had an orchard of apples, lemons, passionfruit, and plums at Lilydale, until he lost all his trees in the great bushfires of 1939.

He says, "That licked me, and I came back to landscape-gardening, until I opened my nursery last year.

"The idea of the plant hospital was my wife's. She was tutor sister at Caulfield Convalescent Hospital, one of the main hospitals for the training of nurses and nursing aides, and before that a senior sister at St. George's Hospital, Kew."

Sadly enough, Mr. Bennett's wife has been ill ever since he opened his nursery, and together they have had a very worrying time.

Mr. Bennett has drawn up 62 plans for suburban gardens requested by radio listeners since this service was offered in Binnie Lum's session on 3XY, on details supplied by the listeners who write in.

So far he has had no complaints.

One of his current "patients" is a camellia he has had in his care for five months.

A good customer complained she had had it for five years and it had never flowered.

"Most unusual for a camellia," said Mr. Bennett.

"You often see wee little plants with one big flower on very young trees."

He took up the camellia from the ground, where it was in an over-sheltered spot, rather too shady and dry, took it to his "hospital," planted it in a kerosene tin, and, as with all his casualties, gave it a dose of a well-known plant tonic.

This gives them a bit of a lift, to ready them for repotting and other treatment.

When I saw it, it had 30 buds on it for the first time in its life, many small new shoots, and its owner was to be summoned when its first flower opened.

50 patients

Since last October, Mr. Bennett has had about 50 sick plants through his hands.

I found him tending a sick maranta with browned-off shoots, a severely burnt and dried-out anthurium, a waterlogged crepe myrtle, and a set of back bulbs someone had got from an orchid and had no success with.

Even doctors have their sad times when they lose a patient. Mr. Bennett is no exception.

He took in two ailing *Cupressus fletcherii* in tubs from a front-porch situation, but it was too late.

One died in two days, one in ten, with his best care.

Mr. Bennett does not charge for "consultation" or keeping the plant in his care, only for repotting, which is often necessary.

If this seems unduly generous, he explains his attitude this way:

"Very often people pay a lot of money for a plant. A big ficus for indoor display



DOCTOR AND NURSE. Mr. Bennett and Miss Merle Reid confer over a new "patient" — a small-leaved ivy geranium called "Shoe Baby," which cost about 12/6 and is half-dead from lack of water. In most cases plant owners water, but do not know how much to give. Other plants in the "hospital" are over-watered azaleas and orchids.

WAGING WAR ON GARDEN PESTS

SOONER or later the home gardener has to declare war on garden pests and plant diseases.

Mr. Bennett gives this advice on spraying:

When spraying for specific diseases, make three applications at approximately 10-day intervals. The second and third sprayings will catch those pests which were in the egg stage at the time of the first application.

Use all spraying materials as directed. The proper measurements are essential for good results. A medicine glass kept specially for this purpose only is recommended. All utensils should be washed thoroughly after use.

Don't spray vegetables within three weeks of picking. Use Derris dust instead.

Four basic sprays are useful for the home gardener:

1. A dual purpose spray, insecticide, and fungicide combined. (Mr. Bennett recommends Capthion or Spray-tox.)
2. Arsenate of Lead.
3. White Oil.
4. Red Oil (dormant spraying oil).

Browning lawns

Continuous treatment is necessary to keep lawns green. If lawn food has been used during spring and summer, an

equal amount of ground limestone should be applied during the winter months.

Unsatisfactory roses

If your roses are disappointing, pruning may be at fault. Prune during the second week in July, the exception being Lorraine Lee, which requires pruning about the third week in February.

This is Mr. Bennett's treatment for citrus, ornamental shrubs, trees, and vegetables attacked by common pests:

Yellow leaves, drooping plants

This could be caused by APHIDS — tiny green insects whose sap-sucking action causes leaves to yellow and plants to look sick and drooping. Spray with one of the dual-purpose sprays.

Black spots on leaves and fruit

Little round black spots, about 1-16th in. across, on leaves, fruit, and rose leaves, are known as BLACK SPOT. Spray with a dual-purpose spray after pruning and fortnightly during the growing season. Use Bordeaux Powder at pink-bud stage.

SAVE SICK PLANTS

Camellias and crepe myrtle are among the patients in Mr. Bennett's nursery hospital

might cost about £8 or £9. "When the owner gets it home, if it sickens, there is no redress. Nobody cares what happens. It just doesn't seem good enough to me."

Mr. Bennett does not limit his treatment to customers' plants. Anyone with a sick plant is welcome.

People who come in don't always know a lot about gardening. "We've had a number of plants brought in in containers which didn't even have a drainage hole at the bottom," said Mr. Bennett.

"Often people will report at home, just scooping up a bit of the hard clayey sub-soil which sets down like concrete after a few waterings, so that the plant never gets properly watered at all."

Mr. Bennett does not favor plastic pots, except for starting plants off. He says terra-cotta pots are very much better.

More sick plants come to him in plastic pots than in any other sort of container (about 75 per cent. of them are indoor plants).

"The soil at the bottom gets wet," he explained, "and then turns sour, in spite of the drainage holes they put in."

"House calls"

"A tin is quite satisfactory, especially these new tins with detachable bottom plates."

He has occasionally made "house calls" to see sick plants and has been able to do something for them.

He has a way with oranges that won't bear.

While I was there he took a call from a woman who wanted to move house but

wouldn't go unless her 50 camellia trees went with her.

One of Mr. Bennett's most frequent plant-hospital visitors is TV personality Beverley Robbins, who has a large collection of indoor plants.

Beverley is seen regularly on television with Roland Strong in a national quiz show.

When he designs gardens Mr. Bennett has no set style, but he uses native plants extensively in new areas.

He has done some work lately at Bulleen, one of those suburbs of Melbourne where bulldozers have stripped the natural trees off the face of the land, leaving hundreds of bungalows with ranks of roofs unbroken by trees.

He finds this sort of land ideal for working with natives, because the soil has been unaffected by lime, fertilisers, changes of soil, etc.

In older gardens the current fancy to grow natives often leads to disappointments.

Mr. Bennett's assistant loves her job. She is Miss Merle Reid, who says her family have always been florists and nurserymen.

She worked at other jobs—with a butcher and a newsagent, and in an office—but Saturday morning cashier's work in a nursery brought out the family vocation.

"Nothing would get me back to inside work," she says.

Merle Reid loves all the plants, and welcomes all the nursery visitors from the youngest ("We've got a little girl in a flat near here who's tried every packet of seed

on the rack, and she's only got a bit of ground a yard wide") to the oldest.

"We've got two lads of about 13 who came in about bonsai trees and really knew a great deal about them," she said.

"This love of gardening is something that pops up in one of a family when the others aren't interested."

"It's IN people."

Young married couples are among the keenest customers at plant nurseries these days.

Miss Reid said: "Psychologists might have an explanation for the transformation that takes place."

"You get young people in their teens with no interest—Mum and Dad doing all the gardening. The moment they're married gardening almost becomes an obsession with many of them."

The "easy" garden is here to stay, Miss Reid says.

Annuals out

Many of Mr. Bennett's plans have been for people who want a minimum of maintenance, and hardly anybody these days wants to go in for annuals.

Not only are there tired and footballing husbands, but many wives have taken to watching afternoon TV shows.

Merle Reid has developed a good notion for beginners to take the hit-and-miss out of choosing from rose lists and from among tiny native plants.

She has several large wall-boards on which she has very neatly mounted every color picture she has seen over the years of named roses and native plant blooms.



BEVERLEY ROBBINS, who appears with Roland Strong on a TV Quiz show, brings a sick Rex begonia to Mr. Bennett for treatment. The trouble was too much water. Beverley keeps dozens of indoor plants, often consults Mr. Bennett.

Reddish-brown leaf disfiguration

Caused by BLIGHT. Spray with half strength Bordeaux Powder and repeat several times.

Stems cut off at ground level

This could be caused by COCKCHAFER, a creamy-white grub with a brown head generally found curled up in a ball which lives in soil and cuts off anything at ground level, including lawn grass. Apply manurial insecticide around plants and on lawns. Water in.

Or it could be CUTWORM, a jin-long brownish-grey caterpillar found in soil, which cuts off plants at ground level. Apply manurial insecticide around plants and water in.

"Freckled" fruit

FRECKLE makes little patches on fruit just like freckles on human skin. Spray with Bordeaux Powder at petal-fall and later with dual-purpose spray.

Tiny black insects on gladioli

GLADIOLUS THRIPS are minute black crawling insects like ordinary thrips, but harder to move. Spray with a dual-purpose spray.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

Sooty mould

Caused by the MEALY BUG, a sap-sucker which excretes honeydew, encouraging sooty mould. Spray with White Oil. Repeat in 14 days, then follow with several sprayings of a dual-purpose spray.

Curly, disfigured leaves

The cause of LEAF CURL is unknown. Peach trees are the worst sufferers. Spray with Bordeaux Powder at leaf-fall and at pink bud stage.

Mildewed vegetables

Greyish powder found on the foliage of melons, cucumbers, marrows, pumpkins, and also on roses is POWDERY MILDEW. Spray with a dual-purpose spray fortnightly. For roses, use at half strength weekly.

Yellowing, falling leaves

When leaves turn yellow and fall off it could be RED SPIDER, a minute creature found on the underside of leaves. It attacks fruit trees, azaleas, rhododendrons, camellias. Leaves turn yellow and fall off. Winter spray with Dormant Spraying Oil. Summer spray with a dual-

purpose spray. Remember to spray underside of leaves.

Leaves also turn yellow in gardenias, camellias, and rhododendrons because of lack of NITROGEN in the soil. Apply sulphate of ammonia in liquid form in a weak solution, or nitrate of soda (applying strictly according to directions on the packet), or any other fertiliser high in nitrogen content.

Rusty, scabby leaves

RUST attacks the underside of leaves, spreads rather rapidly. Spray with a dual-purpose spray.

Soft, falling tomatoes

TOMATO CATERPILLAR attacks the fruit, which softens and falls. Use Tomato Dust regularly.

"Cotton wool" in fruit trees

WOOLLY APHIDS look like cotton-wool and are found as a rule on apple trees, lodged where branch joins the trunk or on the face of the branch. They can destroy the

Continued overleaf

ARE YOU BORED — JUST PLAIN BORED — WITH THE SAME OLD BREAKFAST?

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Continuing How to save sick plants

tree eventually and will spread throughout an orchard. Spray with a dual-purpose spray every ten days. Spray in winter with Dormant Spraying Oil.

Grubs in fruit

APPLE MOTH and **CODLIN MOTH**—grubs of these moths destroy fruit. Spray whole fruit tree with a mixture of DDT and arsenate of lead at petal-fall. Repeat after 14 days, then use a dual-purpose spray each month until February.

ORIENTAL FRUIT MOTH lays its eggs on fruit and the grubs eat the fruit from stone outwards. Spray with a dual-purpose spray.

PEAR AND CHERRY SLUG is a little black slug, 1/2 in. long, which attacks foliage of cherry, apple, and pear trees, also prunes, chewing holes in the leaves. Spray with DDT and arsenate of lead.

LEAF HOPPER CATERPILLAR and the **LOOPER CATERPILLAR** (which looks like a small hoop) destroy foliage. Spray with DDT and arsenate of lead.

Grubs in vegetables

Green grubs, about 1 in. long, of the **CABBAGE WHITE BUTTERFLY** eat leaves of cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, and some flowers. Derris Dust used every 14 days will protect these vegetables.

PEA MOTH lays its eggs in pea pod. Grubs destroy the peas. Spray with DDT and arsenate of lead after flowering and repeat 10 days later.

Fruit and vegetables eaten

The red-and-black **HARLEQUIN BUG** and the greenish **RUTHERGLEN BEETLE** both eat fruit and vegetables. Spray with a dual-purpose spray.

Chewed flowers and leaves

May be **EARWIGS**, which live in garden rubbish like decaying lawn clippings. Will get into leaves and flowers in great numbers and destroy by chewing. Spray with Dieldrin.

Brown spots on fruit

Little brown spots on apricots, pears, and apples which eventually turn into little rotten patches are caused by **BROWN ROT**, a fungus disease. Spray foliage with a dual-purpose spray. For prevention, spray with Bordeaux Powder at pink-bud stage and petal-fall.

Brown spots or little holes found on citrus fruit could be **SEPTORIA SPOT** and **SEPTORIA PIT**. Spray with Bordeaux Powder at half strength.

Buds falling off fruit trees

Check position of tree in the garden; it could be too dry or too wet. If too wet it will not only lose its buds, it will die.

THRIPS could cause buds to fall, so check for this pest. If present, spray with Dieldrin or a dual-purpose spray (i.e. combined insecticide and fungicide).

Bud drop in citrus can be treated with a proprietary line created especially to combat this. The same treatment can sometimes be effective with gardenias that are dropping their buds.

Browning buds

Browning of buds in camellias and gardenias is a form of fungus disease, often helped along by excess water. Allow the plant to dry out, but not bone dry, and spray with a dual-purpose spray (a combined insecticide and fungicide).

But browning in roses usually means thrips. Spray with Dieldrin or a dual-purpose spray.

Curling seedlings

When stock seedlings curl into hearts this is caused by a fungus disease. Try spraying with fungicide, but if this doesn't help, the only thing to do is to pull out the affected plants and burn them.

Deformed passionfruit, twisted leaves

Deformed fruit and twisted and wrinkled leaves on passionfruit is caused by a virus. There is no cure. Pull out the plant and burn it. Thrips found on cucumbers, melons, and/or marrows cause the passionfruit virus, so burn all old foliage of these vegetables when the crop has been picked. Safest way to avoid being without passion-

fruit is to have two plants growing in the garden. If one succumbs to old age or virus you'll have one left.

Hydrangeas turning pink

When blue hydrangeas go pink there is an excess of lime in the soil. To restore color you must use the bluing fertiliser (several brands available) in the plant's dormant period (between April and August). The color can't be changed once the buds have formed.

Other diseases and pests which attack plants are:

Scale

This is a round black insect that clings in numbers to stalks or under leaves of many plants. Daphne, camellias, and citrus trees are most affected. Spray with White Oil.

Apple scab

This scab which forms on fruit can be destroyed by spraying with Bordeaux Powder at leaf-fall and again at bud-burst.

Byrobia Mite

This is a tiny creamy-white insect that smothers the leaves. Spray with one of the dual-purpose sprays.

Ants

Attracted by the sticky excretion of aphids, ants do not harm the plants but have nuisance value. Spray with 15 per cent. Dieldrin.

Canary Fly

This minute canary-colored fly attacks in millions and is very difficult to control. These flies are sap-suckers and can kill a tea-tree within a week. Spray with Rulene. If tea-tree or any other shrub is badly attacked use White Oil. On vegetables and seedlings use Derris Dust.

Caterpillars

These are the large grubs, and caterpillars sometimes measuring three and four inches long, like the Emperor Gum Moth caterpillars, attack young foliage on liquidambar

commonly grown by home gardeners, should be planted right out in the open in a sunny, well-drained position.

Bad position or bad drainage has a lot to do with lack of flowers. Iris clumps should be divided every year for the best results. If left too long the plants will become stunted and refuse to flower.

Pests of all kinds attack irises—earwigs, both black and green aphids, thrips, slugs, and snails. For earwigs, spray with Dieldrin; for aphids, spray with a dual-purpose spray (insecticide and fungicide combined); for thrips, spray with Dieldrin or a dual-purpose spray.

Feed irises with **ground limestone**, a handful to a square yard. It can be scattered over leaves and rhizomes without any ill-effect.

When buds are showing color use a little blood and bone or, preferably, liquid cow manure or sheep manure, or a proprietary line of liquid fertiliser.

HIBISCUS: If not flowering, look for pests — aphids, thrips, or scale—and check position in garden. Hibiscus should be grown facing north, preferably against a brick wall. They need plenty of water in summer and lots of sunshine.

Hibiscus don't require pruning, except to remove damage done by frost. If the tree is over 6ft. high it will suffer very little; the frost simply prunes it. But in cold districts young plants should be protected by a hessian screen above and around them for their first two winters.

CRABAPPLE, FLOWERING CHERRY AND PEACH, PRUNUS: These are probably in the wrong spot in the garden if they're not flowering. They must have sun, and good drainage is essential. Put in agricultural drains if necessary.

Feeding isn't the answer, nor is pruning. Lack of pruning will not affect flowering. Prune only for shape and size with these trees. If pruning is necessary they should be pruned immediately after flowering.

FRANGIPANI: Again the position in the garden is the reason for not flowering, often combined with bad drainage. Best position in colder climates (where the non-flowering problem usually arises) is under the eaves of a house, facing north. Here the plant gets the direct heat and also the heat reflected from the house wall. In cold climates frosts are the cause of 50 per cent. of frangipani deaths.

Here are the most common mistakes in gardening and their symptoms:

Too much water

Drooping of the whole plant—flowers, leaves, and the ends of small branches. This is followed by yellowing of leaves and finally the plant dies.

Not enough water

The first reaction of the plant is to shed its leaves, then the whole plant slowly dehydrates, twigs and small branches snap off in the hand, and the plant eventually dies.

Not enough room

Growth of plant is not normal; it looks dull and stunted, with no

sheen to leaves. If buds form they are much smaller than normal. Plants transferred from pot to garden suffer from this if not properly soaked before transplanting. The pot soil hardens around the roots, which cannot penetrate to the surrounding garden soil.

To prevent this, soak the pot, tin, or bag containing the plant in water, covering the container completely. Do this for half an hour before planting out. If soil in the pot is dry bubbles rise to the surface of the water. These cease when soil is thoroughly soaked. An old iron tub is ideal for the job.

If the plant is already in the garden and you suspect the roots are confined, lift it out; it will probably still be just as you planted it, with the soil of the pot packed hard round the roots. Use a wooden mallet to hit the hard lump of soil so that it breaks up a little, put it back and give it a good soaking. Do this in wintertime only and after good rain.

With pot-plants, both indoor and outdoor, it's easy for a plant to become pot-bound. If this happens, soak it well (as described above), break up soil with fingers, and repot to the next size; for instance, from a 7in. to an 8in. pot.

Give it hormone plant tonic (Mr. Bennett recommends Formula 20), which induces new feeder roots. It can be used on anything planted or shifted in the garden, even seedlings.

An exception to the repotting rule is the hoyo, which flowers only when it is pot-bound. Leave it in its original container, and immediately the roots show signs of coming out of the bottom of the pot put the pot in a big tub in its permanent position. The roots coming out of the pot can then go into the tub.

A GUIDE TO THE GARDENER'S WORST ENEMIES

and other trees. Spray with DDT and arsenate of lead, then use Derris Dust to keep in check.

Green Vegetable Bug

A dark greenish, slow-moving beetle which sucks stalk and fruit. Spray with a dual-purpose spray.

Slater

Woodlice found in rotting material are blamed for a lot of things they may not do, says Mr. Bennett. People who like to get rid of them should spray with Dieldrin.

Thrips

Thrips are found in roses, carnations, and practically all flowers. A little black crawling insect which sucks the sap from petals. Spray with Dieldrin or a dual-purpose spray.

Potato Moth

A grub which attacks the tuber. Spray with DDT garden spray fortnightly.

Bean Weevil

A 1/2 in.-long brown weevil which attacks the bean pod, burrowing in and destroying the seeds. Apply Derris Dust when weevils appear.

Absence of flowers

IRIS: Japanese iris like the puddle edge of a pond or somewhere equally damp, but the bearded iris, most



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ONKAPARINGA BLANKETS, RUGS AND DRESSING GOWNS ARE AVAILABLE FROM 2,600 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

On cold winter nights, the steaming fragrance of a savory, tempting soup says "welcome home" to the family in the warmest way of all.

SOUPS, full of nourishment, with good, rich flavor, are substantial and satisfying enough to make a meal in themselves. So important are they to hearty masculine appetites that one famous gourmet has declared "a woman who can't make soups should not be allowed to marry."

But good soups are simple to prepare; the essential ingredient for most soups is a well-flavored stock, which good cooks keep on hand because, in addition to its use in soup-making, it adds flavor to sauces and many made dishes.

Basic recipes for good brown and white stocks are given below.

If you haven't time to make home-made, slow-simmered stock, then you'll find bouillon cubes, canned, or packet soup a quickly prepared and satisfactory substitute.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure are used in the following recipes.

SOUP GARNISHES AND "GO-WITHS"

Attractive garnishes enable a basic soup to be presented in different guises, so each time it seems new. Float a spoonful of salted whipped cream on top of steaming tomato soup; sprinkle shredded, toasted almonds on top of chicken or cream soups; add tiny dumplings, croutons, grated cheese, a dusting of nutmeg or paprika, sliced black or green olives to beef soup; thin little rounds of frankfurter to pea soup.

And, to go with soup: hot fingers of cheese toast, grilled until the cheese is golden-brown and bubbly; small cheese crackers, spread with a mixture of butter and curry powder or anchovy paste, slipped under the grill for a minute or so until heated through; small pretzels, oven-heated; melba toast, thick slices of a fresh french loaf.

GOOD BROWN STOCK

One pound shin of beef, 1 lb. beef bones, 2 carrots, 2 onions, few cloves, 1 stalk celery, 1 turnip, 1 bayleaf, few sprigs parsley, 4 quarts water, salt and pepper, fat for frying.

Chop shin of beef roughly, combine with chopped bones and vegetables. Melt some fat in large baking-pan, add beef, bones, seasonings, and vegetables; cook, stirring often, until all ingredients are well browned. Transfer to large saucepan, add the water, bring quickly to the boil; skim all scum as it rises. Add salt and pepper to taste. Reduce heat, simmer gently 4 to 5 hours. Skim well, strain.

HEARTY SOUPS are simple to prepare, with fresh vegetables, good stock, dried beans, a pinch of herbs and spices as the main ingredients. See recipes below.

SOUP—makes a meal in itself

GOOD WHITE STOCK

One large knuckle of veal or about 3 lb. good, meaty veal bones, 1 onion, 2 carrots, few peppercorns, bayleaf, few sprigs of parsley, 3 quarts water, salt to taste.

Have veal knuckle or bones chopped; place them in large saucepan with the water, bring to boil, removing all scum as it rises. When all scum has been removed add remaining ingredients. Bring to boil again, reduce heat and simmer 4 to 5 hours. Skim again, strain stock.

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

One tablespoon butter, 2 large onions, 1 dessertspoon flour, 3 pints brown stock, salt and pepper to taste, toasted rounds of french bread, grated parmesan or cheddar cheese.

Cut onions into thick slices. Melt butter in saucepan, add onions, cook until onions are nicely browned. Stir in flour; gradually add stock. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cover, cook gently 20 minutes. Serve in hot bowls, each garnished with toasted round of bread topped with grated cheese.

AMERICAN CORN CHOWDER

One and a half cups canned whole-kernel corn, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 cups boiling water or stock, 3 potatoes (cut into cubes), 1½ teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 3 cups scalded milk.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion, saute until lightly browned. Add boiling water, potatoes, and seasoning; cook 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add corn and milk. Bring slowly to boiling point, but do not boil.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

One bunch spinach, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2½ tablespoons flour, 2½ cups milk, 1 onion, few sprigs parsley, salt, pepper, pinch grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon sugar, squeeze lemon juice, cheese toast fingers.

Wash spinach, remove white stalks; cut up spinach roughly. Place in saucepan (the water clinging to leaves after washing is sufficient moisture), sprinkle lightly with salt; cook gently until tender. Rub through strainer. Melt butter, blend in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, finely chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Bring slowly to boil, stirring; simmer 10 minutes. Fold in spinach puree, nutmeg, sugar, and lemon juice. Serve hot with hot fingers of cheese toast.

HEARTY MINTED PEA SOUP

One cup split peas, 3 quarts water, ham or bacon bones and bacon pieces, ½ cup chopped onions, bouquet garni (1 bayleaf, parsley sprigs, green celery leaves), 1 chopped carrot, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups milk, finely chopped mint, fried croutons.

Wash peas, soak overnight in water to cover. Next day drain peas, cover with the 3 quarts water. Add ham bone or bacon bones and pieces, bouquet garni, onion, carrot. Bring slowly to boil, reduce heat and simmer very gently until peas are tender, stirring occasionally. Discard bones and bouquet garni, press soup through fine mesh sieve; keep hot. In another saucepan melt butter, stir in flour, cook over low heat until thoroughly blended but not brown. Stir milk in

gradually, stirring constantly until mixture boils and thickens slightly. Blend into soup, adjust seasoning if necessary; cook 5 minutes; do not allow to boil. Serve topped with finely chopped mint and croutons.

COUNTRY-STYLE VEGETABLE CHOWDER

Four slices bacon, 1½ lb. chopped, skinned tomatoes, ½ cup shelled peas and ½ cup washed green pea pods, ½ cup thinly sliced onion, 1-3rd cup each chopped celery and green pepper, ½ cup green beans cut in small pieces, ½ cup thinly sliced carrots, ½ cup thinly shredded cabbage, 4 pints brown stock, bayleaf, salt and pepper to taste.

Chop bacon, saute in large saucepan until crisp; add all other ingredients. Cook gently until vegetables are tender. Taste for seasoning; serve at once.

ITALIAN VEGETABLE SOUP

Three potatoes, 3 tomatoes, ½ lb. beans, 2½ quarts water, ½ lb. vermicelli, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 clove garlic, ½ teaspoon basil, 1 tablespoon tomato paste, 1 tablespoon olive or salad oil, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese.

Combine in saucepan the beans (cut in 1 in. chunks), peeled, sliced potatoes, peeled, chopped tomatoes, and water; cook over medium heat 15 minutes. Add vermicelli, salt and pepper; cook further 15 minutes. Mix garlic, basil, and tomato paste in bowl; add the oil, drop by drop, mixing steadily. When mixture is smooth, add to soup gradually, stirring constantly. Serve hot, sprinkled with grated parmesan cheese.

Continued overleaf

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I have received all your letters, but none has affected me like the last. How can you think, my charmer, of writing me in such terms? Do you believe that my position is not already painful enough without further increasing my regrets and subverting my reason? What eloquence, what feelings you portray; they are of fire, they inflame my poor heart! My unique Josephine, away from you there is no more joy—away from thee the world is a wilderness, in which I stand alone . . . you have robbed me of more than my soul; you are the one only thought of my life. When I am weary of the worries of my profession . . . when men disgust me, when I am ready to curse my life, I put my hand on my heart where your portrait beats in unison. I look at it, and love is for me complete happiness . . .

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SOUP— makes a meal in itself

(from previous page)

CONSOMME, clear and full of flavor, to serve hot or cold as a meal-starter to whet appetites.



FRANKFURTER-BEAN SOUP WITH DUMPLINGS

One cup haricot beans, 2 quarts beef stock, 2 sliced carrots, 2 chopped onions, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon water, 3 frankfurters.

Soak beans overnight in water to cover; drain. Place in saucepan with stock, carrots. Cook over low heat 2 hours. Remove 1 cup of the beans, force through sieve; return to the soup. In separate saucepan melt butter or substitute, add onions, and saute until brown, stirring; sprinkle over 1 tablespoon of flour, stir until smooth. Gradually add 1 cup of the soup, mix well; return contents of saucepan to soup. Add salt, pepper, and paprika. Cook over low heat 1 hour.

Sift remaining flour into bowl. Add egg beaten with the tablespoon water, mix to smooth paste. Knead until dough is smooth and does not stick to fingers. Roll out very thin on lightly floured board; let stand, covered, 45 minutes. Pinch off small pieces of dough and drop into boiling soup; cook until they float to surface. Add sliced frankfurters, heat through.

TOMATO-OXTAIL SOUP

Two oxtails, flour, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2½ cups tomato juice (or 1 large can tomato soup with water added to make 2½ cups), 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup each diced carrots, turnips, onions, and celery, 1 cup diced potatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Cut oxtails into pieces, roll in flour. Brown slowly in hot butter or substitute, add tomato juice or soup, water, and lemon juice. Simmer gently approximately 3 hours or until meat is tender. Remove meat from bones, return to soup; add vegetables and seasonings, simmer further 45 minutes. Skim well, or let stand until cold, remove fat from top of soup; reheat.

MAIN-MEAL MINSTRONE

Two quarts beef stock, ½ lb. pork or bacon cut in thick slices, ½ lb. kidney beans, ½ cup tomato purée, ½ cup each of the following, all coarsely chopped — carrots, potatoes, cabbage, onion, tomatoes, celery, green pepper; salt and pepper to taste.

In large saucepan place kidney beans, stock, and pork or bacon. Bring to boil, cover, simmer approximately 3 hours. Drain, reserve stock. Force half the beans through sieve. Combine with reserved stock and all other ingredients, add salt and pepper; bring to boil. Cover, simmer 1 hour.

CHINESE CHOP SUEY SOUP

Half-pound lean pork, ½ lb. giblets, ½ lb. shelled, cooked prawns, small piece green ginger, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 2½ pints chicken stock (or use packaged chicken soup), salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup finely shredded green cabbage.

Cut pork into thin slices, chop giblets finely. Combine with soy sauce, stock, and ginger; simmer 1 hour. Five minutes before serving, stir in cabbage and prawns; bring to boil quickly, add salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once.

BOUILLABAISSE

One and a half pounds tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 3 finely chopped onions, 2 cloves garlic (crushed or minced), ½ cup olive or salad oil, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon saffron, pinch pepper, 3 lb. assorted varieties of fish (do not include any of the oily varieties such as mullet), 2 quarts boiling water, 1 lobster (cut into small pieces), 1 lb. prawns (shelled), 1 cup white wine.

Heat oil; add onions, tomato, and garlic, cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add bayleaf, salt, saffron, pepper, fish, and boiling water; add lobster, cook 10 minutes. Add prawns and wine, stir to combine, but gently so fish pieces are not broken up. Taste, correct seasoning if necessary. Ladle pieces of fish, lobster, and some prawns into each plate, top with the hot soup.

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP

One small cauliflower, boiling salted water; 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 pints milk, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup cooked rice, finely chopped parsley.

Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Blanch 3 or 4 minutes in boiling salted water just to cover; drain, reserve the water. Melt butter in saucepan, add flowerets, saute 5 to 8 minutes over gentle heat (do not allow to brown). Sprinkle flour over, mix through gently, then gradually stir in reserved cauliflower water; cook over low heat 25 minutes. Reserve few small flowerets for garnish. Push remainder through fine sieve with liquid. Return to heat, stir in milk and continue cooking at low heat 10 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add nutmeg; beat in slightly beaten egg-yolks, stir in rice; cook, stirring, a few minutes; add reserved flowerets, heat through. Serve sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

MUSHROOM BISQUE

One pound mushrooms, 3 cups water, 1 thick slice onion, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup flour, 2 cups milk, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 egg-yolk, whipped cream to garnish.

Clean and chop mushrooms. Add water, onion, and salt; simmer ½ hour. Press through medium sieve. In separate saucepan, melt butter and blend in flour; gradually add milk, cook, stirring, until thick. Add sieved mushrooms and liquor; add paprika. Beat egg-yolk, gradually blend in, season to taste. Serve, in hot bowls, garnished with spoonful of whipped cream.

DELICIOUS BEEF CONSOMME

One pound gravy beef, 1½ lb. beef bones, 2 quarts water, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 thin slice garlic, ½ parsnip, 1 stalk of celery, 1 bayleaf, 2 leeks, few sprigs parsley, few peppercorns.

Combine gravy beef, chopped bones, and water. Slowly bring to boil, let boil gently 3 or 4 minutes, skimming carefully. Make sure all scum has been removed, then add vegetables, which have been finely chopped, and seasonings. Again bring to boil, reduce heat as low as possible, simmer 3 to 3½ hours. (The clearness of consommé will depend upon slowness of simmering.) Taste, adjust seasonings if necessary.

The soup can be served as a vegetable soup; or, to make consommé, strain soup; cool, and when ready to use, remove thin layer of fat from surface, reheat slowly.

CONTINENTAL TOMATO-RICE SOUP

One pound beef bones, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 7 cups water, 2 lb. tomatoes, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup sour cream, 1 cup hot cooked rice, 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

Place bones, chopped carrot and onion, cabbage, and water in saucepan. Bring to boil, skim top carefully. Cook over low heat 1 hour. Add skinned, chopped tomatoes, salt and pepper; continue gentle cooking further 45 minutes. Remove bones, force soup through sieve. Mix sour cream and flour to smooth paste; add 1 cup of soup, stirring constantly. Return this to remainder of soup, mixing well. Heat, but do not allow to boil. Place some rice in each soup plate, pour hot soup over, sprinkle with chives.

SAVORY FISH SOUP

Half-pound fish fillets (thinly sliced), 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon salad oil, 5 cups chicken or white stock, half a small lettuce, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, pinch pepper, salt to taste.

Cut fish fillets into strips about 1 in. x 2 in. Mix together thoroughly with cornflour, oil, soy sauce, ground ginger, salt and pepper. Let stand 10 minutes. Bring stock to boil, stir in finely shredded lettuce, simmer 3 minutes. Stir in seasoned fish slices, simmer 5 minutes.

SHERRIED KIDNEY SOUP

One pound ox kidney, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, ½ cup sherry, 5 pints brown stock, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon flour, water, chopped parsley.

Cut kidney into small dice, removing core. Saute with chopped onion in hot butter until browned. Add stock, sherry, parsley, salt and pepper; simmer gently 1½ hours. Mix flour with little water to blend, stir into soup; simmer further 10 to 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot sprinkled with chopped parsley.

CREAM OF VEGETABLE SOUP

One and a half cups cooked finely chopped or pureed vegetables, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1½ tablespoons melted butter, 3 cups milk.

Melt butter in pan, stir in flour, cook 1 minute, stir in milk and cook, stirring, until mixture is smooth and thickened. Add vegetables, salt and pepper, heat thoroughly. Stir until smooth.

CONSOMME MADRILENE

One tablespoon gelatine, 5 cups good beef stock, 2 tablespoons tomato paste, 2 tomatoes (sliced), ½ cup red wine, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 peppercorns, 3 egg-whites, tomato, mint to garnish.

Add gelatine to 1 cup stock, let stand 5 minutes to soften. Add to remaining stock with tomato paste, sliced tomatoes, wine, vinegar, bayleaf, salt, and peppercorns. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry. Add to soup. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly, over low heat. Remove from heat, let stand 10 minutes. Pour through a damp cloth. Chill until slightly thickened. Spoon into individual serving bowls, garnish with finely shredded tomato and chopped mint.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

Prize awarded for curry

• A recipe for a delicious meat curry full of vegetables and spices wins the £5 prize for a New Zealand reader this week.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for a banana coffee cake to serve either as a snack with cream or as a cake, an ice-cream made without sugar, and a bottled mint sauce.

All spoon measurements are level.

WINTER BEEF CURRY

One and a half pounds beef (steak, blade, etc.), 2 tablespoons oil, 1 small carrot (cut into 1 chopped leek (or finely chopped onion), 1 small apple (cored), 1 tablespoon raisins, 1 cup shredded cabbage, 1 tomato (diced), 2 tablespoons coconut, 1½ cups meat stock or water, 2 teaspoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon flour, hot half-boiled rice.

Melt fat in pan, add meat which has been cut into service-sized pieces, brown well. Stir in flour and curry powder, mix well. Add stock for until mixture boils. Mix in carrot, leek, apple, raisins, cabbage, tomato, coconut, sugar, vinegar and seasoning. Cover, simmer until meat is tender (about 45 minutes). Serve with hot rice.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Watt, 11 Tairua St., Strathmore, Wellington, N.Z.

BANANA COFFEE CAKE

Six ounces self-raising flour, ½ cup sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 beaten egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 4 firm bananas.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into bowl, rub in butter. Combine egg and milk, add to flour mixture, stir until all ingredients are evenly mixed. Spread into greased and floured lamington-tin, cover with sliced bananas; add topping mixture. Bake in moderate oven 30-40 minutes. Serve warm as a snack, cut into squares and with whipped cream; or allow to cool and cut into slices and serve as cake.

Topping: Two ounces butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1-3rd cup plain flour, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ½ cup chopped walnuts (optional).

Sift sugar, flour, and cinnamon together, rub in butter or substitute and add walnuts. Sprinkle over cake mixture.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. Athol, 191 Cobham St., Horsley Park, N.S.W.

NON-FATTENING ICE-CREAM

One teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 8 tablespoons skimmed milk powder, 10oz. water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 to 2 dessertspoons liquid sweetener.

Special recipe for dieters

FISH, poached in wine, topped with sautéed mushrooms, is a simply prepared, good-tasting dish. Calories are low.

FILLETS OF FLOUNDER WITH MUSHROOMS

Two pounds flounder fillets, 1lb. mushrooms, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup dry white wine, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt and pepper.

Wipe fish with clean damp cloth. (If using frozen fish, thaw as directed on package.) Clean and slice mushrooms, mince in the heated butter until lightly browned and tender. Place fish fillets in casserole, spoon over mushrooms. Combine remaining ingredients, pour over fish. Cover, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until fish flakes. Serve immediately.

Serves 6; calories per serving, 191.

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Whisk powdered milk into the 10oz. water and continue whisking until smooth and free from lumps. Add gelatine mixture and vanilla; mix well. Pour into ice-cream trays and place in freezer. When mixture has set lightly (after about 2 hours), pour into basin and beat until doubled in quantity. Add liquid sweetening to taste, freeze until firm.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Cliffe, 64 Harrington St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

BOTTLED MINT SAUCE

One cup mint leaves, 1 cup malt vinegar, 1 cup golden syrup, little salt.

Wash mint well, dry, then chop finely. Put into bowl. Boil together the malt vinegar and golden syrup and gradually stir into mint. Season with a little salt. Pour into small jars which have been warmed. Seal down when cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Schultz, 2 Hamilton Street, Toowoomba, Qld.



MEAT CURRY is a prizewinner. Recipe at left.

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a pleasure with him from which Stretton knew he would always be excluded. A pang of jealousy lanced him briefly.

"Come on — you're swimming — come on — I'm not holding you," droned Twyford.

DAVID's face was set in grim concentration. Perhaps he was swimming, but he didn't trust the instructor altogether. He would like to believe what the man said, though he felt safer and nearer success with his mother holding him. But if only he really could manage it without her, he bet she would be surprised and pleased. Somehow today he'd got to swim.

Water slapped over his face, stinging his eyes, and going up his nose. He coughed, and clutched the hairy arm near him.

"Come on — don't stop —

Continued from page 29

keep kicking — you're still swimming — I'm not holding you — come on . . ."

The hand thrust him over again on to his chest and surprisingly he was still on the water, not under it, moving laboriously forward, until, gasping, he was able to close his fingers round the grey metal handrail attached to the glazed tiles of the pool.

Twyford ruffled the boy's wet hair.

"Good boy. That's it. You're swimming."

"I'm jolly well not," said David emphatically.

Twyford laughed.

"What do you call it then?"

"You were holding me."

"Only now and again. You're swimming, I tell you."

The boy searched the man's grinning, pug-nosed face. Desperately he wanted to believe him.

SECOND OPINION

"Do . . . do you think I could get across . . . all on my own?"

The instructor looked at the thin arms and legs. He was a skinny little fellow and small for his age. There was no natural talent. He was too eager, highly strung. He wasn't ready for a solo try yet. If he went under it might break his confidence for a long time. He'd have been easier to coax in baths with the usual shallow end. Stanley Court was a club pool designed for the adult residents in the block. This little chap was out of his depth in it anywhere. On the other hand, a game trier usually made a good swimmer eventually. He ruffled David's hair again.

"I think you might," he said.

"Honestly? No kidding?"

"We'll see in a minute," said Twyford. "You get your

breath back and practise your leg-stroke holding on to the rail, while I go and show those girls what's wrong with their diving. All right?"

"All right," said David.

Twyford left him at the side of the pool, and with an easy professional crawl made for the springboard at the deeper end where three buxom teenagers were producing deafening belly-flops amid shouting and laughter. David waved up at his father, a lone spectator in the gallery, and then manufactured a small fountain with his kicking heels.

The noise, inseparable from the quaint astringent tang of chlorine, suddenly, and with deadly detail, wrested from Stretton the memory of an afternoon in the school baths at Meresbury twenty-five years ago. The terror of that half-hour of schoolboy justice meted out with relentless vigor came rushing back to him. He closed his eyes as he remembered and felt anew the painful sensation of constriction.

His great mistake — and to his fellows his great crime — was to write to his father.

The consequences, he now realised were inevitable. It was part of the accepted pattern. He deserved it. He still believed he deserved it. The system wasn't wrong. It produced the best sort of people — the salt of the earth. He was glad he was one of them. He was glad David was going to be one of them.

He opened his eyes to look at his son, but the boy must have climbed out and gone back to his cubicle. Twyford was still up at the other end of the pool. He watched the instructor demonstrate the stance and spring from the edge of the board, and the clean arrow-like descent until he cleaved the water faultlessly. Then, in one overwhelming shock of realisation Stretton saw something new and familiar a short distance out from the side of the bath just below him. The boy's head came above the surface for a second and with casual languor sank beneath it again.

INCREDULOUS

Stretton leapt up. For a splintered fragment of time he tried to convince himself that David was somehow doing this intentionally, that it was a childish prank to frighten everyone, that shortly everyone would come up again, as laughing prove his muscles by striking out for the base rail. But he could see the thin arms and legs moving silent and ineffectually under the water, their shapes curious distorted by the refraction total submersion.

Panic encircled Stretton sucking him into the blackness of it. His son, David, was drowning, not through son

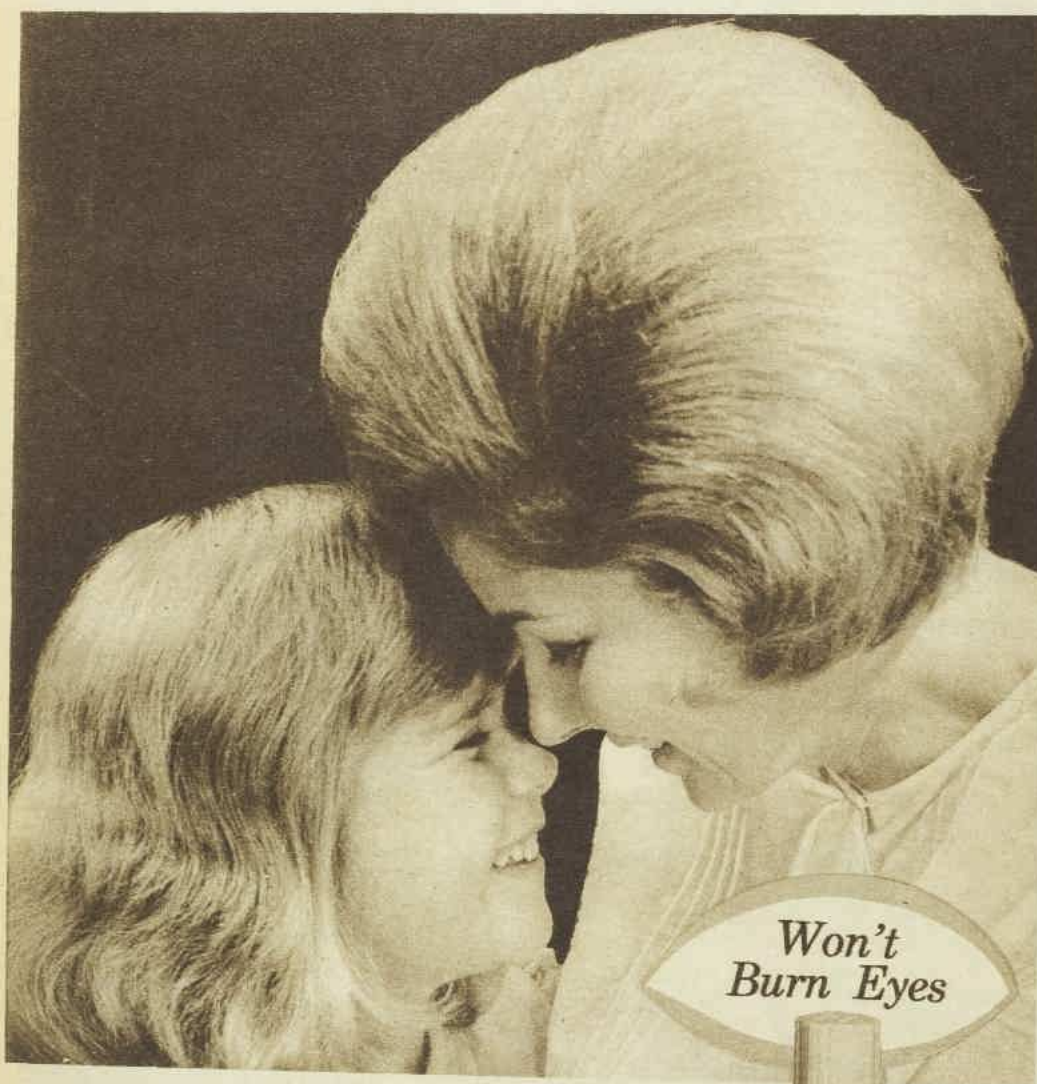
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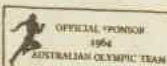


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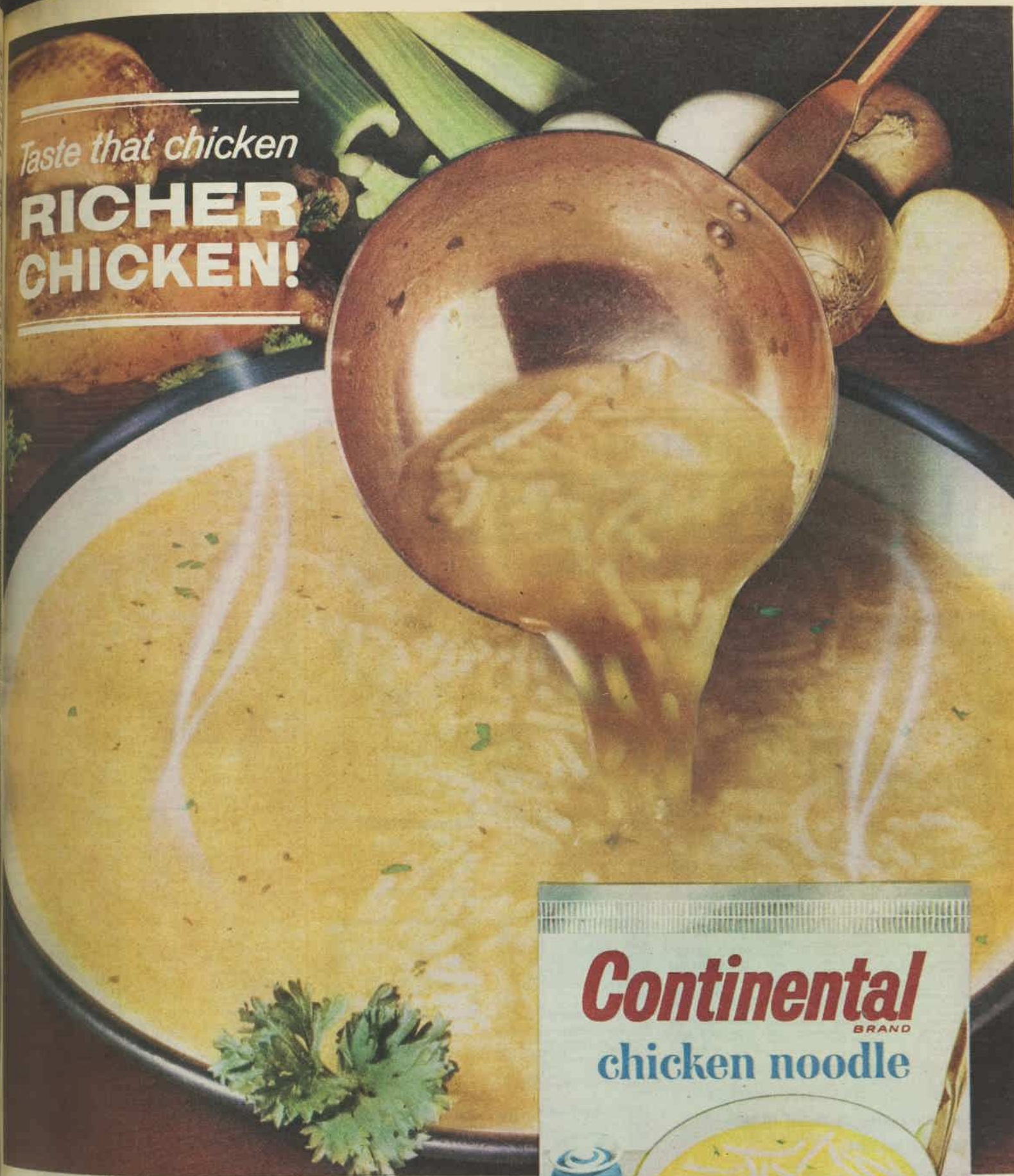
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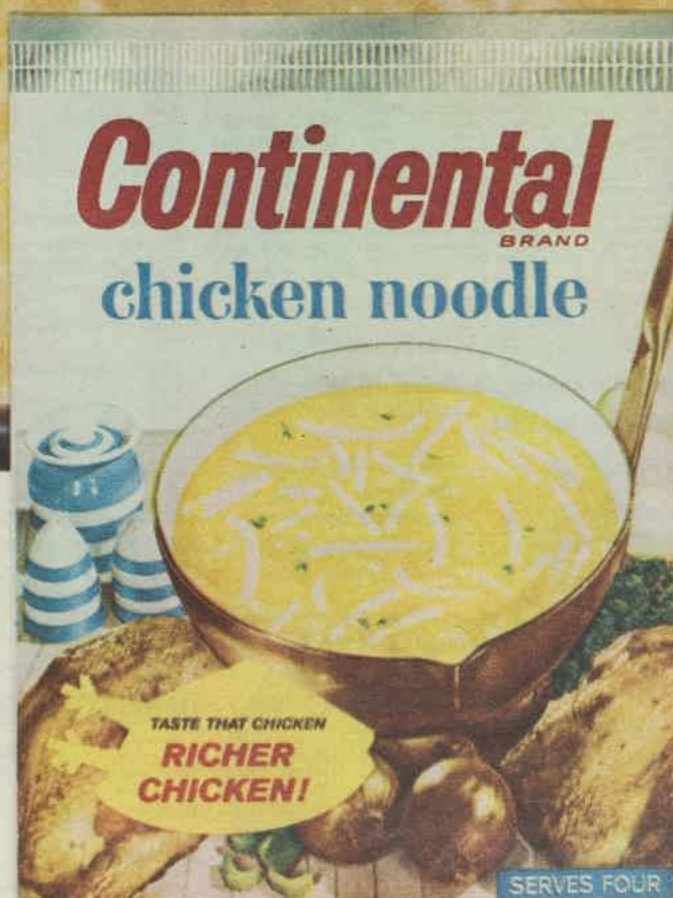
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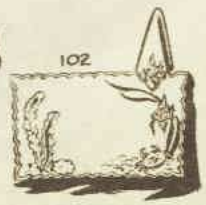
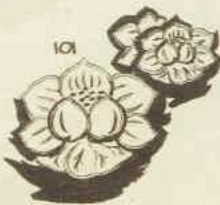
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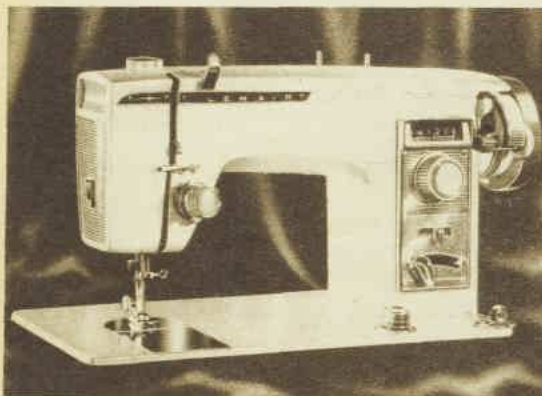
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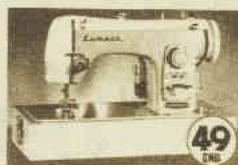
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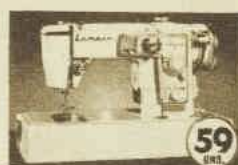
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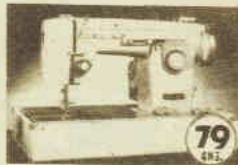
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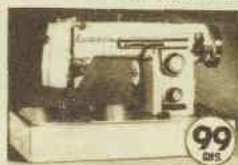
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SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 52

understandable natural disaster like a storm, a wreck, a current, but in a few feet of water in a blue-tiled artificial man-made grave, amid shouts of carefree fun and within an arm's length of safety.

He called out hoarsely and uselessly his son's name and then frantically shouted for Twyford, but this only obliterated a feeble scream from below as David's head briefly appeared again.

In a stumbling, desperate clatter, he tore down the wooden steps. At the bottom he burst open the door at the near end of the pool and bounded to the edge. The boy was still down there under the surface, but he seemed farther out from the side than had appeared from above. He couldn't possibly reach him with his hand. All he could do was jump in. Now. Imperatively. While there might still be time. But a dark paralysis shackled him to wet coco-matting under his feet. Feebly his dry lips mouthed the names over which he had had such argument with Isobel.

"David! David, boy! David!"

Twyford was suddenly beside the now weakly moving body in the water. Expertly he lifted it up and carried it to the side. Miraculously, it seemed to Stretton, the limp body changed into a struggling and very much alive little boy. David took a deep whistling breath and then let out a piercing wail.

"Is he all right?" gasped Stretton.

"Yes." The instructor's voice was knowledgeable, matter-of-fact. "Swallowed it, instead of trying to breathe it. Look at his stomach."

He sat the trembling, blubbery child on the edge of the pool in front of Stretton. "It's all right, David," said Stretton, and added—more for his own relief than the boy's—"It's over now. It's all over."

David abruptly stopped crying and with a great heave, brought up at least two pints of pool-water, splashing Stretton's shoes and trousers.

"Now you feel better, don't you?" asked Twyford.

David rubbed a hand across his mouth and answered doubtfully.

"Yes—a bit."

"Come on then. Let's swim across to the other side."

David cringed from the two strong hands which held his arms.

"What's the matter? You can swim, you know."

"I can't! I can't! I knew I couldn't! You said I could, but I knew I couldn't!" He began to cry again. "And I don't ever want to! Never!"

"Of course you do," argued Twyford. "Come on."

But the boy stood up, pulling himself free.

"Naturally he doesn't feel like it now," cut in Stretton. "Go and get dressed, David."

Still sobbing, David tottered away from the side of the pool, his feet making slapping sounds on the cleanly washed flooring. When he had shut and bolted the wooden doors of his cubicle he wrapped the rough towel round himself and then made a very simple private vow. As long as he lived he'd never go in a swimming-pool again. He muttered it over and over to himself as he tugged at his socks, which refused to go properly over his partially

dried feet. That horrible stupid man. If Mummy had been there it wouldn't have happened. And now when they met her at the coffee bar he wouldn't be able to tell her he'd learnt to swim and what was worse he'd probably be the only new boy at Winfield who couldn't. He fought back the hot tears behind his eyes. The friendly safe world he knew seemed suddenly very much bigger and colder. His teeth chattered uncontrollably, and with painful wisdom he made the discovery that both things and people could let you down.

"That was a very silly thing to do, Mr. Stretton."

"What do you mean?"

"Not letting the boy come in the water again."

"Good heavens, man! He nearly drowned. Couldn't you see he was terrified?"

"Of course he was. But he'd gone in again straight away, the shock of it would have died down. As it is, it may be a long time before you'll get that boy in the water again."

"He certainly won't be allowed to run the same risk again in this pool."

SLOWLY Twyford's eyes met Stretton's—anger lighting up its counter part in each pair.

"Are you implying it was my fault?"

"I fail to see how it was anyone else's. You left a young boy, out of his depth, unattended," said Stretton.

"I told him not to let go of the rail! He must have tried a few strokes on his own."

"You shouldn't have left him on his own!"

"Why didn't you jump in and get him, then? You were nearer than what I was!"

"Because I can't swim!"

Stretton turned away, cursing the admission he'd been forced to make, and which by devious means he had kept secret from David. Twyford's sudden burst of laughter was derisive, coarse, vulgar.

"You can't swim?" He cocked his head sideways.

"You can stand, though, can't you, Mr. Stretton? It would only come halfway up your chest at this end."

"How did I know that? You can't tell by looking at it, can you?"

It was an empty, feeble, unintelligent excuse.

"Only if you can't read," said Twyford.

Stretton's rage turned inward as he saw the contempt on the other's face.

"Anyway, Mr. Stretton, finished the instructor quietly, victory now his, "your son's got pluck."

He turned, stood on his toes, and plunged into the blue dappled water. Smothering his humiliation, Stretton walked stiffly toward the door leading to the gallery where he had left his camera. On his way his eyes flicked over something he had known was there all the time. It was a white square about a foot high, painted on the tiles at the end of the pool, just above the water-level. It bore in clear black figures the unambiguous legend—'4' 6"'

To page 56

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

MOTHERS! You CAN step off the merry-go-round

● A mother tells how her life became so cluttered and exhausting with "organisational" activities that she found running her home a burden. She tells, too, what she did to solve the problem.

MY story is a simple one and I am sure some which is experienced by dozens of mothers everywhere in this modern age.

I live in a small country town, population approximately 3000, and 250 miles from Sydney.

When my husband and I first came to live here we had two small children and we found ourselves accepted into country hospitality straight away.

There were numerous organisations and my husband became a member of a Service club almost immediately.

Due to the small population, and the fact that so many of this population were what is known as "newcomers", any newcomer to town was gladly seized, hence my ready acceptance.

After twelve months we were stock and discovered that between us we now belonged to several charitable organisations each working for a good cause.

In addition, I was teaching at Sunday school, as at the time there was a definite shortage of teachers, and, since my own two youngsters belonged, I accepted the fact that it was my obligation to help.

All told, we were VERY busy, and there really was never a dull or idle moment. However, soon the time came for our daughter to go to school.

No family life

When I enrolled her I found, with other mothers, a brisk little pep talk about belonging to the Mothers' Club, which was necessary to help the children along in their school work, since the funds we raised made it possible to buy modern equipment for them.

This, of course, entailed functions to raise the money to buy the equipment.

In no time I found myself an eager beaver behind a stall, having first done a stint at home making cakes and tiffins to sell.

It was all very well. We raised the money—the children got a new piano for kindergarten.

I ignored the fact that I seemed to be doing more and more household chores at night.

Two busy years passed and then my son started school and my daughter moved up to the higher-grade school.

By this time I was an old hand at the Mothers' Club, and had been put on the committee.

However, I now found that I had to join the P. and C. at the new school for my daughter's sake. This meant a night meeting monthly, and more functions, and more cake-making.

Needless to say, I had lots of fun during these busy times and met countless people who are now my firm friends.

However, we were all looking ragged around the edges, particularly the poor mothers with children at the High School as well as the two lower grades.

You will wonder why I continued to attend meetings and help at functions, but basically I believed that I owed it to my children to give them support.

I also cherished the belief that they liked to see their mother wrapping up tiffins or behind a hoop-la stall.

Around about this time my daughter became a member of the Brownies, and in due course my son joined the Cubs.

They loved it, so (yes, you've guessed it!) mother became a member of the corresponding organisations to raise funds to keep them going.

I found wherever I went I seemed to be meeting the same people and we all had the same catch-cry: "It's always left to the same ones."

Meanwhile, my husband had not been idling his time away and had an executive job with his Service organisation, which involved travelling to surrounding clubs regularly and holding meetings at home, also regularly.

We now found that any time he was free at night I was out on some charitable mission, and as a result our family life was getting to a negative stage.

Then I took stock of what we were doing.

Surely it wasn't necessary for me to be ironing every night and baking so many cakes. Other women seemed to be having lots of fun in their lives, while I was burdened with committees and endless phone conversations relating to how many buns to order for tuckshop, etc.

I was becoming irritable with my family, and it became an effort for me to keep us all in clean clothes, as I was forever running around

the town doing chores for some organisation.

All the books and articles I had read on child management stressed how necessary it was to take an interest in your children, but wasn't I overdoing it?

Didn't the fact that my children were calling me cranky mean I couldn't cope?

Learn to refuse

So I pulled up short and reconsidered.

How had I got into this constant whirl? The answer was by never saying "No."

So there and then I started to change my mode of living.

Firstly I gave up teaching at the Sunday school. Strangely enough, they seem to manage quite well without me!

Then I had a talk with my children and pointed out that I would be far more agreeable if I dropped out of the school organisations and ceased being behind a counter at every function.

In future I would be on the other side — buying and not selling.

I would donate to all the functions, either by baking

the inevitable cake or, if time did not permit, with cash. But I would not take an active part.

The children didn't mind one scrap — perhaps because they are older.

Anyway, that was a beginning. I decided it WAS important to be an active member of the children's youth organisations, as I believe they are doing so much

to mould character, which, after all, is so essential to a balanced adult.

I now find that by confining my interest wholly and solely to two organisations I have more time with my family. I am not under pressure the whole time, and, moreover, I have not lost any friends in the process.

So, mothers, be brave enough to step off the merry-go-round and decide exactly what you want to do.

Don't be high-pressured into doing your bit because Mrs. Jones asks you — a polite refusal will not offend anyone, particularly if you explain where your interests lie.

You will be a far better wife and mother if you have an iron in your hand instead of a phone, and, rest assured, there will always be "the same ones" to take your place.

"It's fun to be old"

● I must say I do like being called a senior citizen. It's nicer than being referred to as an old geezer, isn't it?

PEOPLE are rather apt to overlook the age benefits which are not strictly financial, I find. But it's surprising how they all add up.

Take those awful outings to the beach, for example, crammed up in the family car. How delightful it is to see everyone else going, remarking gently that perhaps I'll be better off at home — whereas in reality I wouldn't go if you paid me.

I wave the party off and stroll buoyantly back into the house for a lovely peaceful cup of tea.

Then how nice it is to pass unnoticed in a crowd and to give up struggling at last with one's face and figure. I may be wearing odd stockings of the wrong color, but who cares? No one gives me a second glance, especially below the knee.

Not only can I wear what I like, but by carefully cultivating a slight touch of imbecility I can also do what I like.

They "make allowances" — and so they jolly well ought to. And I'm so fragile — especially when there's only one really comfortable chair in the room. Just imagine the condition of their consciences if they allowed me to prop myself up on one of those hard shiny ones!

I am really doing them

good without letting them suspect it. I'm an "outlet," you understand.

How selfish they are, they suddenly think contritely, and they come dashing round at full speed with a cake or a bunch of flowers.

They feel wonderful when they saunter back home again, humming a little tune. If everyone thought of others, they say to themselves smugly, what a wonderful world it would be.

"So sweet am I"

And I'm so sweet — always talking about how much I have to be thankful for, as they assist me up the steps or fish my glasses up from the side of the armchair.

After all, it's jolly beneficial to their spare tyres — all that exercise zooming around with my lawn-mower or scraping the weeds off my gravel path.

But, of course, throughout it all I preserve my sturdy sense of independence. That's what they admire so much.

What I'm usually doing in actual practice is to get rid of them when I can't stand them a moment longer.

They don't tumble to this, however. "How gallant she is, all alone there with the cat and the budgie," they murmur sentimentally as they take themselves off at last.

I'd have screamed had they stayed a moment longer.



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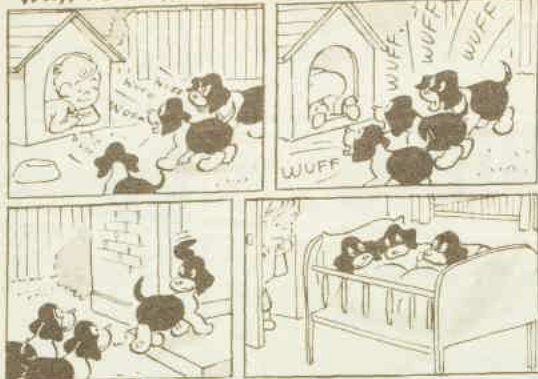


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The Bulletin THE MAGAZINE FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE!

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Stretton chose a table near the window. He could watch the street and so have warning of Isobel's arrival. He needed to be properly prepared with the right gesture, the correct expression of admiration, the appropriate words of male homage; safeguards against friction; against the endless apportioning of blame for loss of love; love given, taken, withdrawn, withheld, withered, but still not dead; moribund but not yet having the total morbidity of indifference.

David hadn't referred to the incident at the pool. If necessary, what had happened could be described in its proper context to Isobel later. If it all came out badly, unprepared, at this juncture, there

might well be a scene. The thought of what Isobel was sometimes capable of doing in public made his hands clammy.

What she could do in private was worse, of course, but more easily endurable. The world didn't see and, therefore, didn't know. The front, the all-important front, could be held in the battle of conformity and accepted behaviour. And to Stretton what was accepted was invariably right. Save in special circumstances, like those at the pool. In special circumstances behaviour could be wrongly judged. But he could never explain those circumstances to Isobel, or to David.

"Daddy, could I have a Riviera Maid?"

"What's that?" Stretton asked. "Our speciality of ice-cream, fresh fruit, cream, syrup, a grated nut." David read out a enthusiastically from the glossy card.

Stretton marvelled at the presence of small boys. Less than an hour ago this one had nearly drowned. Twyford was right. It was a plucky little chap. The salt of the earth.

"All right. I suppose so." "Gee, thanks a lot," said David in passable imitation of Isobel. Stretton called the girl over.

"A coffee, please, and a Riviera Maid."

Stretton turned back to his and smiled at him indulgently. So rarely had the boy to himself. When the three of them were together, Isobel and David made him feel subtly excluded—as if they were on stage while he remained the prompter in the wings.

The girl returned with his coffee and set a sickly, highly coloured perfection in front of David, who ate it with relish and alacrity.

S

STRETTON watched him in silence. He had promised himself that this holiday, before the boy went away, he would break the seemingly filamentous barrier which shrouded his son from him. But the days had slipped by and all the things he wanted to say, all the thoughts he wanted to share with him, remained unsaid and unshared. Now was an opportunity to repair the omission.

"David," he said.

"Yes, Daddy?"

"There's something I want to tell you."

"I say, this is jolly good. What don't you have one?"

"No, thank you. Listen, David."

"Here's Mummy," interrupted David.

Through the window Stretton saw Isobel closing the cab door. He noted the familiar ash-blond hair today piled high, ridiculously high, he thought. He remarked, as did passers-by, her well-proportioned figure, cheapened in his opinion by a dress too tight, too short, shoes with heels too high, too fine. He watched her casual banter with the grinning cab-driver as she asked for change for a note, and condemned it as unnecessary familiarity. But through all he felt a kind of affectionate pride at the sheer dazzling vitality of her.

"Hi!" Isobel greeted them.

Stretton rose and fitted a chair under her like a respectful head waiter. She touched the back of his head, turning it from side to side to present her coiffure from all angles. Stretton knew the drill.

"Most successful," he said.

"Glad you like it, honey. I have tea with lemon."

She turned to David.

"Hello partner."

"Hello, Mummy," said David, and immediately grasped his opportunity. "Can I have another Riviera Maid?"

"Sure. Are they good?"

"Super," said David.

"He'll be ill if he does," warned Stretton.

"So what, Paul? He'll know better next time."

"I think you're forgetting he has a train-journey this afternoon."

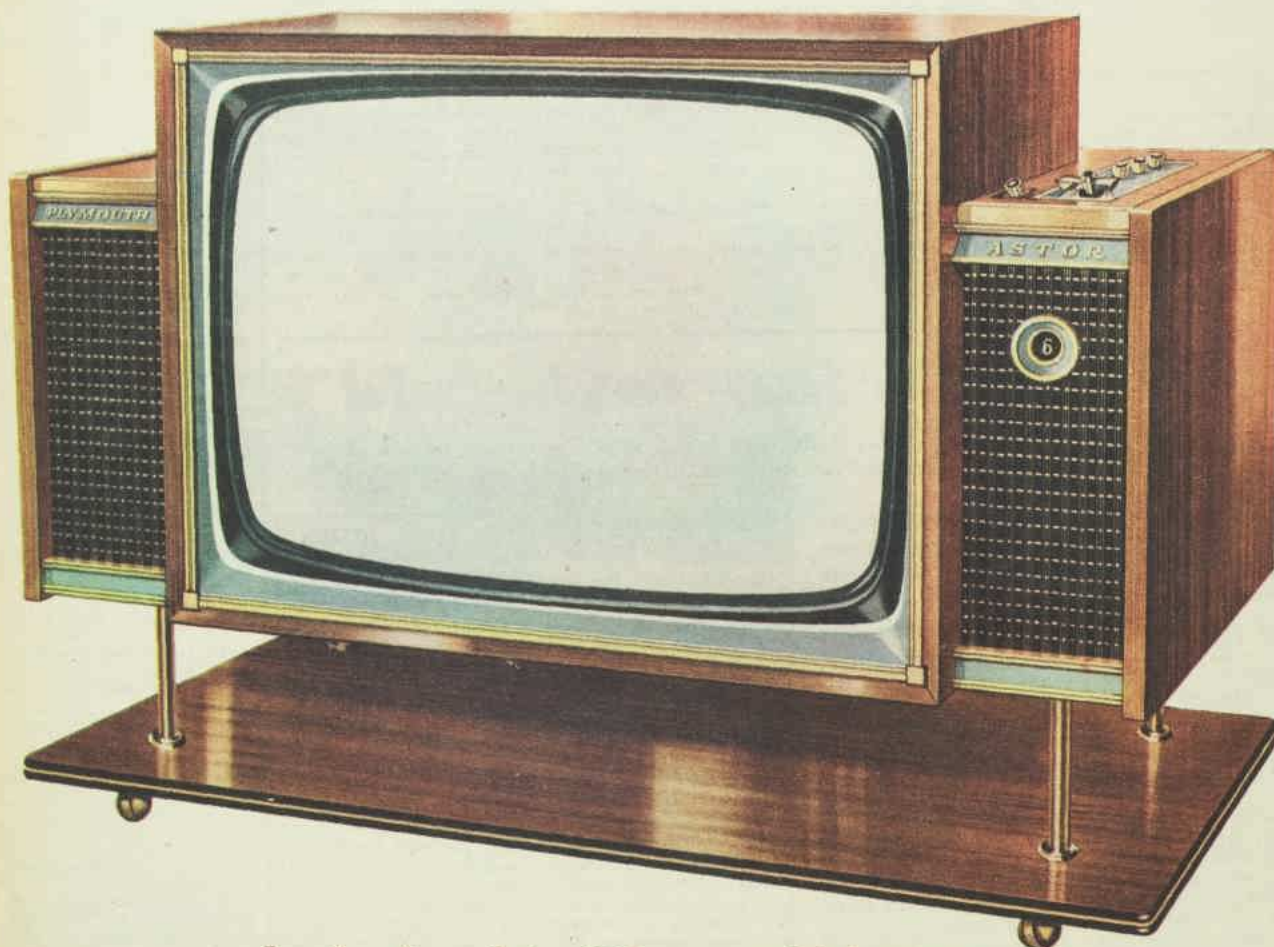
"O.K. I'll share it with him."

She made the compromise. She wasn't going to risk any argument which would spoil the last few hours before he went. Saying good-bye to David was going to take it out of her.

"Gee, thanks, Mummy," said David.

Stretton sat back, annoyed, defeated, excluded. He took up his cup and swallowed the remainder of his coffee. As he did so he experienced a dull burning sensation in the front of his chest. Rapidly it built up until it was intrusive and constricting with a palpitating heat to it. He was aware of the color tinging of his skin as the color drained from his face. Familiar, but nameless, the faces of three

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● If it's your ambition to live to be somewhere between 95 and 99 years old, you've a 100 per cent. better chance than your husband of doing it, according to American spine specialist Dr. Janet Travell. And the reason? He'll retire, you won't.

KEEPING mobile and keeping busy is what keeps people alive, Dr. Travell says. The average woman has lots to keep her busy and lots to keep her moving long past retiring age, with meals to plan and beds to make and shopping and cooking and ironing and mending to be done.

I don't know that I want to live quite as long as that, but maybe there's something to be said, after all, for spreading your working days chuffing up and down the house and bending and stretching and racing the clock instead of sitting still behind a desk.

When I make my half-millionth cup of tea (I'll be about 70 then, on the basis of five cups to the pot and about six pots a day) I must remember to see whether I can still touch my toes.

Hearty housewife cheers

HOUSEWIVES (and Mike) must all have given a cheer when they saw newspaper reports of the tabling of an inquiry into deceptive packaging of goods presented in the Victorian Legislative Assembly recently.

Commonwealth and State Ministers set up a Board of Inquiry which has prepared a 2300-page report to be used on the basis of future legislation.

The investigation of packaging, and loud denunciations of manufacturers who use more cardboard than is necessary, is one of Mike's more peculiar hobbies.

He has the infuriating habit of tearing open cartons

as soon as they arrive in the house (just taking a scientific interest, he calls it), and I remember his joy when he discovered that two tubes of a certain product could be fitted comfortably into one of their cartons.

Unknown to us, he then wrote to the manufacturers telling them this very interesting fact; and when he failed to get any reply to his letter he was overjoyed.

"Can't you just imagine their calling special meetings of the Board and sitting there day after day, swallowing headache pills and trying to think of an answer," he said jubilantly.

Personally I think if they called anything it would have been a hand-writing expert to try to decipher Mike's rotten hand and his erratic spelling.

What the report calls "deceptive" packaging is less deceptive than irritating to housewives, I suspect.

A big packet doesn't necessarily suggest a big inner container these days, except perhaps in some product that you've never tried before; but it does make it certain that your basket is going to be overloaded and awkward to carry.

For those who shop on foot, as I usually do (there being too many driving licences and too few vehicles in this family!), carrying home a lot of unnecessary cardboard is just as silly as it would be to carry home all the outside leaves on a cauliflower.

Seeing we have no goats or sheep or rabbits or horses to eat them up, the greengrocer doesn't object to cutting them away for me; but I wonder how the grocer would react if I said I'd just take the inner packet and he could keep the cardboard.

The report also said that the Australasian Consumers' Association had sought a total prohibition of "meaningless terms" associated with size — medium, giant, economy, and king. Well — what housewife takes any notice of those

words any longer? It's just part of the sad old process of killing off certain English words.

All the same, my whole-hearted support (and financial backing, in the form of purchases) will go to the first advertiser who woos me by offering me something in the "new, small, chock-full packet."

Safely out of reach

TALKING of packaging, the Plastic Institute of Australia Inc. has written to me saying that what I wrote about plastic wrappings might suggest that I was advocating saving them. I wasn't — I was just making fun of the hoarding habits of different generations — my own, my mother's, and my grandmother's.

There have been a few fatal accidents to small children with plastic bags or sheeting, and for three years the Plastic Film Safety Council has been running a warning campaign.

They advocate that plastic wrappings should be taken off mattresses and pillows and toys before small children are allowed to use them, that plastic bags should always be kept safely out of their reach, and that used bags should be torn or knotted before they are thrown away.

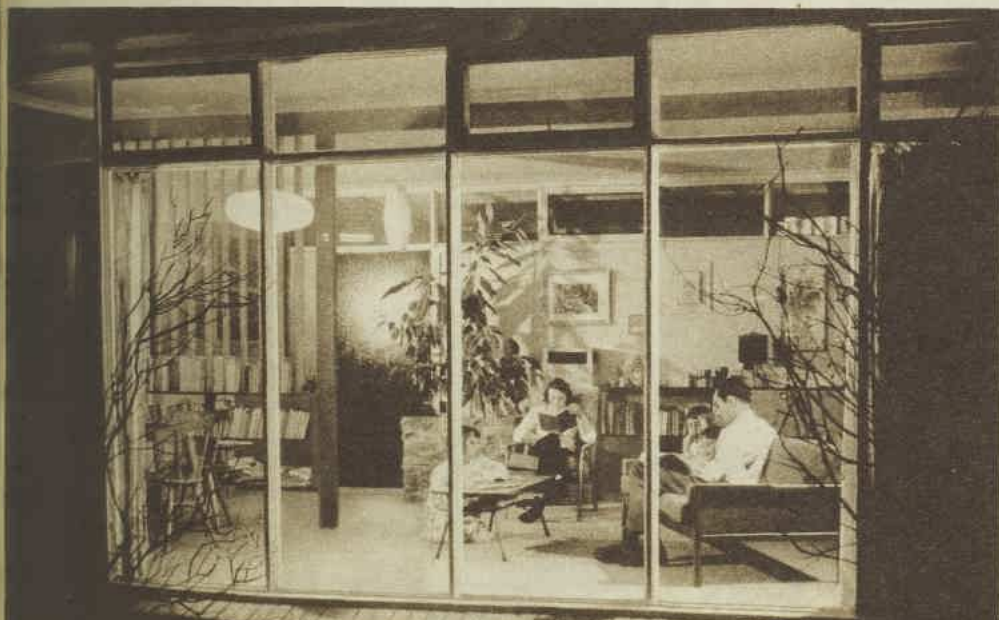
In other words, it's wise, with small children about, to be as careful with plastic film as you are with kerosene.

Houses where there are no longer any tiny children are often a problem when under-fives come visiting — how to preserve your favorite bits of china they always want to fiddle with.

My advice is never give away the last of your children's toys when they've grown out of them. Hurl them into a cardboard box, and make the visiting child free of them.

Inevitably he'll fall in love with something out of the box, and probably scream blue murder because he can't take it home. But if you explain you're keeping it specially so that he can play with it another time, he won't want anything but the toybox next time he visits you.

You and he and his mother will all enjoy the visit a good deal more than you would if he were reaching for breakables or drawing on your walls with eyebrow pencil.



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Oil is the modern way of heating. Today there is an unlimited range of attractively-designed oil heating appliances available for your home. Oil is cleaner and safer! There is no smell — no ash — no dust. Oil heat eliminates the tiresome winter chores of cutting wood, carrying wood and the cleaning of messy grates the morning after.



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FULL CENTRAL HEATING (hot air). Allows an entire house to be heated. Ducted warm air is delivered to each room through concealed wall vents.

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Box 4507, G.P.O., Melb.

I am considering oil heating _____ rooms

(about _____ sq. ft.) of my home

(existing home/to be built).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MH510.63

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boys, vicious, sneering, victorious, flickered across his consciousness. An inexplicable desire to escape assailed him, but he was transfixed by the pressure on his chest. He put the cup down in the saucer noisily, and coughed.

"What's the matter, Paul?" asked Isobel.

"Nothing. Nothing," he said. "I just caught my breath, that's all."

During the past few months he had had one or two attacks of a similar nature. Once he'd awakened at night and spent a panicky half-hour wondering if there could be any serious cause for the symptoms, like an ulcer, or a coronary, or any of the other overpublicised sensational killers. He'd mentioned it to Barford at the office, who had an immediate selection of labels at hand — heartburn, cramp, wind round the heart, indigestion. "I get them all," Stretton. Overwork. Price of success. He had been reassured.

Soon he said: "Well, I must be getting to the office. You're for the zoo and a cartoon show . . ."

"And lunch," mumbled David.

"Ye gods," said Stretton.

HE envied the day Isobel and David would now have together. He cursed the fact that his job was not yet in the secure top executive class where time off was a matter of taking it, not asking for or explaining it. The marketing plan for Dolex Pan X-3 had to be settled today. There was a full sales conference at 11.30.

"I'll meet you at Paddington station at four to see you off."

"O.K.," said David.

"So long, honey," said Isobel.

Already they seemed to have dismissed him. He got up. He wanted to tell them that they couldn't be like that. They needed him. They both depended on him for everything. But the truth licked at the

Continued from page 56

And yet he couldn't even be sure of that. If something were to happen to him, there wouldn't be enough to pay for the whole of David's education, let alone Isobel's needs. He had some life cover, but it wasn't enough. He ought to take out an additional policy.

He stepped off the pavement, and as if in answer to his thought, a strident horn made him leap back again. The driver of an open sports car grinned at him, as he gave a hand-signal to turn left, with what Stretton regarded as an exaggerated flourish. Suddenly a coal lorry shot forward from the queue of vehicles turning in from the other direction. There was an audible bang and a harsh tearing sound. The sports-car

stopped and the lorry carried on and then pulled up a few yards farther down the street. The sports-car driver got out and inspected an unsightly excoriation in the immaculate cellulose which ran along the whole length of the car.

The two men from the lorry slouched their way back to the corner. The car-owner exchanged a few words with them and then abruptly approached some bystanders. They shook their heads and began to shuffle away. This appeared to add to the amusement of the coalmen. His fury obvious, the car-driver crossed the road to where Stretton was now standing.

"Was anybody here a witness of that?" he barked.

Immediately the small crowd began to disperse like its fellow on the opposite pavement.

Stretton picked up a whiff of stale alcohol from the man's breath. Above a handlebar moustache, the face was flushed, but it could be anger or beer, or both. But that was irrelevant. The man was obviously in the right. One had a duty. These things Stretton understood.

He said, quietly: "I saw the whole thing. If I can be of assistance, you're welcome."

The man looked at Stretton, weighing him up. Intense, rangy, oddly attractive. There was something else there he liked, too. He didn't often see it. Reliability. If

you lent this joker a fiver, I actually pay it back.

"Thanks, old man," he said. "I'd be greatly obliged."

Stretton went across the road to him.

"I've an independent witness," the car-owner said to the lorry driver. "I gave a very clear statement of my intention to turn left."

"Exceptionally clear," said Stretton.

The lorry-driver made an aggressive movement toward him, but Stretton didn't move, and the two went back to the lorry, climbed and drove off toward Oxford Street.

"A moral victory, I think," Stretton. "But what about damage?"

To page 60

FROM THE BIBLE

"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all His ways, and to love Him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul."

—Deuteronomy 10:12.

thought and turned it inside out. He needed them. Without them he was lost—principles, standards, beliefs, everything. He reached out to wrest the boy's attention.

"And David?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"I'll be bringing a surprise. Take it to school with you."

He'd obtained a new camera, which should be waiting for him at the office. It was really too good a one for a boy of nine, but the rewarding expression of anticipation on his son's face was alone compensation for the extravagance.

"What is it? What is it?" asked David breathlessly.

"Surprise," said Stretton.

"Please tell me!"

"I expect it'll be a camera," said Isobel.

Stretton looked at her. She saw the mixture of annoyance and deflation in his eyes. They were grey, wide-set, and were the first things she had noticed about him. She bit her lip and for once felt his reproach was justified.

"You would," said Stretton, and went out into the busy sunlit street.

At the corner of Vere Street and Henrietta Place he pushed angrily through a cluster of idling, shop-happy matrons. Less and less he seemed to take part in the thoughts and feelings of his wife and son. More and more was his position that of the universal provider. He gave them materially and in security what they apparently did not require from him intimately and emotionally. But unsatisfactory as this role was, he clung to it, like an unwanted elderly relative, tolerated and humored because one day he would die and leave a will beneficial to all.



Is the disinfectant you buy for your floors

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GRACEFUL floral motifs to embroider on your best sheets and pillow-cases are from Embroidery Transfer No. 205. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer is 2/-.

Hints for readers

● These hints sent in by readers will help you in your daily routine. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

GIVE the front of a brick fireplace a coat of liquid wax; apply with a small brush and fill in the porous surfaces in which dust and soot accumulate. The wax gives a slight gloss and smooth finish, making it easy to wipe over quickly. — Mrs. J. Harlow, 285 Cooper Rd., Yagoona, N.S.W.

Save all small scraps of iron-on stiffened interlining. It is excellent for ironing on to the back of tears in light materials. The torn area can then be stitched to reinforce it. — Mrs. B. Curran, 43 Dodds St., Woody Point, Qld.

When bath and hand towels become torn at the sides and ends, cut off the torn pieces and bind with wide bias binding in a color to match or tone with the towel. — Miss M. D. Mack, 11 Henna St., Warrnambool, Vic.

Remove tea or coffee stains from carpets by rubbing with a soft cloth dipped in warm water to which a little borax has been added. — Mrs. L. Donoghue, 25 Milroy St., North Ryde, N.S.W.

When making scones, pour the required amount of milk over cut orange rind and bring slowly to almost boiling. Allow to cool, then add to scone mixture; it will give a new tang to your scones. — Mrs. E. L. Richards, 92 Wichmann Rd., Attadale, W.A.

To keep hats in shape when not in use, put them on buckram shapes, which can be bought for a couple of shillings. This is specially good for felt or linen hats, which crush so easily when stored in hat boxes. — Mrs. L. Logan, 51 Cross St., New Town, Tas.

Remove brown stains from teacups with powdered whiting—they will come off easily. — Mrs. G. F. Palmer, 72 Old Windsor Rd., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Store the paraffin seal from home-made jams, etc., in an aluminium teapot. When needed, the wax can be reheated in the teapot and easily poured to seal the fresh preserve. — Mrs. J. Pirchan, 13 Belgrave Esplanade, Sylvania, N.S.W.

Before doing any little painting job in the home, wipe articles to be treated, using a cloth dipped in turpentine. This will completely remove any grease or dust, and also help the paint to dry quicker. — Mrs. A. Small, "Glendora," 43 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

Don't discard a hot-water bottle when it starts to leak. Cut it into attractive shapes and use these to stand hot dishes on. They will prevent disfiguring marks on your furniture. — Lauris Collins, c/- J. McEwan, Highett St., Mansfield, Vic.

If you collect recipes and enjoy trying them out, write comments under the recipe just tried, such as how many it served, whether it was popular with the family, etc. You will find this a great help when using the recipe at a later date. — Mrs. R. Hancock, 70 Harris Rd., Busselton, W.A.

If tobacco has gone dry, place a slice of potato peel or a lettuce- or grape-leaf in the tin and leave overnight. The moisture will then return to the tobacco. — Mrs. J. Hartwell, Cohn St., Eaglehawk, Bendigo, Vic.

When hanging out sheets and other heavy articles, double them evenly over the clothesline with corners together. This will ensure a deep, straight centre crease which will make folding easier and prevent crushing. — Mrs. G. McCallum, Jellicoe St., South Rockhampton, Qld.

Buy a cheap plastic spice rack and tumblers to fit. Fix low on the wall near a tap and the children can help themselves when they want a drink. Use in the bathroom, kitchen, and in the yard. — Mrs. N. McAlpine, 15 Bathurst St., Red Hill, Brisbane.



the right antiseptic for your child's next hurt?

Unfortunately, it isn't. When your child gets a cut or scratch, a household disinfectant is just not good enough—even if labelled "antiseptic". Any disinfectant can kill certain germs under ideal test-conditions. But in real life, in a child's wound, there can be many dangerous germs.

Nothing you can buy will safely kill germs like the classic germicidal antiseptic: "Dettol".

It is the antiseptic recommended in over 450 medical text-books and papers. It is favoured by doctors; trusted by nurses; and used in so many of our great teaching hospitals.

When sympathy is needed: so is "Dettol".



For soothing, healing protection, apply "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream. Specially recommended for skin affections, minor burns, scalds and napkin rash.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

HP122

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting May 20.

SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 58

"They can be traced through their firm."

The car-owner took out a notecase and wrote on a card.

"The trouble is they can't lose. Neither vehicle is their property and no one dare give them the sack, or they'll all come out on strike. By the way, what's your name?"

"Stretton. Paul Stretton. You can get me at Doxey Ltd., Kingsway."

The man added Stretton's name and details to the card and then handed another one to Stretton.

"I'm Ken Walley. Assistance gratefully received. How about a drink?"

Stretton put the card in his wallet without looking at it.

"Thanks, but I'm late as it is."

"O.K. Jump in. I'll drop you."

Stretton indicated the traffic.

"Really, it'll be quicker by Underground."

"You're darn right. Which station?"

It was useless to protest further.

"Bond Street will do. Or Oxford Circus."

STRETTON got in beside him. A policeman was augmenting the flow at the traffic lights.

"Never where they're wanted," said Walley. "I shall have to report it later."

They swung into Oxford Street and with what seemed like professional skill, Walley made a good thirty yards where the average person would have covered ten.

"Are you in the driving game?" Stretton asked.

"Was for a time. But you're too old at forty. In any case my first love's flying. Used to be an instructor, but I scared all my pupils rigid."

"What do you do now?"

"I make a living," he grinned. "For amusement I still throw an Auster about up at Dinswood Flying Club." He chuckled. "I suppose I've always been a bit of a stuntman. Charmed life, obviously. No crashes. No marriages. Do you fly?"

"Only in airliners," said Stretton.

"Cows of the sky," remarked Walley. "Well, if ever you feel like a thrill, come up to the club. There's nothing like a few loops after a pint or two of wallop. I'm there most evenings."

He drew up at Oxford Circus Underground. Stretton could think of nothing he'd like less than a few loops after a pint or two of wallop. He got out and slammed the door.

He said: "I'll remember that. Thanks for the lift."

"Thanks for being a willing witness."

Walley shot out his hand. Stretton shook it.

"Is that an old Meresbury tie?"

"Yes, it is," said Stretton.

"Jolly good. I was at Malvern."

He waved, and the scarred green Jaguar eased away down Regent Street. Stretton walked into the station and caught an eastbound train.

He couldn't decide whether he approved or disapproved of Walley. On the credit side was Malvern. It was a good school. On the debit side was an impression of recklessness, irresponsibility too long carried over from extreme youth. And, of course, the drink. It didn't matter, anyway. He'd probably never see the fellow again.

The train was hot, overcrowded, and poorly venti-

lated. Straphangers, his gaze ran along the advertisement on the inside of the carriage. Pressure in the chest pinioned him where he stood. People were pushing past him. The train had stopped. Someone was speaking to him.

"Are you all right, guv'nor?"

Hands were lowering his down, but the train was moving again, and he was sitting next to a man about sixty who was wearing a postman's uniform.

"You'd better sit down bit," he said, and remove his hands from Stretton's arms.

The train gathered speed.

"Thank you," Stretton whispered. "Thank you."

"That's all right. It's wonder more people don't faint in these trains. No room in the buses, on the road. No room in London."

"No," said Stretton.

He mopped the sweat of his brow with his handkerchief and returned it to his breast-pocket.

"What station was that?" asked Stretton.

"Holborn, Kingsway."

He should have got of there. He was going to be more than late for the conference at 11.30. He stood up as the train braked and jerked to a stop at Chancery Lane.

"Are you all right now, guv'nor?"

"Yes. Perfectly, thank you."

Stretton hurried out on to the platform. When he got up to the street, he realised he was not. His breathing was more labored than he felt it ought to be. He also had a throbbing headache. He couldn't go to the conference in this shape. On an impulse he went into a chemist shop. He avoided the girl behind the cosmetic counter and approached the male dispenser.

"Yes, sir?"

"Could you give me some aspirin or something similar please?"

The dispenser observed that his customer's hands were shaking. He looked pale. Neurosis, he diagnosed. Didn't need to be a doctor to see that. A little gold mine was neurosis.

"Yes, sir."

He handed him the most expensive brand of analgesic he could find. "Very good these. Just out. Contain a little sedative, too. Six shillings."

Stretton took the tube of tablets and handed over a note.

"If these aren't satisfactory I should get your doctor to prescribe a heavier sedative or a tranquilliser," he said.

Stretton took the money. Damned impertinence. He made no reply and went out again into the street.

It was 11.40 by the time he reached Kingsway Building in which were the Doxey offices. He took the elevator to the sixth floor and went straight to his own office. Miss Angers was just putting down the inter-office phone.

"They're all waiting, Mr. Stretton," she said reproachfully. "That was Mr. Barford."

"What does he want?"

"He's at the conference, too."

Stretton cursed under his breath. Just his luck to be late on one of the rare occasions when the Director of Sales should decide to sit in on a departmental conference. He put his camera in the half-empty bottom drawer of a filing cabinet. Miss Angers had lifted the phone again.

"I was unavoidably held up," he said.

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LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, hoops, blue.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, red.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
Gambling colors, orange, red.
Lucky days, Thur., Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, pink, blue.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, cerise.
Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

* Most of the good aspects go to others, but the weekend could favor unconventional social functions. There could be a setback or delay on the job, 25th, 26th, and perhaps travel risks.

* The stars are favoring you at the moment, but there are snags. A good week for personal affairs, self-advancement, marriage — but adverse domestic forces at the week's end.

* Normally this is your period to be up and doing, but disturbing influences could dampen even your quicksilver personality. Don't put your eggs in one basket — put them in deep freeze.

* You might have to watch what you write, say, or sign for a while — and incidentally be more than self-protective travelling. The stars smile on home and romance. A rise for some.

* If you are contemplating anything homewise—moving, renovating, real-estate finance—it would be better to wait. New plans and projects, however, have chances of success before 25th.

* There could be pleasant changes in your environment, and unusually pleasant conditions at home. Friends could be unexpectedly helpful — you might even form a new friendship.

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, grey.
Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
Gambling colors, green, blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUGUST 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
Gambling colors, spots, blue.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

VIRGO

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
Gambling colors, yellow, blue.
Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

BAND-AID STRIPS HURRY UP THE HEALING

Now air vents all over let healing air through and keep skin from wrinkling

and they're 100% sterile

Johnson & Johnson



BAND-AID plastic strips

NEW OVERALL AIR-VENTS for faster healing

Johnson & Johnson

Let's make a **PALM ISLAND** **Pie...** a brand new recipe for **GOLDEN CIRCLE** **PIE TIME**



it's rich in
vitamin "C"

This is how to make it!

15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed Pineapple, 2 tabs. cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pitted dates, 1 beaten egg, 1 tab. butter. Heat pineapple and syrup till boiling. Thicken with cornflour blended in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Remove from stove, beat in egg and butter, add chopped dates. (Egg may be omitted). PASTRY: Sift into basin 2 cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder. Blend in 4oz. butter. Add 2 tabs. sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lightly toasted coconut. Beat 1 egg in cup. Add milk to half fill. Stir into dry ingredients to make firm paste. Roll out two-thirds to line 7 inch square layer pan. Add filling, cover with remaining pastry. Bake in moderate oven (375 degs. F.) about 25 minutes. Sprinkle with toasted coconut.

All spoon measurements are level



wrap slices for
school lunch
boxes too !

Golden Circle
Tropical
CRUSHED
PINEAPPLE



THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

He poured a glass of water from his desk vacuum flask and, opening the tube of tablets, swilled down two of them.

"He's just arrived, sir," said Miss Angers unctuously into the receiver and replaced it unhurriedly, and went out into her own small office next door.

Stretton put the tube of tablets in the desk drawer. Then he wrote hurriedly two words on his desk memo-pad. Straightening his tie, he snatched up the file and went across the passage to the conference which was being held in Macpherson's suite.

Miss Angers came into the empty office with a box and put it on Stretton's desk. She turned her head sideways to see the memo-pad. It read "Life policy." She shrugged and went back into her room.

At the conference were Macpherson, Head of Medical Division, Gibbons and Warwick from Medical Sales, Fletcher, representing Re-

Continued from page 60

search and Trials, Barford, Sales Director for all Dolex products, Macpherson's secretary, Miss Chudleigh, and Stretton.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said. "I was involved in an accident."

"Are you hurt, Paul?" asked Barford.

"No, I was a witness."

"Amusing the way the police rope you in for these things."

"They didn't," replied Stretton. "I . . . felt it was a duty to volunteer."

He saw Barford's eyebrows go up as he blew clouds of smoke from the heavy briar he was lighting.

"It's sometimes very difficult to decide where one's duty lies. Usually it's where one's bread and butter is."

As he sat down Stretton saw Warwick smirk as he took Barford's meaning. There was

no need for him to have given such a detailed explanation of his late arrival. But it was necessary, because not to would have divided the truth, which is indivisible.

"Now that my chief assistant has arrived to assist me," began Macpherson in his dry Scots accent — he paused long enough to get an audible response of mild amusement before continuing — "no doubt we can make a start."

"Go ahead, Jock," said Barford.

"In case some of you haven't seen any Pan X-3, you'd best take a wee peek at it now," Macpherson signalled to a short, bald-headed man in his early fifties. "Mr. Fletcher, would you hand the samples round, please?"

Fletcher distributed large waxed envelopes to all of them. Stretton refused his. He

knew what they contained. Macpherson went on.

"As you may or may not know Pan X-3 has been given the O.K. from trials. All that remains to be done is for us to sell it to the medical profession." He took out some cigarettes. "Pan X-3 is not just a new brand of X-ray film. It's unique. It's revolutionary. What do you make of it, Gibbons?"

Gibbons, twenty-five, very keen, was holding up to the light an X-ray film of a long bone. He had been an unsuccessful medical student. At Dolex, however, he hoped to turn this failure to an advantage by way of prestige.

"Looks like a femur," he said sagely.

There was some laughter and Gibbons blushed.

"It's green," exclaimed Warwick.

"Ay, it's green," repeated

Macpherson. "But that's not the important thing. Tell them, Fletcher."

Fletcher rattled off his technical data.

"The average film using 200 milliamperes, say, a lumbar spine, requires an exposure of from 1 to 1½ seconds depending on kilovoltage and whether A.P. or lateral and the thickness of the subject. Pan X-3 can cut exposure to .1 second; for a finger or small bone from .03 to .002 seconds. The hyper-sensitive emulsion . . ."

Macpherson interrupted him.

"Which to us simple salesmen means that where a patient has normally to expose himself to X-rays for five seconds, Pan X-3 is so fast that all he has to tolerate is one-tenth of a second; for certain shots as little as one five-hundredth of a second."

There was a general murmur of enthusiasm and approval.

"The meanest intelligence will grasp that Pan X-3 makes repeated X-rays of the same patient virtually completely safe. At the same time it makes all other X-ray films obsolete."

"And a great deal of X-ray equipment," put in Stretton.

"That's the equipment manufacturers' headache," growled Macpherson.

"They'll have to catch up, the same as everyone else."

"Will the Health Service stand the price?" asked Warwick.

"It'll have to. Besides, the price can be reduced a wee bit just at the time Lode comes in."

Stretton felt his anger rising. Macpherson must have known about the time factor. But he had waited until the conference before telling him. Macpherson knew Barford would be present — he had even asked him to be — and by doing it this way he could confirm in Barford's eyes the wisdom of the company's decision to promote him over Stretton. He checked his file and put it on the desk. The gesture did not escape Barford.

"I think we can use your scheme in a modified form, Paul," he said. "A bit of pruning and speeding up is all that's needed. The work isn't wasted. It would have helped. I'd been put in the picture, he replied."

Macpherson ignored the accusation.

"I've decided," he said. "we've got to get the ball rolling everywhere at once."

"You're holding the film. What do you think?"

Macpherson lit a cigarette while Gibbons blushed once more.

Stretton disliked the way Macpherson always contrived to use such a crushing, bullying tone to Gibbons.

He said: "It's a good point to raise."

Macpherson gave him a penetrating glance. Stretton smiled at Gibbons.

"But in fact the definition is perfect."

"What we're here for is not to discuss the merits of Pan X-3, they're obvious. But to detail the sales programme. Let's hear it, Stretton."

Stretton opened his file.

"The difficulty with something completely new like Pan X-3 is overcoming initial resistance. And the medicos have a great deal of that. They're busy, harassed men. They're showered daily with new drug samples of every kind and most of them find their way into the waste-paper basket."

He took several sheets and carbon copies from his file. Miss Chudleigh collected them and handed them round.

"The programme I've outlined consists of advertisements in specialist journals, including all the foreign-

language ones, a world-wide blanket postal attack to be followed up by individual salesmen, culminating in clinical exhibitions in the principal centres here, in Europe and the States."

"Means a vast outlay, Paul," commented Barford. "I think Pan X-3 warrants it. Of course, the programme will take six months to mount."

"Exactly," said Macpherson. "But we haven't anything like six months."

"Oh? Why not?"

Barford coughed.

"Information has reached us that Lode is on to some think like Pan X-3. It's not as good, but they'll have their product out in three months, and, unless we collared most of the marks by then, they'll swamp us. Jock's made some good suggestions."

Macpherson stubbed out his cigarette with thick, powerful fingers.

"As I see it we've got to make direct contact at level. Now, in the States with the foundations, the high priced private hospitals, we want clinical trials on our films. We'll offer it free for six months, to be followed by supplies on a contract basis. We can get Pan X-3 in regular use by the important few then the rest will follow suit."

"Will the Health Service stand the price?" asked Warwick.

"It'll have to. Besides, the price can be reduced a wee bit just at the time Lode comes in."

Stretton felt his anger rising. Macpherson must have known about the time factor. But he had waited until the conference before telling him. Macpherson knew Barford would be present — he had even asked him to be — and by doing it this way he could confirm in Barford's eyes the wisdom of the company's decision to promote him over Stretton. He checked his file and put it on the desk. The gesture did not escape Barford.

"I think we can use your scheme in a modified form, Paul," he said. "A bit of pruning and speeding up is all that's needed. The work isn't wasted. It would have helped. I'd been put in the picture, he replied."

Macpherson ignored the accusation.

"I've decided," he said. "we've got to get the ball rolling everywhere at once."

"You're holding the film. What do you think?"

Macpherson lit a cigarette while Gibbons blushed once more.

Stretton disliked the way Macpherson always contrived to use such a crushing, bullying tone to Gibbons.

He said: "It's a good point to raise."

Macpherson gave him a penetrating glance. Stretton smiled at Gibbons.

"But in fact the definition is perfect."

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"Does it give high definition at ultra-short exposures, sir?" asked Gibbons in an attempt to regain the lost ground of his previous remark.

"You're holding the film. What do you think?"

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"The programme I've outlined consists of advertisements in specialist journals, including all the foreign-

HE snapped his fingers at Miss Chudleigh who gave him a typed sheet.

"Today's Tuesday. I'm proposing to go to the States on Thursday for ten days. Warwick! I want you off to Zurich and Dusseldorf this week. Stretton, as you've had the benefit of a classical education, you can brief our offices in Rome and Athens and take in Paris on the way."

"What about London?" asked Stretton. "Surely . . ."

"Young Gibbons will hold the fort at the office while we're away."

"I say . . ." began Gibbons.

"Don't look frightened, Gibbons," Macpherson checked him. He jerked his thumb toward Miss Chudleigh. "Vera will be in charge of you. She could run the department single-handed, if needs be."

Miss Chudleigh looked suitably embarrassed. Macpherson spoke again to Stretton.

"I've arranged to see Bridwell tomorrow morning, and Rawton, Thursday. Bridwell's the most successful private radiologist in Harley Street, and Rawton's the best. He's also on every medical society's

To page 63



What do women talk about?

Clothes . . . children . . . money! And you'll certainly hear them saying that for real value you simply can't buy better than Actil. Closely-woven Actil sheets and pillow cases are so strong, give longer wear, stand up to repeated launderings. Make sure you always insist on Actil guaranteed quality sheets and pillow cases.

- Sheets full 100 inches long after hemming.
- No filling.
- Wide strong hems.
- Mill tested 32 times.



ACTIL

SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

Guarantee:
Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers.

SECOND OPINION

"Yes. Yes, of course I am," he snapped.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stretton," she said, and before he could ask her what had prompted her question, she had closed the door quietly behind her.

Stretton took off his coat and loosened his tie. He opened the Pan X-3 file. The next two days were going to be hell, thanks to Macpherson.

He poured out some iced water from the vacuum flask. As he raised the glass to his lips, he noticed that his hand was shaking.

Barford had reached the last two inches of the cigar he was smoking. The executive lunch was an insti-

tution of which he approved. When the lift-gates opened on the sixth floor he stepped out.

Clutching a briefcase in which were the mangled remains of his sales programme and a carton of Pan X-3 samples, Stretton sprinted down the corridor to catch the elevator before it descended again.

"It isn't worth breaking your neck for Pan X-3, Paul," said Barford genially.

"I'm sorry, sir. I'm leaving rather early, because . . ."

"Knowing you, I'm sure you have a more than adequate reason. But could you spare me a minute?"

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HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



TIRED?

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.

*"Tell us Loxene
why does everyone love you more than us?"*



*because i'm the shampoo for everyone.
my bubbles are lush and silky (so mums like me)
i'm medicated to foam dandruff clean away
(so dads like me)
my perfume is light, fresh and vital
(so all the family likes me)
i make hair shimmer,
and glimmer and glow,
glow,
glow!
i'm at your chemist or store, let's get together
. . . soon"*

New Loxene. New in four ways. New fragrance. New thicker, richer texture. New medicaments. New glamour bottle for your vanity table.

AGAINST these Stretton could only bring the light artillery of honesty, efficiency, and the right kind of lie. They should have been enough, but they weren't. Perhaps it was because his own voice had been desk-bound, and went to a minor skin ailment of the feet, which had rarely troubled him since, but which had dogged him. He had never had to face a situation of intense personal peril. He pressed the button on his desk and Miss Angers entered and sat down with poised notebook and pencil.

"Miss Angers, I have to take over my appointments for Mr. Macpherson tomorrow and Thursday. Would you find out from his secretary when they are?"

She turned up the appointment

card. "They're both at 9:15. Dr. Bridwell tomorrow at Harley Street, and Dr. Rawton at Debenham Place on Thursday."

"How do you know?" demanded Stretton.

"Vera . . . I mean Miss Chudworth told me earlier today."

There seemed to be a conspiracy in the whole building to keep information from him.

"And I suppose you've been told I have to go on a trip?"

"Yes, Mr. Stretton, I'm working on the plane bookings and hotel reservations now."

Stretton drew in his breath. "How far have you got?" he asked anxiously.

"E.L.A. Viscount, Thursday at 10.30 to Paris. Hotel Theodore. Caravelle, Paris to Athens—Sunday 11 a.m. I'm trying for the King's Palace there. I haven't yet fixed for Rome. Will two days be enough at Athens?"

"I don't know. I should think so," said Stretton.

He felt tired and defeated. Macpherson's whole project was a monstrous imposition. Miss Angers' superior calm irritated him.

"Look, Miss Angers, I'll do the mail later. I have to get on with a revision of this Pan X-3 marketing programme. Will you get me some sandwiches and milk? I'll work through lunch-break."

"I'll get them sent up, Mr. Stretton." She turned at her door. The camera you ordered for your son is in the box on the desk," she said.

"Oh," said Stretton, noticing it for the first time. "Thank you, Miss Angers, thank you."

She still didn't go. He looked at her.

"Well? What is it?"

"Are you . . . are you feeling all right, Mr. Stretton?"

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

FINAL WEEK of

Entries close on 10th June

Please refer to instructions on opposite page!

Brand-spotter

CONTEST!

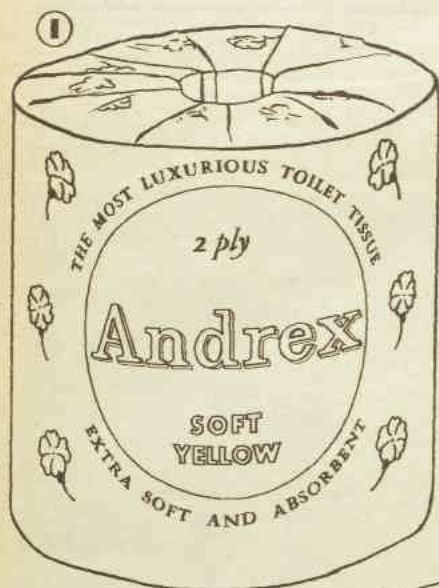
ADULT SECTION

CONTESTANTS TO LIST "MISTAKES" IN THESE PRODUCT ILLUSTRATIONS

JUNIOR SECTION

CONTESTANTS TO COLOUR PICTURES

Read Conditions and Instructions



NO. 4 OF A SERIES OF FOUR Brand-spotter National Contest

The Brand-Spotter National Contest, with its valuable all-cash awards is made possible through the co-operation of many of Australia's most progressive manufacturers of fine products. Study these famous quality brands... finalise the four entry forms and take the opportunity of sharing in the BIG MONEY prizes available in the Brand-Spotter Contest!

**CASH PRIZES TO TOTAL
VALUE EXCEEDING £5,000**

Here is the complete Brand-Spotter all-money prize list, to be distributed after the fourth and final week of this fabulous contest. Details of the Brand-Spotter contest for Juniors are given below.

	ADULT SECTION	JUNIORS 7-12 years	JUNIORS 13-16 years
1st PRIZE:	£3,000	£75	£75
2nd PRIZE:	£1,000	£50	£50
3rd PRIZE:	£ 500	£25	£25
CONSOLATION PRIZES	50 @ £5	25 @ £5	25 @ £5

READ THESE CONTEST CONDITIONS

The contest shall consist of four different sections, one of which shall appear in each of "The Australian Women's Weekly" issues of May 6, 13, 20 and 27. Contestants are requested to submit their four entries after the fourth section has been completed. This contest closes in Melbourne at 5 p.m., on Wednesday, 20th June, 1964.

All entries must be accompanied by "proof of purchase" but only where this condition does not contravene State Legislation. "Proof of purchase" consists of one label, top flap or can lid for each of the ten products illustrated in each of the four sections of the contest.

There shall be no entry fee for this contest and contestants may submit as many entries as they desire, but separate proof of purchase must be supplied with each entry, where this condition does not contravene State Legislation.

Labels or top flaps must be used to complete the entry form.

Entries must be submitted on the form attached in each "Brand-Spotter" issue.

All entry material received becomes the property of Salesplanners Pty. Ltd., Melbourne.

JUNIOR COLOUR CONTEST

As well as "mistakes" to be discovered in the products illustrated opposite, this Contest now additionally takes the form of a COLOURING COMPETITION for Juniors. Colour these products as near as you can to the originals. Junior contestants must complete entry form and supply separate "proof of purchase" if their entry is not accompanied by one from Mum or Dad.

SALESPLANNERS
promotion

THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Comply with all rules and conditions as published in this advertisement.
2. Study the ten products illustrated opposite.
3. Compare our artist's drawings with the actual original product.
4. Complete the entry form below and in the spaces provided or on a separate sheet of paper make a note of the deliberate "mistakes" in each of these ten product illustrations; also, in not more than twenty words, state why you buy these quality products.

5. Contestants finding the most "mistakes" and giving the best reasons for buying these quality products will share the prize money.
6. Send this and three preceding week's entry forms and mail together with "proof of purchase" (see Condition No. 2) to:

"BRAND-SPOTTER"
G.P.O. Box 2451-V.,
MELBOURNE, VIC.

THIS IS YOUR Brand-spotter No. 4 ENTRY FORM

MY NAME _____
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS _____

I buy these quality products because: (Please print your entry in ball-point and in not more than 20 words)

PRODUCT NUMBER: The "mistakes" in the product illustrations are as follow:
(Please print your entry in ball-point)

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

THESE SECTIONS NOT REQUIRED
FROM JUNIOR CONTESTANTS

JUNIOR CONTESTANTS SIGN HERE:

I certify that my colouring is
all my own work (SIGNED)

MY AGE AT MY NEXT BIRTHDAY WILL BE _____ YEARS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1964

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

AN enormous space ship from another planet collides with an asteroid; the huge mass, thrown out of orbit, hurtles through space - toward Earth! NOW READ ON...



TWO "THINGS" RUNNING LOOSE IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM-- A GIANT FROM ANOTHER GALAXY--A DUTY OFFICER SET ADRIFT FOR FALLING ASLEEP AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS SHIP--



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A well-known play to your taste (2, 3, 4, 2).
9. Gives in return with the end inside (7).
10. Noise to go with a wild dog (5).
11. Sleep is a woman's long cloak (7).
12. A material to form glass for a Mohammedan demon (5).
13. I trouble rent and bury (5).
15. A rust in a set of aphorisms in Sanskrit literature (5).
18. A young girl is faulty (5).
20. Man with an arrogant bearing, whose beginning is at his end (7).
22. The senior tree (5).
23. Let Bart make a rushing noise (7).
24. A she-serpent in round brackets (11).

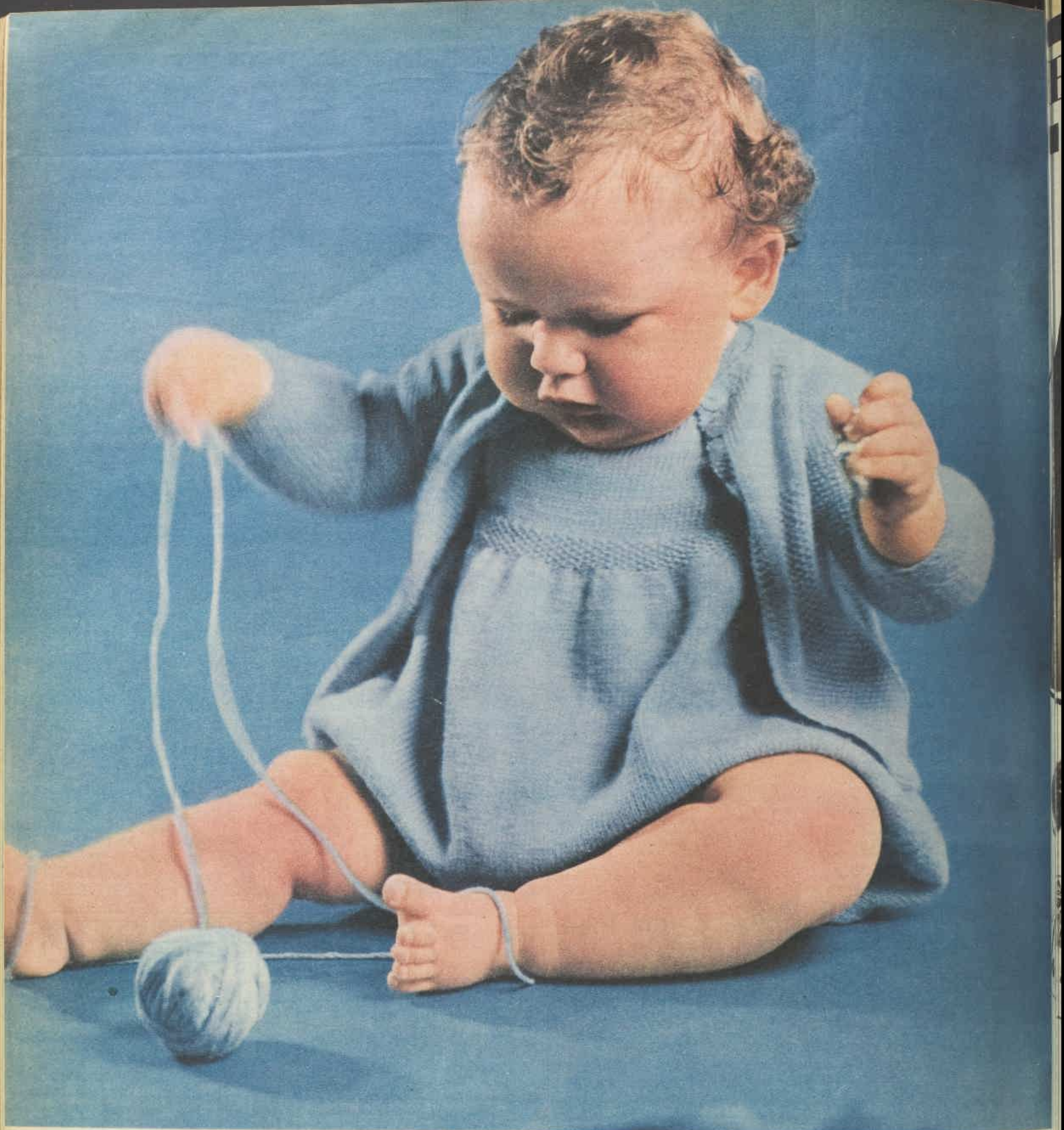


Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. This piece of clothing has a vested interest (7).
3. No human beings start prognostications (5).
4. Parts of whips (6).
5. Abducts a young goat, which sleeps (7).
6. It is immediately outside the bull's eye (5).
7. I fit carpets in three copies (11).
8. Men of letters (11).
14. To rise again (7).
16. A short treatise on religion attractively hidden (5).
17. Eel-like, flat-headed, bearded freshwater fish (6).
19. Aid in an Asian country (5).
21. Look with wide-open eyes while taking a rest (5).

Solution will be published next week.



Just one of 4 baby-wise styles to knit from Patons Knitting Book 659

He's having a ball!
Who wouldn't
with
**PATONS
BABY YARNS?**



They are so soft and warm,
yet remarkably hardwearing.

When you knit for baby only the best will do. Naturally you use Patons yarns. They're soft and warm, gentle with baby's skin. Yet because they're Patonised Patons Baby wools wash and wear wonderfully well. (Goodness knows they need to!) The romper suit here, from Knitting Book 659, was knitted in Patons Baby Wool with Nylon; this yarn and Beehive Baby Wool, Patonyle 3-ply and Patons Turbo-Orlon are all interchangeable. And, Patons have dozens of pretty and practical patterns to choose from. So, if you know a baby to knit for, start knitting with Patons now.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it.



Butterick

PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

Mother and Daughter Hi-line fashions

2957. — High-waisted yoke dress for mother can be made with long sleeves and ankle-length skirt for winter home entertaining, or street length, with patch pockets. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2957, price 5/- includes postage.

2958. — Daughter's dress, high-waisted and back-buttoned, with gathered skirt, for cold days and evenings at home, or street length, with self-belt set in side seams, three-quarter sleeves with self-ruffle. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Butterick pattern 2958, price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES.



Angie Dickinson, Star of Universal International Pictures' "Captain Newman, M.D." says, "I love Lux — it makes my complexion so radiantly clear."

Like the
filmstars
YOU
have an
audience
too...



You have an audience too, so look your loveliest for him. Cherish your complexion with pure, mild Lux.



Rich, creamy Lux . . . it's so gentle and fragrant. Just feel what that luscious lather does for your skin.



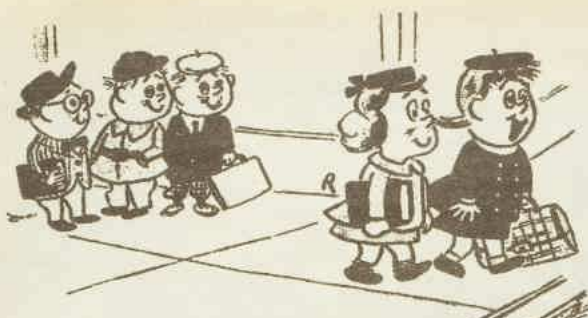
You have an audience too. So keep your skin soft and exciting to touch. Make Lux your beauty soap.



Use the beauty care of 9 out of 10 filmstars. Trust only Lux — purest, most luxurious beauty soap of all.

Cherish
your
complexion
with
pure, mild
LUX
toilet soap

L483



© Royd. Fox

"Gertrude, it's happening — they're beginning to whistle."

Continued from page 63

Stretton hesitated. The lift-doors closed and the decision was made for him.

He said, "Of course," and followed Barford into his office.

"Sit down. Have a cigarette."

Barford indicated the silver box on the desk.

"Thank you, I don't," said Stretton, and sank into the foam-rubber support of one of the arm-chairs.

"Ever thought of taking it up?"

"I've never really wanted to."

"I find tobacco a retreat," said Barford.

He shot a glance at Stretton over the briar which was now filled and ready for lighting.

"What do you take for nerves, Paul?"

"What? . . . Oh, well I . . . I've never really thought about them."

He knew he was repeating himself. He'd never really wanted to smoke; never really done this or done that; he'd never really done anything.

"I don't blame you for being annoyed this morning," said Barford.

"I'm sorry about that," said Stretton.

"It's wasted emotion on anyone like Jock Macpherson. He never wastes his. That's why he's got where he has. He's the sort you can't stop. What he lacks in background he makes up for in

drive. When I retire in a couple of years, he'll have a seat on the board. But it doesn't upset me the least. It's all a question of coming to terms with reality. Macpherson's is one sort. Yours are another. You can change them. But you've got to come to terms with them."

Barford puffed reflectively, glancing out of the window. A movement in his outer field of vision snapped his reverie. Stretton was looking at his watch.

"I'm sorry, Paul. I'd no intention of keeping you so long. You have to forgive an old man for airing his philosophy."

"Not at all, sir," said Stretton, and got up.

He watched Barford heave his over-stuffed body out of his chair and trundle it round the side of the over-sized ebony-black desk with the stainless-steel fluting. He put his arm round Stretton's shoulder.

"I hope I haven't made you late for anything?"

"I'll just make it," said Stretton. "My boy's going away to school today. I'm seeing him off. Full term."

"Poor little blighter," said Barford. "You'll miss him."

THE remark made Stretton realise just how much Paul and Isobel. The two of them also together for the first time for nine years.

"I know," said Stretton. "It's an ill wind, though," replied Barford. "With the boy away you can take your wife on this trip with you. When you're finished in Rome, I think the Company would cast a blind eye at a couple of days on the Riviera on your way back. Do her good."

The Riviera. Stretton saw himself lying on the beach at Aiguebelle, with Isobel sitting beside him rubbing sun-oil on his back. But his figures in the sunlight, all the years ago, seemed so impossible, young and strangely unfamiliar. They evoked a feeling of something not completely lost, never completely realised; a half-promise like a plant which had unconsciously failed to blossom and which was still patiently digging roots and watering with a kind of bitter resigned disappointment.

"She'd love it," he said, "I

"Don't worry about the time. I square Jock."

"It's not that, but with David's school fees and the family holiday in August, it's out of the question. He smiled. "And I don't think the Company would cast a blind eye at a wife on an expense sheet."

"The Company might, but the tax-men wouldn't," replied Barford.

Stretton opened the door. Barford shook his hand.

"Pity. Anyway, enjoy what you can, Paul. And do a good job."

"I'll try."

"We can all rely on you to do that. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Stretton closed the door. Macpherson relied on him, Barford relied on him, the Company relied on him, Isobel and David relied on him. He was weary to death of his jobless reliability. But there was something escaping it, and paradoxically it was the greatest satisfaction of existence.

This time in the Underground he found a seat easily. He took off his hat and closed his eyes. Damn Macpherson. He pondered idly on Barford's suggestion about taking tools on the trip. The practical difficulties were formidable, but they were not really insuperable. If he sold his remaining hundred "Distillers," he might just manage it. He would be scraping the barrel, of course. He nibbled round the idea, left it alone and then came back to it. The could go to Aiguebelle again. Aiguebelle . . .

After they'd said good-bye to David, Isobel would need something to take her mind off the vacuum which David's departure would leave. He'd take her out to dinner and then he'd put the idea to her. Tonight would be a turning-point.

To page 69

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964



Who wants to slim?



"me..."



"but only if I can enjoy it!"

PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

No Corn. No Rye. No Chemicals. Just 100% whole wheat goodness. That is why Vita Weat tastes so much better, is so good for you — for every one of your family. Fun to eat anywhere any time. Plain. As a sandwich. Or with your favourite spread. Vita Weat . . . Australia's largest selling crispbread.



Another
Peek Frean's
Quality
Product!

Continued from page 68

SECOND OPINION

left Paul and David; which meant David. She accepted the sombre truth that, if it hadn't been for David, she'd be back on the other side of the Atlantic at this moment.

She looked at her son affectionately. He seemed so small, so unprotected. It was an absurd, unnatural idea to send a little boy of nine away from home. Now that the maternal panic of parting was upon her, she sought frantically for a tangible excuse which could at the last moment prevent his departure.

"You feel all right, don't you, David?"

"Of course I do," he said. He experienced the conflict of wanting to reject and retain her at the same time. The fierce blow-off of steam from an engine on the

opposite platform made him jump. His train would be in soon. He wished it would hurry up, but also that it would never come. The train was the future, the unknown. He steeled himself not to think of it.

"Here's the train," said David. The words were flat, lethal, final. "Yes, here it is," she heard herself reply.

"Where's Daddy? He is going to bring my camera, isn't he?"

The boy looked toward the barrier. Anxiously she followed his gaze. The realisation that Paul had not come first angered and then filled her with illogical hope that here was the sought-for excuse. David couldn't go without saying good-bye to Paul. She concentrated on the barrier, willing him not to

appear, but as if her glance had itself been the cause, Paul, the well-built, the good-looking! Paul, the grey-suited, bowler-hatted; hers, David's; Paul, the father, the husband, the lover that never was; Paul, the ten years of her life that were gone; Paul, the reliable, the inevitable, the dull, was waving and hurrying toward them.

"There he is," exclaimed David, and waved back at his father.

Isobel's eyes blurred. She couldn't bring herself to return the salute. David went toward an open carriage door in the now stationary train. A molten leaden weight inside her, dragged her after him.

"Sorry to cut it so fine," said Stretton. "Barford kept me talking. All set, David?"

"Yes, thank you," the boy replied. "Have you brought his camera?" asked Isobel.

"No . . . no, I'm afraid I left it at the office." He turned to David. "I'll post it tomorrow."

He tried to make the matter sound trivial, innocent, small, but he saw the disappointment in the boy's eyes.

"It's all right, Daddy."

"You'll have it by Thursday, at the latest," said Stretton.

"I'll see he doesn't forget," said Isobel.

Suddenly for reply David put his arms around her.

"Darling," she whispered, and smelt the clean soapy smell of his skin, and felt the soft tackiness of it as a tear somehow found its way between his cheek and hers.

To page 72

ISOBEL straightened David's tie and set his new schoolbag at a slight angle over his right eye. Along the platform another boy similarly attired was talking to his father and mother and a girl who looked like an elder sister. Beyond them yet other groups could be picked out. Islands of unsettled intimacy, there was no attempt to converse and share their common situation. With a nostalgic pang, Isobel pictured the difference the same would take on at one of the tracks at Grand Central, New York; greetings, backslappings, Christian names, animation, activity, noise. There, all was up-stage, reticent, well-mannered; the British mould of part-envious, part-despised.

It was seven years since she'd been home. Leaving aside Paul's lack of means to provide it, she had dreaded the emotional upheaval of a subsequent visit to the States. One to one the bonds had been severed. The only correspondence she had kept up was with Les and Bob who had married when all three were still at High School. For the past few years she had happily anticipated their annual threat of a trip to Europe. But something always turned up to stop them. She missed them a lot. Friends in England weren't the same. So that

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD



What's the difference between an ordinary bear and a Honey Bear?



Honey Bears go like lightning!

Peek Frean's
Honey Bears
because they're made with honey!



Our Honey Bears are the happiest fun biscuits. Each plump honey-sweet bear is sugar iced, and generously sprinkled with hundreds and thousands. Give the kiddies a party every day . . . with Peek Frean's Honey Bears!

SHASTA DAISIES ARE POPULAR

● Whether you know them as shastas, ox-eyes, or moon daisies, these popular perennials deserve space in every garden.

THE shasta daisy, or *Chrysanthemum maximum*, is easy to grow. In fact, so strongly do the plants spread and seed that you have them for life where conditions are good.

Shasta was the name given to a hybrid raised in California about half a century ago by the famous Luther Burbank.

It came from a crossing of a Japanese daisy, small and waxy, an English daisy that was large and showy but of poor color, and a New England (U.S.A.) daisy that was sturdy and a profuse cropper.

Years after the first big single-flowered shasta appeared on the market, a double variety named "Esther Reid" appeared. Since then many other varieties have been introduced.

Most of them are pure white or faintly cream with glowing golden centres. The whiteness makes a splendid foil to other gaudy perennials and also shows up splendidly on clear nights, hence the alternative popular name of moon daisy.

Shastas are propagated by seed sown in autumn, or more usually by break-

ing off and replanting the rooted outside pieces in late autumn. Each of these pieces forms a new clump.

They flower in early summer, and will continue to bloom through to autumn if the old heads are continuously cut back.

Though happy almost anywhere, shastas vary greatly in size according to the richness of the soil, ranging from 18 inches to more than 4ft. in height, with flowers from 2in. to 5in. across. They are particularly effective in the semi-shade under flowering trees or as large clumps in the shady border.

Popular varieties include:

Single plain: "White Giant," "Everest," "Border Queen" (reflexed petals).

Single fringed: "Chiffon."

Semi-double pincushion: "Esther Reid."

Double fringed: "Mrs. Wilson."

Double plain: "Wirral Supreme," "Diener's Giant" (variable shape).

The so-called miniature shasta, which flowers all the year, is really *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*. It is popular in rockeries or for naturalising.

Gardening Book—page 325



SINGLE. Snowy drifts of shastas make a splendid contrast to colorful summer perennials. Plant the divisions about 10in. apart. A double or triple row makes a splendid border.



DOUBLE. These shastas are the freaks of the family. If raised from seed they will probably revert quickly to single flowers.



FRINGED. This variety, known as "Chiffon," does not spread as rapidly as its plainer parent, but flowers over a longer period, starting in spring.



SEMI-DOUBLE. Hybridists have developed some attractive semi-double shasta varieties. The most popular is "Esther Reid," not very tall-growing.

Gardening Book—page 326

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

LOOK WHAT'S NEW FROM HEINZ!



NO MORE MIXING * NO MORE COOKING *

4 TASTY heat 'n pour HEINZ SAUCES

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU SIMPLY
HEAT THEN TREAT YOUR FAVOURITE DISH
WITH WONDERFUL HOME-STYLE FLAVOUR

They're rich, flavourful and spiced exactly right — just as though you'd simmered them gently, all day long, on your own kitchen stove. But these are ready in seconds. All you do is heat and serve them, straight from the can. Four different Heinz sauces to combine deliciously with almost everything you cook, and your grocer has them now. In 10 oz. cans that make 4 to 6 serves — and the price is right.

You know they're good because they're HEINZ

HEINZ
heat 'n pour
SAUCES

FLAVOUR * CONVENIENCE * ECONOMY *

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 27, 1964

HEINZ NEW SPAGHETTI SAUCE



Italian-style, delicately-spiced and with a rich tomato base. Wonderful with spaghetti, rice or macaroni — and you'll use it in lots of ways for cooking, too.

HEINZ NEW SPAGHETTI MEAT SAUCE



A rich beef sauce, expertly flavoured with herbs and spices. Turns a plate of spaghetti into a real feast. A tasty addition to stews or casseroles, too.

HEINZ NEW CHEESE SAUCE



A smooth, easy-to-pour sauce of many uses — with fish, vegetables, as a topping for spaghetti or macaroni — or as a delicious cooking ingredient.

HEINZ NEW MUSHROOM SAUCE



The finest cultivated mushrooms, gently simmered in cream and butter sauce. Does wonderful things to steak, fish, sausages, rissoles, and grills of every kind.



Continued from page 69

A porter came down the coaches closing the doors and snapping the handles to. He paused by Isobel and David.

"Isobel," said Stretton.

She looked round, and then released David. The porter let down the window and closed the door. He grinned at David.

"Cheerio, sonny," he said. "You'll be all right, once they've buttered your feet."

Laughing, he moved off up the platform, releasing them from the pent-up emotion which Isobel had nearly failed to control, which Stretton felt shouldn't be shown, which David didn't know what to do with, because he had never felt it before.

The guard's whistle sounded up the platform.

"Good-bye, darling," said Isobel. "Write to me, won't you?"

"Yes, Mummy," said David.

"Good-bye, Daddy."

"Good-bye, David," said Stretton.

In a moment David would be gone. And this was the moment when he should say something, brief, pithy, and profound, which the boy would remember. But the sentences half formed, crumbled away and he was reduced to an ignominious capitulation. He bought his way out.

"Here's something to spend at the tuck-shop."

He thrust a ten-shilling note into

the smaller, pinker hand, as it began to move away with the carriage.

"Thanks, Daddy," said David. "Thanks a lot. Bye, Mummy."

"Good-bye, darling," called Isobel, and waved spiritedly. David shouted something back, but his words were lost in the noisy conglomerate station sound, and soon the waving figure at the window became indistinguishable and eventually disappeared as the train took a curve.

They didn't speak until they were beyond the barrier.

"They'll meet him at Reading with the school bus," said Stretton. "He'll be all right once he's settled down."

"If he's not," replied Isobel, "he won't be allowed to stay there."

"Isobel, I thought you'd agreed that this was the best thing for him."

"For one term, Paul. I only agreed for one term. Then we'll have a look-see."

"Very well. We'll leave it at that, shall we?"

THEY crossed the road and turned down a side street where Stretton had parked his car before taking David to the swimming-pool in the morning. He unlocked the door, flung his briefcase on the rear seat, and let Isobel in. As he pressed the starter, he said: "I thought we might have dinner somewhere."

Then he saw the tears on her cheeks.

"Isobel," he said, "you mustn't give way like this."

"Why not?" she cried. "Will it break one of your darned British rules of behaviour? Will you please take me home!"

Stretton took out his handkerchief and gave it to her. Then he put the car into gear and drove carefully toward the park. When they got to the mews he put the car away while Isobel climbed up the narrow stairs to the flat above.

She closed the door and the silence settled round her like a dark oppressive cowl. She didn't want to eat anything, drink anything, say anything. She just wanted strength to get past David's half-open bedroom door to her own room, and abandon herself to the empty misery which was all that was left to her.

It was only as she started forward that she noticed the white, blue-edged cablegram on which she had been standing.

Stretton had bungled his invitation to dinner. Now he had to pursue his resolve in less favorable circumstances.

He closed the door and put his briefcase on the hall table by the carved sandalwood glove-box, left him by his father. They never used it for gloves. It was useful for leaving messages in if he or Isobel had a change of plan or went out. It often saved a phone call.

He went along the passage to find Isobel. A burst of jazz came from the kitchen radio.

She was washing lettuce under the running tap. She gave no acknowledgment of his entry. The frilly apron accentuated her small waist and the slimness of her hips and thighs. She made deft movements with her slender fingers, but they were marred for him by the length and artificial color of her nails. He went to the radio and turned it down.

"Turn it off if you don't like it," she said without looking round.

"I thought it was rather too loud if we're going to talk."

"What have we to talk about?"

She arranged the lettuce leaves in the bowl and shot the sliced tomatoes, cucumber, and radishes off the cutting-board on to them.

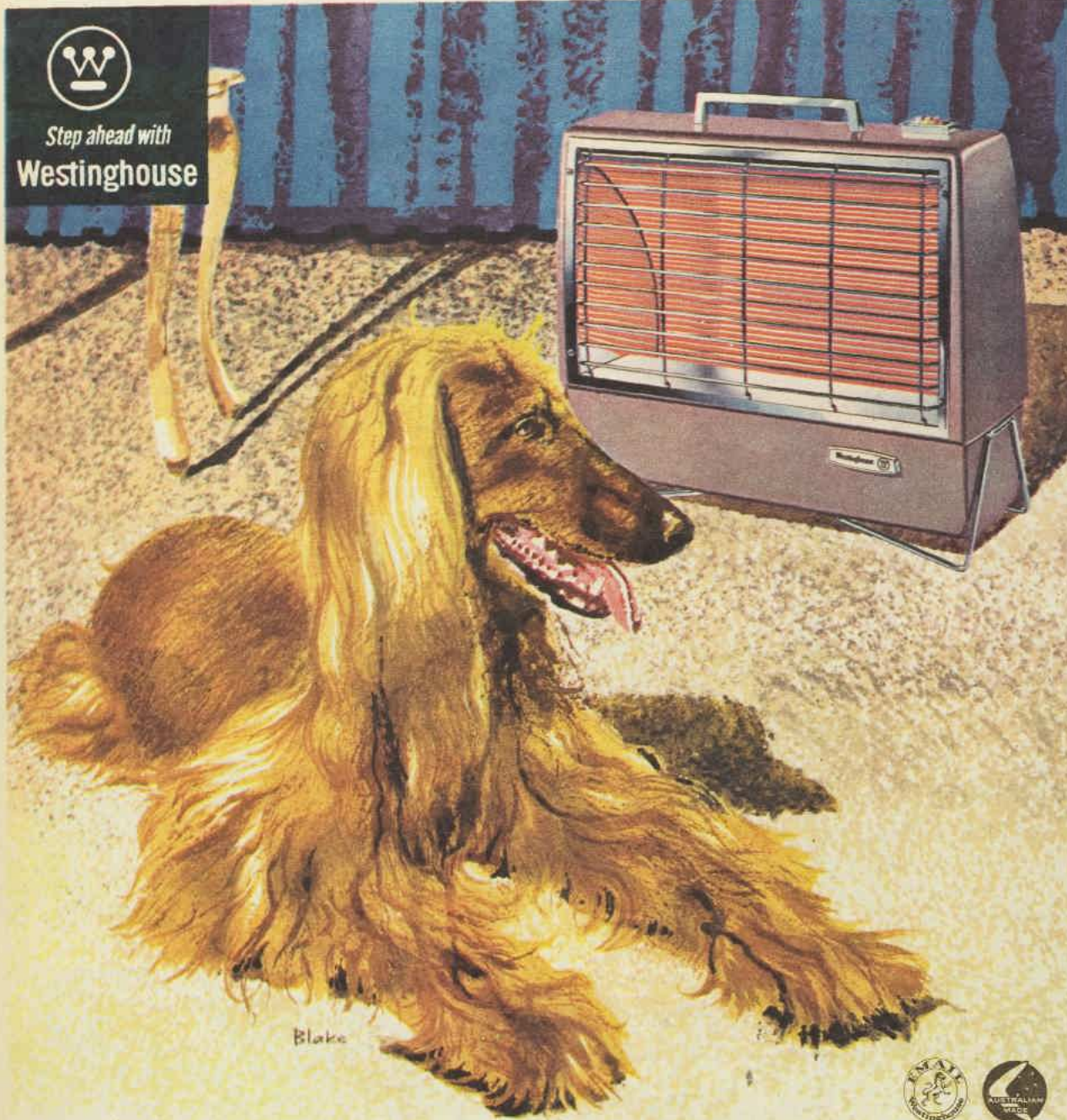
"I was just thinking, Isobel, now that David's gone..."

"Let's leave it, Paul, like you said."

She brought the bowl to the table in the dining recess and sat down. He put some salad to the side of

To page 73

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 27, 1964



wall-to-wall warmth

Snug picture of canine comfort. And people can be this warm and comfortable, too, when winter comes.

Westinghouse sees to that. We've faced the fact that people (like Afghan-hounds) have backs and fronts—and sides. And that they may want to warm all at once.

So we've designed the new Westinghouse Convection Heater.

It's portable with a never-get-hot-handle... so you can move your warmth from room to room. Though you'll want to keep it where visitors can admire it!

(Inquisitive little fingers can't find the element, so it's very, very safe.)

We named this winter friend the Westinghouse Convection

Heater. You'll have a lot of warm feelings for it. We should have named it the Westinghouse Convection Comforter because that's what it really does (while too many "direct" heaters simply give you hotspots).

There's superb after-sales service, too (though you'll probably never need it). 19 gns. or a few shillings weekly.

You can be sure if it's...

Westinghouse

Continued from page 72

SECOND OPINION

and read it quickly. "Arriving Queen Elizabeth, Saturday. Will be in England two weeks. This time no hitches, honey. Want you with us every day. Love. Les and Evie."

"Les and Evie? Who are they?"

"Just about the only real friends I've ever had."

"But surely there'll be other opportunities?"

"Maybe not for years."

He folded the cablegram and gave it back to her.

"Maybe not for us, either."

"I'm sorry you're going to miss them."

He spoke quietly, determinedly.

"Isobel, I want you to come. This trip is very important to me."

"So are Les and Evie to me."

"But they can't be . . . you hardly ever see them . . ."

"It isn't just Les and Evie."

"What is it then? Is it David?"

Exasperated, she got up and fetched the coffee from the stove. She would have to tell him now.

"Paul, I don't want you to think I'm being heartless . . ."

"It wouldn't be. He's in perfectly safe hands at Winfield."

His sheer emotional blindness made her want to laugh. He couldn't see that she was trying to tell him that there was nothing left for them, here, Athens, Rome, or anywhere; that the only thing that kept them together was David. And he thought fear for David's safety was keeping them apart. He was

reassuring her about David. And he couldn't even do that.

She said: "I thought he was in safe hands this morning."

So they had discussed it. Cautiously, warily, he erected his defences.

"So did I, and I gave that fellow Twyford a wiggling, I can assure you."

"And if David had drowned you'd have given him a bigger wiggling?"

"What else could I do?"

"Jump in and save him. Why didn't you, Paul?"

"You know why. I can't swim."

"But it's shallow enough for you to stand up at that end!"

His face had drained of color.

There was a look she could not for a moment put a name to. And then she had it. It was fear. Cold, grey, inexplicable. She remembered having seen it once before. When she had nearly upset their punt at Maidenhead. They'd never gone again.

"Did David say that?"

"He said very little," she replied. "I put two and two together."

"Did . . . did you tell him I couldn't swim?"

"He didn't ask me."

"Thank you, Isobel," he said. Stretton put down his napkin and left the table.

"Don't you want any coffee?"

"No," he said. "I won't have any tonight."

He walked out of the kitchen.

To page 74

Poised...



Pert...



Pretty...



Be everything you want to be with

Be everything . . . do everything . . . have everything. Exciting things will happen when your complexion is perfect . . . Angel Face perfect. This is the original creamy-smooth powder and foundation-in-one that puffs on in seconds — lasts hours. Never streaks or darkens!

Choose your perfect Angel Face from 8 heavenly personality shades. "Blue Angel" 5/11 and 7/11. New fashion compacts 12/6; refills 7/11



New Angel Face Lipsticks.

New Angel Face Liquid Make-up





Continued from page 73

He musn't think any more about this. She hadn't told David. The incident was over. Keep to the facts. There'd been a slight accident at the swimming-pool. David was all right. David was away at school. He had to go on a trip. Isobel wouldn't come with him. She wanted to see her friends. All simple facts. And there was another one. He had to refurbish the sales programme for Pan X-3. Stick to that. Get on with it now. He went into the hall, collected the briefcase, and took it into the living-room. He sat down, opened the file, and applied himself grimly, methodically, doggedly to it.

Isobel cleared the table and did the dishes. There was a depth in Paul she had never been able to

fathom; a dark silent cavern where he retreated and where she had never been. It was no good trying to follow him there. She didn't want to any more. A sad weariness overcame her. She closed David's door. Maybe tomorrow, maybe not, she'd do out his room, but not now.

Stretton listened to her movements about the flat. He heard her go in the bathroom and take a shower. Later she came out and went down to the bedroom. Presently he heard a faint abrasive susurration. It puzzled and disturbed him. After a time he got up and walked quietly on the faded fitted carpet. He looked at the reflection in the mirror through the half-open door.

SECOND OPINION

Isobel was sitting on the dressing-stool. Completely absorbed and unaware of him, she was sandpapering her legs. He turned to go, but she must have heard his movement, for she looked up and their eyes met in the mirror.

"Yes, Paul?" she asked.

He held her gaze for a second and then turned away.

"I . . . I couldn't think what the sound was. Sorry."

He walked quickly back to the living-room. He shuffled his jumbled papers desperately and set about bringing order to them as he wished he could bring order to the conflicting longings of his body and soul.

As he continued to make his notes he became aware of faint, almost playful flicks of discomfort under his ribs on the left side. But they didn't come to anything. When he went to bed two hours later Isobel was deeply asleep.

TWO of the boys were holding his arms behind his back while the other one stood jeering in front of him. He was struggling violently to get free. His feet were slipping on the wet tiles and suddenly they were all in a thrashing heap. But they had him held again. One had sandy, tufted eyebrows and freckles. What was his name? He was smiling and telling him to keep still. The other two were sniggering. Yes, that was it, they were going to teach him to swim. I can't. No, not to swim. Not to tell tales to the masters.

They couldn't do that. Couldn't. It was beastly, horrid. Please, they couldn't. There were little spurts of sandy hair in the ears, too. Please. No, he couldn't stand it. He wouldn't ever tell tales again. No, not even about this, if they didn't do it. No, please! No, please! Sniggering, laughing. Ringing round the walls. From the water. No. Into the water. No! Ringing. Please, no. Black and dark and ringing. Ringing, ringing . . .

He opened his eyes and it was dark and the ringing continued. His hand scrabbled for the receiver on the bedside table. A light went on and Isobel said: "Answer it, Paul, for heaven's sake."

A voice said in his ear: "Are you Knightsbridge 2131?"

"Yes."

"I have a call for you."

A click, and another voice, and another click and then loud and clear: "Could I speak to Mrs. Stretton, please?"

Isobel was getting out of her bed. She grabbed the receiver from his hand.

"Hello? Mrs. Stretton speaking . . ."

The voice in the instrument was distorted, nasal. Her eyes were wide blue circles of apprehension, and then they changed shape and became slanting almonds tinged with sparkling green, and they were laughing, and her cheeks and mouth were laughing.

"Les! . . . Les, it's great to hear you. When did you . . . ? But I thought it was Saturday . . . On the Comet? . . . wonderful, let me talk to her . . ."

"They're here, Paul. Les and Evie. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, Isobel, it's . . ."

A high-pitched squeak from the receiver interrupted him. Isobel shrilled back into it.

"Honey, how are you? . . . Yes, I'm fine . . . well, what d'you know? . . . yes . . . how crazy . . . The laugh. "Wonderful honey . . . wonderful crazy . . . What? . . ."

It continued interminably. Stretton eased himself out of the bed. He put on his robe and looked at his watch. 6.30. What a time to call anyone. He decided to get up. He could do a little more on Pan X-3. He went into the bathroom, deliberately shutting the door on

Get more when you pour . . .

No other tea regardless of price can match **Bushells** for consistent flavor, freshness and all-round quality.



Remember what the Tea Council of Australia says:

"One good spoonful for everyone and one for the pot—that's the secret of good tea!"



To page 75

SECOND OPINION

Isobel's exclamatory repertoire. He scrutinised his tongue in the mirror. He opened the mirrored cabinet and he opened irritably among the half-filled bottles of sun-lotion, shampoo, and all the other haphazard cosmetic junk which Isobel sampled and discarded, but could never bring herself to throw away.

At the back of one glass shelf he found the bottle. He dropped two tablets in a glass of water, and shook the bubbling liquid down. He rinsed the glass and replaced it carefully in its holder. He stood on the scales. Two pounds down. That was good. One thing he certainly had on Macpherson was a waist-line. The thought cheered him. While the bath was running, he decided to attempt to persuade Isobel to come with him.

Isobel replaced the receiver and then yawned with satisfaction. With Les and Evie here, England, London, the uncentrally heated flat seemed more bearable. She climbed back into her own bed and switched off the light. Quickly she dozed off and awoke at her customary time.

HER face half-turned into the pillow, she could hear faintly the sounds made by Stretton as he prepared his own breakfast in the kitchen. Dully, she labelled them, and their complete predictability irritatingly stole her attention. Presently Stretton opened the door quietly and drew the curtain. The sun streamed in, showing the rather shabby wallpaper and newwork.

"Here's your tea, Isobel."

"Thanks."

"It's quite a nice day."

She took the cup and began to sip the hot, refreshing liquid. This English habit had grown on her. Against her will she admitted there were other things, too: golden common leaves in secluded London squares, old polished wood and trim in low-ceilinged bars; green, green, green, billiard-table awns, church bells and the politeness of policemen.

She said: "Les and Evie are just crazy."

"Incredible time to ring," remarked Stretton.

"They'd just got in from the airport."

"What happened about the Queen Elizabeth?"

Isobel laughed.

"Evie suddenly thought she might be sea-sick."

"Must have been an expensive change of mind."

"That wouldn't worry Evie or Les. You're going to love them, Paul."

"But I shan't see them. I'm off tomorrow. Remember?"

"Oh, yes you will. We're having drinks with them about seven to eight at the Dorchester. And then I don't know what. They're all set to do the town."

"You'd better count me out, Isobel. I've a whole lot of stuff to get finished. Macpherson's going Thursday, and..."

"To hell with Macpherson. It's two since we've really been out."

"There's nothing to stop your going."

"A threesome? And what do I say? My husband daren't come out because his firm's given him some homework?"

"Why not ask them round here for a drink first and then you go on?"

"To this flat?"

"What's wrong with it?"

"It's shabby, it's old..."

"It has a great deal of character. There's nothing in it to be ashamed of."

"Yes there is. There's you."

His voice was incredulous.

"Why should you be ashamed of me?"

"Because you're not successful, Paul. As soon as Les and Evie out, they needn't."

Hotly he faced the indictment.

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and shrank from the brutal logic of it. He supposed in the letters she'd written regularly he'd been built up as a tycoon. Now she couldn't bear her friends to learn the truth.

He said: "I'm sorry you feel that way, Isobel. But I still can't come."

"You don't want to come because you disapprove. You think it'll all be rather vulgar. After all they are Americans and you never know. They might embarrass you in public. They might drink the wrong wine with the wrong food. They might even call the waiter 'buddy.' They might talk too loudly, laugh too much. And the crowning crime of all, they might have one hell of a good time! And that just isn't in

your British book of rules, is it?"

He said slowly, tentatively: "If I come out tonight, Isobel... will you come on the trip with me?"

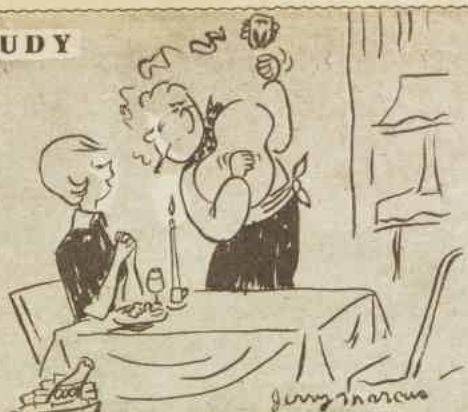
She paused, weighing the question, and then the laughter hit him like a comber, sucking him down with its undertow.

"What makes you think I wouldn't be ashamed of you in Athens or Rome?" she asked.

He stood a moment and then turned and left the room. She listened to him go into the kitchen. A little later the flat door banged and the silence froze about her. Sobbing, she buried her face in the pillow.

To be continued

TRUDY



"It's nice, darling, but it's still not the same as eating out."



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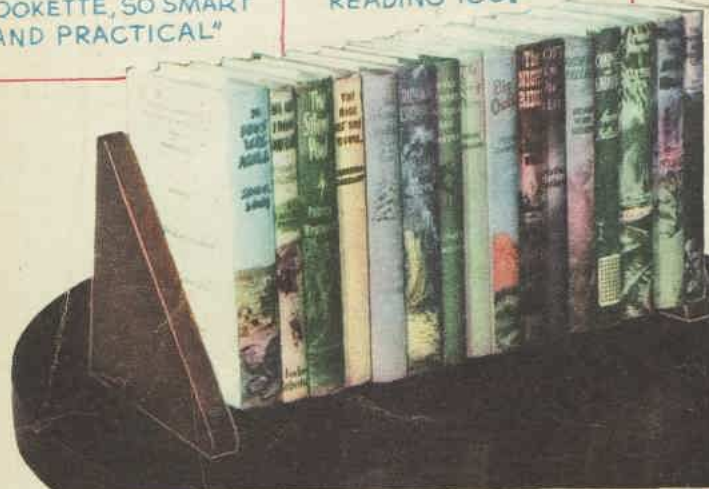


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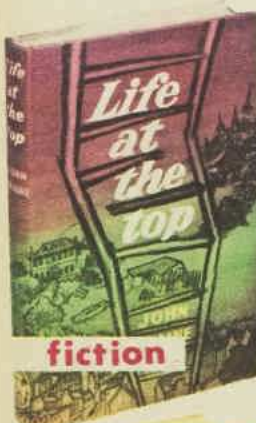
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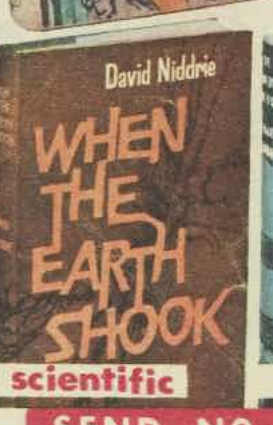
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